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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

Sports and Pastimes



J. F. Clark

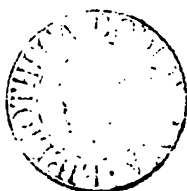
VOL XXVIII.

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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.



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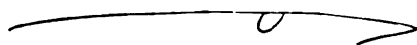
BAILY'S MAGAZINE

Sports and Pastimes



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VOL XXVIII.



BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON, M.P.

IF not boasting the ancient lineage of those of our nobility, titled as well as untitled, who either were companions of the Conqueror or, as the Cornish legend tells us, 'were at home' when he came, the noble house of Cavendish has long been a power in the land, and, prior to the fourteenth century, its representatives were of knightly degree, and had done the state service in more than one capacity. The dignity and riches of the Cavendishes, however, arose, as has been the case with so many of our territorial magnates, upon the dissolution of the religious orders. Out of the ruin and plunder of many a stately monastery and abbey grew the greatness of the men who were the administrators of the plunder. Sir William Cavendish was, at the time the great Cardinal swayed the destinies of this country, his gentleman usher, and after Wolsey's death, when the dissolution of the monasteries was determined on, he was appointed by Henry one of the commissioners for visiting and taking the surrender of the various houses. This stepping-stone to wealth won, the rise of the family was rapid. Sir William's third wife was one of the Hardwicks of Hardwick in Derbyshire, and who, in addition to her own dowry, inherited the vast estates of her former husband, Mr. Barley, of the same shire. Hardwick Hall is a seat of the Duke of Devonshire's to-day, and how the glories of Chatsworth have arisen on the wealth thus acquired need not be told here. Our business is not with the territorial greatness of the Cavendishes, but to give a slight sketch of the Duke of Devonshire's eldest son.

Spencer Compton, Marquess of Hartington, was, according to Debret, born in 1833, was educated at Trinity, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1852, and in 1857 entered public life as Member for North Lancashire. To the special mission, of which Lord Granville was the head, that proceeded to St. Petersburg, on the occasion

of the coronation of the present Emperor, Lord Hartington was attached; and in 1863 he was made a Lord of the Admiralty under the Liberal Government of that day. In April of the same year he quitted the Admiralty Board for the Under-Secretaryship of War, and on the reconstruction of Lord Russell's second administration, three years later, became chief of the office the business of which he had mastered as a subordinate. We need not trace Lord Hartington's rapid rise through all the phases of his official life. He has been Postmaster-General, he has been Chief Secretary for Ireland, and in all and each of his various posts he has shown remarkable judgment and ability—a judgment that refused to be guided by routine, and which brought personal and not vicarious knowledge to bear upon an abuse or to detect a job. Of course, with the fall of the Gladstone Government Lord Hartington went into Opposition, and his subsequent political life is well known. As leader of the Liberal party, if he has not gained applause he has not received censure; and looking at the difficulties of his position as the chief of a defeated and disorganised host, we think it is quite possible that bare justice has not been done him.

But though Lord Hartington has chosen statecraft as his profession, he has days and hours devoted to those pursuits that find such favour in Englishmen's eyes. He is a sportsman, one whom Newmarket knows right well, a member of the Jockey Club, owner of a small stud, with his friend Mr. Chaplin as his confederate, and always managing, even when the cares and calls of office or Opposition are pressing, to spare time to see a great race or his horse win. We think it was Lord Granville who said that he would back the late Government across country against the present, and certainly Lord Hartington would have been hard to beat across Leicestershire pastures. He has a happy knack of knowing how to dovetail his duties and the many calls made upon his time with his recreations, and he can turn from the racecourse, where perchance the straw jacket has not shown in the front as it should have done, to expound his views on education to listening classes, to exhort them to appreciate its blessings, and to set lucidly before them its advantages.

Rather reserved in manner, and not without some of the pride of birth and position, which sits not unbecomingly on an English gentleman, Lord Hartington is very popular with his friends and intimates, and has won a happy mixture of respect and liking from all brought into contact with him. Heir-apparent to a great dukedom, he is not indebted to birth alone for the place he has won in the world of statecraft, but has gained it as his ancestor gained his rise in life, by successive steps, with merit as his sole recommendation. When 'the whirligig of time shall have brought round 'its revenges,' we shall expect to see the Marquess of Hartington again in the councils of his Sovereign, giving to her service the benefit of his talents and experience, and taking that position in the government of the country which he is so well qualified to fill,

ASSUMED NAMES.

IN an article, touching upon certain reforms in the rules of racing, submitted to our readers in the last number of this magazine, we did but little more than allude to the subject which forms the text for our present contribution to 'Baily.' We have been reminded by more than one correspondent of certain points in connection with 'assumed names,' which render it desirable that further scope should be given to their consideration; and our thanks are due to other sources of imagination than our own for many sensible suggestions with regard to a practice which we have before described as 'unfortunately much on the increase.' Any difficulty or delicacy which we might feel in dealing with our subject we have felt should be subordinated to the necessities of the case, which, so far as we know, have never yet been taken in hand with a view to discussion in their various aspects. No one, however, who has mixed in racing society during the last ten or fifteen years can have failed to observe how widely spread the practice has become of racing under assumed names, even if use, in its character of second nature, should have prevented him from discerning the evils which have followed in its train. These may not be apparent at first sight, and we may be deemed to have raised our voice against a mere peccadillo of very minor importance when compared with the more glaring sins which leave their mark in Turf annals year by year; but we would ask our readers to postpone their judgment until our arguments have been arrayed and advanced. Our line of attack will not be merely a sentimental one; and we shall trust to expose many solid grievances, which may as well have the attention of the authorities directed to them now that a revision of the racing statute-book has been determined upon, and while the spirit of reform is abroad.

Concealment of identity is, of course, the primary object of racing under assumed names; but the reasons for their adoption are many and various, and different in the descending scale of gradations from the nobleman to the nobody. Let us not be misunderstood when we say that, notwithstanding its high-sounding appellations of 'national pastime' and 'popular sport,' the Turf, as a calling, fails to commend itself to a large and not unimportant section of our countrymen. These can admire from a distance; nay, may in many cases be brought to assist at and patronise its most fashionable fixtures; but many of them are too apt to regard as defiling pitch to the actual touch, and draw a hard-and-fast line between the pleasure of occasional attendance at race meetings and the business attendant upon their constant pursuit. Whether their discrimination be true or false, we have not here to inquire; suffice it that reasons do exist in many cases which render an assumed name upon the Turf necessary to those who embark upon its troubled waters. The prince or noble may be deterred by political or traditional associations from sailing under their true colours; social considerations may deter the

wealthy classes of landed proprietors from joining in the racing game ; commercial relations might suffer in the case of traders being known to confound Derbys with ledgers ; while the mere consciousness of being out of their place among those whose means allow them to indulge in an expensive amusement is sufficient to induce the needy followers of sport to conceal their identity. Were these, however, the only reasons for the adoption of assumed names, it would be mere excess of zeal and an example of harassing legislation to condemn such subterfuges, or to demand a change in the law affecting them. Unfortunately, inducements to adopt the mask are doubly strong in the case of those who dare not, by reason of former disgraces, recommence the racing business under their real titles : renegades and pariahs of the Turf, who are compelled to change their name with every change of front, and to pick up a precarious living on the skirts of sport, preying upon the weaker brethren, and themselves the causes of bringing into reproach a pursuit which has, unfortunately, to answer for the sins of many others in addition to its own. To such as these assumed names are the very essence of their existence ; for they would not be for a moment tolerated, far less countenanced and associated with, did they attempt to renew a former connection under their old designation. There may exist, of course, cases where the desire of mystification, apart from any considerations of expediency, has become the ruling passion of unstable minds ; but we must not be too hard upon such eccentricities, which are indulged in more through a childish caprice than any real desire for remaining in obscurity.

The Jockey Club, while it tolerates assumed names under certain restrictions and rules as to registration, cannot be said to encourage the practice ; inasmuch as, while a very modest fee is annually required from outsiders desirous of assuming borrowed plumes, any member of the Club itself who shall elect in like manner to disguise his identity becomes liable to a fine exceptionally large in comparison with that demanded from the rank and file of the 'Great Unknown' upon the Turf. Our view of the case differs *toto cælo* from that taken by the Club, and we incline to the opinion that the lower we penetrate the strata of humanity composing our racing system, the graver necessity exists for ascertaining the ownership of horses. Obscurity is the safeguard of malefactors ; but their little game is soon played out when light is admitted into the dark corners where their nefarious schemes are concocted and perfected. In other walks of life it is obvious that business could not be carried on unless persons knew with whom they were dealing ; and we maintain that knowledge of this kind is especially desirable in dealing with such a business as racing has long since become. Let actors and authors adopt what disguises they please, for we are not for one moment concerned with anything beyond their theatrical abilities or powers of composition ; and they are indulging in very harmless 'fads' by attempting to cast an air of mystery about their professional surroundings. We are only concerned with them as they *appear*, and not as

they *are*; but it is widely different in the case of men entering into such involved financial negotiations as racing affairs have long since become, when we would be dealing with substance instead of shadow, and are desirous of ascertaining who are the responsible agents for transactions of every-day occurrence. It cannot fail to have struck the merest casual student of the pages of the 'Calendar' and sporting press in general what a number of assumed names are adopted annually, apparently for no other purpose than that of registering colours and of adding one more element of confusion to the already onerous duties of clerks and judges. The great majority of such assumed names fail to figure prominently, if at all, in the recording pages of Weatherby, and the natural inference is that such actions have been dictated by mere caprice, or for the sake of the empty honour of appearing in good company with the aristocrats of the Turf. We have reason to believe, however, that the wholesale system of registration of names and colours is merely a device on the part of the 'long firm' for ringing the changes, and that they are enabled by these means to reap very productive harvests at judiciously regulated intervals. We have heard it whispered that, owing to the facilities for assuming names, it has become possible, at minor and less reputable meetings, for one owner to have all the starters in a race under his sole and absolute control, or under that of himself and his confederates, and so to work the market, by an appearance of 'genuine business,' that the profits of the transaction are enormous; in fact, too considerable for the experiment to be repeated as often as might be wished. Such things may well pass the comprehension of those who are merely content with things as they are, but we can readily give credence to positive assertions as to their truth; and there can be no doubt that the practice of permitting assumed names to be indiscriminately registered opens a door to a vast deal of that low chicanery and double-dealing with which the lower departments of the Turf are unfortunately rife. Without incurring the imputation of busybodies, or the reproach of interference with our neighbours' concerns, we have a right to know with whom we are dealing in racing matters, or rather we should say, perhaps, that we ought to be able to discover, in cases of necessity, the principals in any transactions in which we may happen to be engaged. This brings us at once to the remedy, which should be obvious enough, and sufficient to prevent the recurrence of such shady tactics as recently surrounded the sale and scratching of the 'Wizard,' prior to the decision of the last Liverpool Autumn Cup. Not only should the real names of those who register assumed names under the regulations at present in force be known to Messrs. Weatherby, but horses should be identified with certain owners, who could then be held responsible for all racing and market transactions in connection with them. Confederacies should be substantially represented, and there should be no such thing as a horse without some ostensible owner. Then there would be no such thing as the possibility of horses 'running in 'some one else's name,' as we frequently hear of, nor any of those

undesirable 'partings' at the eleventh hour, which have heretofore resulted in such lamentable *fiascos* in connection with our boasted 'national sport.' By this means identity of owners might still be concealed (for we are prepared to admit the necessity of it in some cases), but responsibility could not be avoided, real names of absolute owners being lodged with Messrs. Weatherby, as the papers say, 'not necessarily for publication, but as an assurance of good faith.' We have not the least doubt of the desire in many cases to trace out delinquents being counteracted by the sheer impossibility of their discovery; or are we to believe that scandals are systematically hushed up, as in the recent case of Fraulein at Liverpool? We are unwilling to believe in such apathy on the part of the Jockey Club, but the appearance of it is, no doubt, mainly due to their refusal hitherto to take cognizance of matters relating to betting. We need not go over that ground again, having referred to the desirability of their recognition of betting in a previous article—a step which, if adopted by them, would tend materially to strengthen their hands in all manner of disputes and scandals. At present they can only adopt half-measures, and the most hardened delinquents escape scot free, provided they keep within the letter of the laws governing the practice of racing, and can achieve their ends without falsifying age or description, roping, jostling, or being in default for stakes and forfeits. Nay, more, it is possible for perpetrators of all such offences to be owners of horses, all except in name, and with brazen effrontery to walk abroad among the authorities they are thus enabled to defy.

Another growing evil, which more severe restrictions with regard to the adoption of assumed names may have the effect of checking, is the practice of jockeys owning and running horses, and occasionally in the same races with those of their masters. This grievance, as we are, from personal knowledge as well as from hearsay, perfectly aware, has now for some time been a subject of severe animadversion in racing circles, and must shortly engage the attention of higher authorities, unless timely checked by the sheer force of public opinion. With a jockey the interests of his employer should be paramount to any considerations of private gain; but this can hardly be the case when their duty becomes a divided one, and when they are compelled to choose between their own benefit and that of the stable to which they are attached. In the few cases where jockey-owners enter and run horses in their own names, no great harm can result; but too often it is otherwise, and they elect to race under assumed names, or find some 'dummy' to take them temporarily under his wing. It is against public racing policy, as well as antagonistic to the usages of private life, that servants should compete upon equal terms with their masters, when they might at any time be placed in the delicate and difficult position of having to run counter to interests which they have been especially retained to defend. With trainers the same arguments hold good to a certain extent, but they almost invariably run horses in their own names,

making no secret of their possession of them, and do not hold in their hands that absolute power of making or marring which is confided to actual participators in the contest. When jockeys have the inclination as well as the means to join in the game as masters, it is high time for them to put off their livery as servants, and to refrain from acting a double part. We are not so sanguine as to believe that, through the adoption of such measures as we have from time to time advocated, the golden age of pristine innocence is likely to return, or that the Turf can ever be thoroughly purified from the noxious influences which are perpetually compassing its partial degradation; but we do most fearlessly assert the imminent necessity of strong measures to abate in part the grievances with which it is admitted to be infested. We recommend no radical changes, but mere modifications of existing laws, which cannot possibly work otherwise than for good, and which cannot be regarded as tyrannical, unjust, or even as empirical. The hour is admitted to have arrived for revision of existing statutes, and we have no fear of the men being unequal to the occasion. There is so much worthy to be admired and preserved in the institutions over which the Jockey Club preside, that no apology is needed from the humblest lover of sport in advancing subjects for the consideration of our Turf Senate. We are content to believe that the recent course of events has done much to clear away these cobwebs of venerable conservatism, which have hitherto prevented light from streaming in through the windows of prejudiced minds. It is in no spirit of self-conceit or interference that these reforms are submitted to 'Friends in Council,' while they are engaged upon the task of recasting and remodelling a code now grown obsolete and out of tune with the times. Now is the opportunity for suggestions which may help the work onward towards perfection without embarrassing its general effect or confusing details, and we have the vast majority of our countrymen with us, in desiring to see the edifice, when completed, worthy of all the pains which will be abundantly bestowed upon its erection.

AMPHION.

THE LATE MR. F. P. MILLER.

'Who was Fred Miller?' some young fellow who has left school, and who perhaps is making his *debut* on a public cricket ground, is likely to ask.

The answer is—My boy, just about the time when you were born, or, at any rate, a little child, Mr. F. P. Miller—who was commonly called 'Fred Miller'—was taking the most prominent position in one of the finest elevens who ever trod the greensward, when the Surrey eleven were 'Surrey men all,' and beat all England. The eleven at the time when Mr. Miller first played are spoken of reverentially now as 'the grand old Surrey eleven,' by those who

witnessed their performances fifteen or twenty years ago, just as those who are a generation older record the glorious days of Kent and Sussex twenty years before the resuscitation of Surrey.

Mr. Frederick Peel Miller was born at Clapham in the summer of 1828, and was consequently in his forty-eighth year. He was initiated into good cricket in the Dulwich and Streatham Clubs; and his first appearance in a grand match was in the Surrey Club and Marylebone Club match at Lord's in 1851, when he was about twenty-three years of age.

It was about the year 1851 that the Surrey Club was in its full strength, and real good two-day club matches were played. The Walker and Hoare families, and backbone cricketers, both gentlemen and players of note, from Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Middlesex, including the Nappers, Mr. Alfred Mynn, Mr. Felix, Mr. Hayter Reid, Martingell, Daniel Day, Hillyer, Hinkly, Heath, Brockwell, and too many to record, were promoting real good cricket in Surrey; and as many of them had plenty of time and money at their command, Surrey cricket attracted as much attention as that of the Marylebone Club.

It was in the society of cricketers of this stamp that Mr. Miller made a great mark, and formed not a few friendships. Just as Jupp first made himself conspicuous in 1862, by catching out Julius Cæsar by a wonderful running catch, when he was fielding as substitute for Hayward of Cambridgeshire, so Mr. Miller, fielding as substitute for Mr. M'Niven eleven years previously, being then unknown, created a furore at the Oval by catching out George Parr with a running left-handed catch, right among the crowd, in a match, Clarke's England Eleven *v.* Fourteen of Surrey. From that time he took part in the best club matches until 1853. When it was evident that he had the confidence of the county, and the entire trust of the players, he was put into the Surrey eleven in 1853, and took the captaincy in 1854 or 1855, having as a brother soldier one of the finest gentlemen players who ever played for Surrey—Mr. Charlton Lane, now rector of Great Gassenden, Herts.

It so happened that fortune smiled on him, and he became independent of the world—perhaps too soon for his own good, as there is no harder life than having nothing to do—so, with ample time and ample means, he devoted himself to county cricket, and right loyally he did it too, as was evidenced by his advancing very large sums for the publication of 'Lillywhite's Cricket Scores,' which but for him must have broken down. As a cricketer he was indefatigable in the field, a tremendous hard hitter, a very good change bowler, though he admitted, after he retired, that, in his own judgment, sometimes he kept himself on a little too long.

Mr. Miller had two splendid qualifications for a captain, as he was always ready and willing, and he never let his attention to the smallest detail flag for a single moment, and never lost heart so long as a wicket was standing. Many a time, for the good of the cause, has

he 'paid the difference in fare between third-class slow train and first-class express for all the players, to bring them fresh on to the ground, whether in going to or coming from the North, and he was as anxious for their comfort as he was for his own; and many a good dinner has he given to them after a match, and many a sovereign, too, to those who needed it.

Let us say the worst of him we possibly can, as his memory will bear the burthen well. If he was *brusque* sometimes in his manner, and over-anxious to have his own way, or showed fits of temper, or was pleased with the round of applause from the ring at the Oval, who idolised him as long as Surrey won, all these traits are common to most men put in a similar position.

Do not generals, admirals, actors, statesmen, and other public men—ay, and popular preachers, too, suffer from one or all of these little infirmities?

The Prime Minister expects to be cheered immediately he rises; the great city merchant, with his hands full of business, is a very different man from the same individual who was struggling to rise in life a few years before; and woe be to the man who coughs or sneezes when a popular preacher is on his legs; and if Mr. Miller had infirmities similar to others, and sometimes showed a little temper, was there ever a man more ready to forget and forgive after the first outburst of warm feeling? The writer of these lines can call to mind more than one occasion when (Mr. Miller and he being on different sides) sharp words passed between them, and hot temper came out like sparks off an anvil; but he cannot remember a single occasion of this kind in which a long interval elapsed before he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and when on looking round he did not see 'Fred Miller's' broad, good-humoured face, full of forgiveness, or when he did not hear the cheery words 'What's the matter, mate?' Shaking hands with him after an off-hand quarrel was like putting your hand in a cheese-press.

You may take a very large ledger, and may write down in the boldest round text all you can remember against the name of F. P. Miller, and the total will be *very* small; but you must write a very small hand if you wish to get into the remaining pages of the ledger a tithe of the kind and generous actions which his right hand did and which his left hand knew not of.

If Surrey had a leader now who would devote himself to her success as Mr. Miller did (even if he was *twice* as *bad* a man as he was), and who had *half* as open a hand, and *half* as kind a heart as he had, it would be a great day for her.

Mr. Miller went to Australia and New Zealand for his health in the year 1870, and was very popular on the Colonial cricket grounds, and returned *via* San Francisco and the States after two years' absence, having visited the Salt Lake City and having made the acquaintance of Brigham Young. (about whom he was very funny) in 1872.

His health began to fail again in the year 1873, and he retired

into Somersetshire in the same year, and practically abandoned public cricket and cricket fields.

His death occurred on Monday, November 22nd, at his residence, Chilworthy, near Chard, from dropsy. He leaves a widow, but no family. Perhaps no man ever came so prominently before the public, without private interest and without any introduction from public school or university connection, who was so much trusted as he was, or who ever left more friends or fewer enemies. *Requiescat in pace.*

Mitcham, November, 1875.

F. G.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Squire, finding he had made a bad cast in his endeavour to head the flying pair, attributed his failure to mere accident, and never for one moment suspected that Frank's manœuvre had been the real cause of it; or, most certainly while daylight lasted, he would not have given up the chase. After waiting an hour, however, and bucketting the little mare from one end of Walliford Down to the other without catching a glimpse of them, he came to the conclusion that, mounted as he was on a brute that would not face a fence, he might as well attempt to follow a pair of ravens as Frank and his companion across that rough country of bank and wall; so, with no little vexation, he turned the mare's head direct for Watercombe.

'That surly groom,' he said emphatically, as he viewed him still loitering on the hillside, 'will be sure to let them all know what I think of Frank's visit to Heathercot; and if that widow has a spark of spirit in her composition, she will assuredly not encourage the boy to stay another minute under her roof.'

Lady Susan, however, when the Squire, in describing his adventure, consoled himself with this hope, held quite a different opinion.

'Don't talk such rubbish to me, Mr. Raleigh,' she said, with a look of bitterness and pride in every feature of her Norman face. 'If you had only studied womankind as you have studied foxes, you'd have known something more about the sex than you appear to know at present. I warn you again, that wily woman has set a trap for Frank, and will leave no stone unturned till she has caught him.'

'I freely admit, madam, that vixens are very apt to run cunning, and rarely go straight in or out of cover; and as to the ways of women, I have good authority for knowing that they are past finding out. Happily, however, my business is with Frank, not with them; and if I can't dissuade him from this folly, I'll pack him off to Oxford forthwith: there he may wait for his commission. I can only say, if the undergraduates are what they used

'to be in my day, Heathercot and its attractions will be forgotten in less than a month.'

'An admirable scheme!' exclaimed Lady Susan, abandoning for once the chronic opposition she had so long given to every proposition advanced by her husband with reference to the education and management of their only son. 'At Oxford he will mix with gentlemen of his own class; and, if he don't learn much Greek and Latin, he will at least rub off the rust he has contracted at that miserable school of Buckbury. Of course he will go to St. Ebb's and be entered as a gentleman commoner?'

'Not a bit of it, madam; I'm not such a fool as to pay double fees for such a mere grinning honour. That may be all very well for a merchant Croesus, who fancies a silk gown and a velvet cap will give his son a step in rank and exalt him in the eyes of his fellow-students. But it is a vulgar error; and Frank, I trust, will need no such passport: he shall go to St. Columb's, and a plain commoner's gown will be all he will require.'

'Heaven forbid, Mr. Raleigh! That is a provincial college; and if you send him there, you will be repeating the Buckbury folly over again,' urged the lady; and perhaps with better reason in this instance than she had habitually displayed on other occasions.

But what of Frank and the cross-country prank he had indulged in, to the discomfiture of his father, but to the infinite delight of his fair and devoted companion? Like John Gilpin, however, who

'Little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig,'

it never occurred to her unsophisticated mind that to avoid an interview with his father was the real object of the wild dance Frank had led her. Banks she had charged far higher than Taffy's head; and twice the gallant little horse had floundered on his fence and came roly-poly into the next field with nose to ground, but without giving her a fall. Had a chasm presented itself, wide as that into which Marcus Curtius plunged, Mary would have followed her leader without hesitation into the very depths of its abyss. However, a Serbonian bog is about the worst gulf to be found in the region of Dartmoor, and that they were far away from in those cultivated inclosures.

On arriving at Heathercot it required but a slight knowledge of Lavater's system on Frank's part to discover that something had occurred to disturb the usual placid serenity of Mrs. Cornish's face; for, although gentle and cordial as ever in her manner to him, her expression was a troubled one, and her eyes gave token of having been bathed in tears. Nor was he long kept in suspense as to the disturbing cause. Giving Mary a hint to retire to her room and dress for dinner, Mrs. Cornish inquired, with a nervous tremor, if Frank was aware that his father had been in pursuit of him for more than an hour; and that, failing to overtake him, owing to the high fences over which he and Mary had ridden, Mr. Raleigh had then turned

homewards? 'And George tells me,' she continued in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion, 'that, on discovering your companion to be my daughter, the language he used was so strong and offensive that he (George) would not hurt my feelings by repeating it.'

'I certainly saw some one on horseback riding over the moor, and came to the conclusion that it might be my father,' said Frank, not blinking the question, but taken considerably aback on witnessing the distress of his kind hostess. 'I feared he might stop our fun, that's the truth, and so kept out of his way by putting a few big fences between him and us, which I knew well he could not get over. That probably made him lose his temper and forget himself, which I am very sorry for. And he'll be sorry enough for it too, that he will, when I tell him how kind you have been to me.'

Utterly ignorant as Frank was of the long standing feud that existed between his family and that of Heathercot, this was really a *bonâ fide* statement of his own views; but the poor widow, whose thoughts reverted to the merciless persecution her husband had endured for so many years at the hands of Mr. Raleigh and other proprietors of the purlieu-rights around the Forest of Dartmoor, could see nothing in this angry demonstration of the Squire but a revival of that bitter feeling, now turned against herself. To the depths of her own heart, however, she confined this impression, fearing, if she made a grievance of it and recounted the whole history to Frank, that it would probably only bias his mind in favour of his own family and against him whose memory was still dear to her as her own life.

'You know,' she said, taking Frank by his coat-button, 'that if your father thought you and Mary were really trying to avoid him, it was quite enough to provoke his anger and cause him to use language which, in cooler moments, he would, I trust, sincerely regret. But, however that may be, I am bound to tell you that, inhospitable as it may appear, and sorry as we shall be to lose you, I think you ought to return home without delay.'

If a thunderbolt had struck him, Frank could scarcely have been more electrified than he was by this unexpected and most unwelcome speech, for he had fully made up his mind to remain to the last minute in the company he had found so attractive and so charming. It sounded to him like the knell of all hope; his brain whirled under the stroke, and, but for a drop of consolation judiciously administered by the fair hostess, he would have burst there and then into a flood of tears. 'Of course,' she said in the tenderest tone, 'when this little storm about the school has blown over, you will come to see us soon again; we shall always have a spare bed and a welcome for you, come when you will.'

The next morning, long before the family were astir at Heathercot, Frank, dragging a lengthening chain behind him, was wending his way, in pensive mood, direct for Watercombe; and, for the first time in his life, neither the wild wilderness around him, nor the

joyous brooks, dancing on their way and singing their summer song, nor even the rugged old tors, frowning in solemn majesty over the dreary waste, were able to divert his thoughts for one instant to their impressive features. The bite of a cobra could scarcely have rendered him less observant of external objects than the venom of the dart with which he had been so fatally pierced.

But why was the boy so pensive and so cast down? A foreboding of the sternest opposition on the part of his father, owing to George's report, communicated at the last moment and grossly exaggerated, was the sole cause of it; and as the dream of delight indulged in by the opium-eater is usually succeeded by a sense of misery and depression, so Frank's short sunshine was doomed to be speedily followed by the darkest of clouds.

The Squire was at breakfast when Frank reached Watercombe; but Lady Susan, whose devotion to piquet and late hours at night habitually interfered with her attendance at that meal, had not yet made her appearance. This was all in Frank's favour; for in the absence of his mother, whose tendency to contradict the Squire and irritate him in a thousand petty ways was never sated, he stood a far better chance of appeasing the anger his conscience told him he had too well deserved.

'I know I ought, father, to have come directly home,' he said in the most humble and submissive manner; 'and I'm very sorry I didn't do so.'

'And so you ought to be,' answered the Squire, angrily, 'after the summary expulsion to which you have been exposed; your first duty, sir, was to have hastened home and explained your conduct to me, instead of hanging about at anybody's house and shirking that straightforward course.'

Not a word in reply escaped Frank's lips, the mode of disarming his father he knew to be most effective. But the latter had not yet quite done with him. 'I want to know, sir,' he inquired, 'if, when you were bucketting the colt yesterday, with that girl, you purposely avoided an interview with me?'

'I won't deny it, sir,' answered the boy, openly; 'but as I had promised Miss Cornish to give her a lead across country, I did not like to disappoint her.'

'That is to say, in order to amuse her you did not scruple to disappoint me. Is that, let me ask, the respect to which your father is entitled?'

'I meant no disrespect to you, sir; I only thought how we could best finish our day's fun; but if it offended you, I am very sorry for it.'

'Go to the sideboard, Frank, and cut some ham; you must wait your breakfast after so early a ride,' said the Squire, perfectly pacified by his son's unequivocal answer and expressions of regret. As he then dropped the subject and made no hostile allusion to the Heathercot people, Frank was happily spared the dangerous task of standing up in their defence; a task which otherwise, at whatever cost, he certainly would have undertaken and fulfilled to the last gasp.

Peace being established at home, and Lady Susan having arrived at the conclusion that Frank's dismissal from Buckbury and the neighbourhood of Heathercot was the best thing that could have happened to him, the following four months, the period of the Oxford long vacation, were passed by him in the continuous enjoyment of out-of-door sports, in one form or another; so, from early morn to dewy eve, not a minute in the day was given to study. The Squire, indeed, did occasionally remind him that, before he could be matriculated, he would be required to pass a preliminary examination; but as he knew it to be rather a matter of form than otherwise, he did not think it necessary to press him on the subject too closely.

Accordingly, one day, with a single Joe Manton, recently converted into a detonator, and a thick-set old-fashioned Spanish pointer, called Bob, that would stand a jack-snipe so long as the bird would lie, he might be seen fagging through the spongy bogs with indefatigable ardour, frequently bringing home as many as four or five couple of young snipe and plover—a delicacy highly appreciated by Lady Susan, when other game was not to be obtained. The next day, perhaps, was devoted to otter-hunting; when a note to his Quaker friend, John Brock, never failed to bring that worthy to the meet; and, amateur though he was, there were few of the field who could compete with him in the patient and vigilant task of gazing the otter or guarding a stickle.

Then it was a day on the flags with Ben Head and the puppies, or a walk in the Park at Oldham, where the young ones were trotted in and out of the deer-herd for hours together; and if Gaylass or Ganymede dared look with a longing eye at the white scut of a bounding doe, the angry rate of "ware riot!" followed by the heavy thong of Tammy's whip, impressed on them a lesson they were never likely to forget.

Cub-hunting soon followed this necessary tuition; and now it was, while the hollow depths of Skeriton and Dean Woods were cracking with music, and a whole litter of cubs, pursued by twenty couple of hounds, were flying for dear life in every direction, dividing and subdividing the pack into several small lots, and occupying the full attention of the Squire and his men at every point of the chase, that Frank, like an old dog fox slipping away from the hubbub, would steal off to Heathercot, and enjoy, without being missed, a few precious minutes in the sweetest of company. Alas! that forbidden fruit should be so sweet and so coveted; for, that it was forbidden, the language of Lady Susan and the hints she indulged in with respect to the misery of a *mésalliance*, left little doubt in Frank's mind to whom they applied. Is it not Schiller, translated so exquisitely by the late Lord Lytton, who says—

' Ah! never he has rapture known
Who has not, where the waves are driven
Upon the fearful shores of hell,
Pluck'd fruits that taste of heaven?'

The pitcher, however, carried so often to the well, is doomed at length to be broken; and Frank's short visits, so successfully stolen on two or three occasions, were at length paid once too often. The hounds had been thrown into a large cover scarcely a mile from Heathercot; and finding, as Frank supposed, some undisturbed cubs (which, be it observed for the benefit of the uninitiated, rarely break away except they are sorely pressed), he popped into the leafy retreat, turned the colt's head directly away from the hounds, and made the best of his way straight for Heathercot.

But the course of true love, according to the proverb, never yet ran smooth; and, as bad luck would have it, the game found on the present occasion proved to be a veritable old Hector—one of those lanky, wild animals that, in days of yore, had straight necks, and feared as little to cross the moor from Over-Brent to Holue as they do now to face the open from Hall Plantation to Pyles Dungeon, and then go to ground.

Well, the scent was a screecher; and although the Squire, mounted on Sweet-Pea, rode like a madman to head them, and Ben Head swore he'd break Tammy's neck if he didn't ride and stop 'em, the hounds dashed on like a hurricane, and were never caught again till they earthed their fox in Whitewood Holts.

The Squire, who had been repeatedly looking back in vain, with the hope of seeing Frank at least following on the line of the hounds, now turned impatiently to the men, and inquired if they knew what had become of him after the fox had broken cover.

'The hounds are all here—twenty couple and a half,' he said, counting them over with that rapidity which practice alone gives to the experienced houndsman. 'He must have heard them slip away; and he has nothing to bring on but the colt and himself.'

'I reckon he'th a tallied the vixen,' replied Ben Head, at random, 'and mayhap never heard the hounds break at all. If zo, there he'll bide a hollering, and looking vor us to come to he. 'Tisn't oft he's a drowed out like this.'

Mr. Raleigh appeared considerably puzzled, and shook his head, as if doubting the accuracy of Ben's conjecture. The kennel-boy, however, made a better hit, and quickly dispelled all doubts from the Squire's mind as to the cause of his son's absence.

'Master Frank,' said he, 'when I glimps'd un last, was crossing the meadow over agen Heathercot brake, and making his way plumb for the house. I know'd un by the flick of the colt's tail.'

'Then he's a go to ground there, that's sertain,' added Ben Head; 'vor 'twas but last night only he was telling up in the kennel, as how he hadn't a zeed they ladies since Monday last was a week.'

By a strong effort only did the Squire restrain his feelings in the presence of his men; but the blood surged like molten lead through his veins, and his broad chest laboured with emotion as he listened to these unwelcome tidings, the accuracy of which he could not for a moment doubt.

'Blow your horn, Ben, and take the hounds away, or they'll tear

'themselves to pieces in these rocky earths,' he said, so fiercely that, contrary to the huntsman's oppositious and decisive temper at such times, he instantly put the instrument to his lips and sounded a loud blast again and again.

A hound called Vulcan, however, always desperately given to marking propensities, had forced himself in between the cavities of the rocks, and was throwing his tongue so vigorously at least a fathom down below the surface, that half the pack were springing about in the wildest excitement, and doing their utmost by tooth and nail to squeeze in and share the fun. Again Ben blew his horn with more than usual energy; but Vulcan's tongue, oft doubled, and ringing with fierce meaning through the chinks of the cavernous clutter, proved so intensely attractive, that, swear terribly as Ben did into the bargain, never a hound turned to obey the summons nor take the slightest notice of his hard words.

Tammy, luckily for him, was posted, by the Squire's order, in the open, a hundred yards below the clutter, in order that if the fox, finding the earth too hot for him, should be compelled to bolt, he might view him away, and so help the young hounds to taste the blood they had so well deserved. The anathemas, therefore, of Ben, drowned by the roar of the Dart in his immediate rear, were no more heard by Tammy than Ben's horn by the hound at ground.

'Tis no gude, I tell ee; they hounds won't layve zo long as that 'fule Tammy bide'th where he be,' he said savagely to his master; 'and the old Vulcan will stap a week to ground while they be 'backing ov un up, and he home to the fox's nose.'

'I shall draft him,' said the Squire, testily. 'He's more like a 'terrier than a hound.'

'No, master, yeu won't. That's the best hound us have a got 'vor an otter. There's never one will hang to a mark like he in all 'the pack,' retorted the man, bluntly.

'Then keep him for that work only,' answered the Squire, giving way to the strong will of his huntsman, though not prone to do so to any other man alive; 'that's all the old hound is fit for now.'

Two of the terriers had accompanied the pack to the covert-side in the morning; but as they did not put in an appearance as usual soon after the hounds had thrown up, it was conjectured they had followed Frank, and, if so, were not likely to be forthcoming for immediate use on the present occasion. What, then, was to be done? The earths were deep, the holt strong, and, without their aid, every attempt to bolt him would only end in failure. The fox was as safe there as in the rubble-heap of Haytor.

'There's nothing left for it but to whip off,' said the Squire, with no little vexation at seeing the puppies balked of their blood after so hard a run. He then signalled to Tammy to drive on the hounds; while Ben again blew his horn, and sulkily prepared to move from the ground.

During the time this delay was going on, a spectator on the oppo-

site side of the Dart, half hid by the high fern and boulders that covered the hill, was watching with a keen eye the movements of the hunters as they slowly moved off in the direction of Benjay Tor. A couple of lank hounds lay at his feet, fast bound to the stump of a furze bush, and there kept in silent subjection by the frequent use of a long hazel rod he carried in his hand; while under his two arms he held, with the grip of a vice, a brace of wiry terriers, which, if their looks belied them not, gave token of being fierce customers for the stoutest fox that ever entered a mountain cairn.

'There, lads, yeur time's a come now,' he said, dropping his long-faced yellow terriers gently to the ground, and uncoupling the impatient hounds from the furze-stump to which they were bound. 'Yeu'll zoon warm the jacket ov un, I reckon; and, dog or vixen, 'twill be rough times vor un, ef he hang'th one minute avore ee 'in thikkyholt.'

Having thus expressed his confidence in his forces, like some great general going into action, Tom Franks descended the hillside at a rapid trot, and crossing the Dart at a well-known point where the river is all but bridged over by boulders of gigantic size, he soon gained the clitter of rocks so recently deserted by the Squire and his hounds. But before he could manage to reach the holts, both hounds and terriers had disappeared in their recesses, and instantly, while he was clambering to the cone of a prominent rock, the din of a fierce war rose to the air, and bid him keep a bright look-out on the surrounding scene.

'Hammer and tongs! they'm hard at un, and out he's bound to 'come—scat!' he almost yelled with delight, as he secured his footing on the summit of the granite boulder. In another instant the fox had bolted, and Tom's 'Tally-ho!' might have been heard at Holne Cot. Thrice over he repeated the wild signal; but, for the purpose he had in view, he might well have spared his lungs, for every note of the first halloo vibrated on the Squire's ears like an electric shock. Then, as the rocky vale re-echoed the cry, wheeling his horse round as on a pivot, he and Ben Head, with every hound at their heels, dashed back together, cheering on the pack to the wild scream.

In less than two minutes they were well on him; and in ten more this gallant old moor fox, stiffened by his long toil, was run into, and converted at once into

'A hundred tatters of brown.'

But before the Squire and Ben, encumbered with their horses, could reach the rugged spot, Tom Franks, by dint of scrambling, running, and jumping, had joined the worry, and as, with ecstatic delight, he seized the white-tagged brush and waved it high in air, he delivered a prolonged 'Who-whoop!' so wildly, that every sleeping echo in the distant Buckland woods must have been roused by the cry.

The square figure of the man, rather below than above the middle

height, and the unmistakable fox-skin cap he invariably wore, enabled the Squire to recognise him at the first glance; and if, from the recollection of the many vulpecidal acts of which Tom had been guilty, Mr. Raleigh's first impulse was to denounce him there and then as a reprobate and offender only worthy of the gallows, it suddenly occurred to his mind that both Mr. Host and Frank had assured him that Tom, by their persuasion, had been more than half converted from the error of his ways, and that if he (the Squire) would but hold out the olive-branch, Tom might be won over to a right faith and better practice.

The successful finish, too, to the day's sport, and the blooding of the hounds after so hard a run, seemed to act like magic on the Squire's temper; for, to Ben's inexpressible wonder, he heard him address Tom not only in a kindly tone, but in jubilant terms, on the result of the day's sport.

After explaining how he had taken the liberty to bolt the fox and call back the hounds, and then, gratified on hearing the Squire's hearty commendation both of his own and the terrier's work, Tom took courage and said with the utmost humility, 'Yeur honour hath on'y got to zay the word and yeu'm kindly welcome to they dog's and my sarvice for gude and all; and what's more, ef I can on'y zee a bit o' sport wi' yeur honour's cry, I'll gie up they kippers and churchwarners, and never kill a fox more for they fellars; naw, nit zo long as I live.'

The Squire was so taken aback by this unexpected proposal on Tom's part, implying not only a renouncement of his vulpecidal sins, but the offer of his services thenceforth in favour of the legitimate chase, that at first he could scarcely credit his own ears, nor satisfy himself that the proposal was a *bonâ fide* one on which he could really depend. But his doubts vanished like a dream when Tom, respectfully handing the brush, said, with a hopeful expression of countenance, 'Dr. Host, yeur honour, hath a promised me a gude horse tu ride; and zaith that ef so be yeu wid think fitty to let me han'le the tarriers, I should then zee a power more sport, and be none the wuss for wages than I be now. Zo, I hop' yeur honour will give me the berth.'

'Ay, that I will, Tom, and make the berth as comfortable as I can for you,' replied the Squire, unfeignedly delighted to secure the services of a man who, for so many years, had been the most destructive enemy to foxes ever known in that country.

In little more than a month from that day Tom found himself in possession of one of the best cottages, close to the kennel, on the Watercombe estate; and there, with his wife, children, and terriers clustered round his own fireside, no lord in the land could boast of fewer cares or more enjoyment of life, at home or afield, than Tom Franks.

STAG-HUNTING.

‘Hunting is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight.
It helps the hearing and the sight :
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory—good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill-habits thence.’

So sung glorious old Ben Jonson, and who shall say that he was not right? Few, we believe, would care to in the present day; for if ever the chase was held in high esteem, it is so now. Nevertheless our manners are so far changed from those of our forefathers, that the beasts of chase they held in the highest estimation are but lightly esteemed by us, while the villain fox, who with them received no law or mercy, and was simply knocked on the head when and where he could be found, is not only looked upon as the most worthy object of pursuit to be found in the British Islands, but held in such esteem that to slay him in a hunting country by another means than the legitimate one is considered little short of a crime. As the country was cleared of forest and became more open, fox-hunting gradually took the place of stag-hunting until this right royal sport, for such it really is, about five and twenty or thirty years ago was well-nigh falling altogether into abeyance; and the deer, long since extinct in all other parts of England, were then, by royal order, exterminated from the New Forest, and had become very scarce on Exmoor. Good friends, however, in the latter country, came to the rescue: owners on private property preserved the deer, tenants soon followed their landlords' example, and rode after the hounds instead of molesting, or allowing others to molest them; so that in one corner of England can the sport, which has most probably been handed down to us from the days of Nimrod (he of Nineveh, not the 'Quarterly'), be still seen in perfection. It quickly, under the *régime* of Mr. Bisset, the present worthy and respected Master, became literally a passion with the inhabitants of Devon and West Somerset, or rather we should say that the passion for it was revived, so that deer have increased and multiplied to a great extent; and from being the last remnant, as it were, of old English sports going gradually but surely to extinction, the fame of it has spread throughout England, and men come from north, south, east, and west to join in it, and of course bring with them horses, servants, and all those means of disbursing money which an Englishman now takes with him on his travels. Of the popularity of the sport we need say nothing; it is firmly established; but one hint we may give, we trust, without offence to any one, which is, that deer do damage, which has to be paid for, and hounds and horses are not kept for nothing. We know not whether strangers are allowed to subscribe to the hounds, but they can at all times, if they have the will, find the way

to make the reminiscence of their appearance in the country a pleasant one. We are not sitting down to write a description of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds; that has already been done, and well done, but rather to endeavour to point out to our readers the difference they will find between stag-hunting and fox-hunting—a difference which, we fancy, is scarcely enough appreciated, and which has ere now led to unfavourable remarks with regard to the former sport.

First, then, let us tell our hard-riding readers, if we have the luck to have such, and we hope many scores monthly take up the green-backed volume, that they must by no means look for the quick find and eager start that is so much appreciated in the grass countries. The law is, in stag-hunting, that the oldest and heaviest deer, generally synonymous terms, must be found hunted, and, if possible, killed. This is the true science of woodcraft, as handed down to us for generations; hence the necessity of tufting, which we have so often heard abused and decried. No doubt it is annoying to see deer after deer break covert and the hounds stopped because the 'old stag,' well known by the harbourer to be there, refuses to make his appearance; but if those who go to meet staghounds would accept the tufting as a part and parcel of the proceedings instead of as a mere preliminary, as too many of them do, they would rejoice in the skill of the men and discipline of the hounds, which enables one of the most difficult of sporting feats to be accomplished, instead of looking on it simply as so much time wasted and a bore. For those who have never hunted anything but carted deer, which are little better or worse than an animated bunch of red herrings with a will of their own (a very obstinate will it is sometimes), so far as true sport is concerned, it is almost impossible to conceive the cunning and resources of an old stag to save himself from being forced from his covert. Neither hare or fox ever tries so many wiles to escape his pursuers as a stag, and often he will range the covert until not another deer is left in it, run the streams, and 'soil' again and again before making up his mind to set his head over the open. This, of course, gives both hounds and huntsmen a great deal of work, for it is only by keeping constantly at him when once on his legs that this end can be achieved. However, when he has made up his mind to go, he is not easily 'blanched,' and, moreover, he has a point to make, and make it he will; so, we know, will the fox, but he is not nearly so bold in doing it as a stag. It will be seen that drawing for a fox and tufting for a deer is a totally dissimilar affair, and no comparison can, in our estimation, be instituted between them. The huntsman to foxhounds simply draws the most likely places with his whole pack, hunts the first fox he finds, as a rule (unless a brace break at once), and kills him, if he can. The stag-hunter takes a few hounds, four or five couple generally, and from a covert full of deer, and often of very great extent, singles and forces into the open the particular stag he wishes to hunt. Can any one question which is the most scientific operation, and requires the deepest knowledge of woodcraft? There is no finer sight in the world than

an old stag when leaping forth to view in all his majestic beauty: he stands at gaze a moment, and then gliding into his long easy stride, which looks so slow, but really is so fast, so takes advantage of the inequalities of the ground that he is out of sight apparently on an open plain ere you can believe it. Turn your head but a moment and he is lost to the eye until set up, or fresh found at least.

Do you think he was afraid of us? Not one jot. A friend told us he saw one found near Eggesford, who broke into the field where the horsemen had all been drawn up in line, gazed at them a moment from the boundary fence, and then trotted along from end to end, like a general reviewing a regiment of cavalry, and away. It is not easy for any one who has not passed his life amongst them to tell a good deer from a light one, or to see what his rights are; so that if you are a stranger, your wisest plan is to hold your tongue: if you can distinguish a stag from a hind with certainty at some little distance, it is about as much as you will do at first. Nevertheless, that our readers may know how deer should be termed at different ages, a point on which many would be glad of information, if they only knew where to go for it, we transcribe the following from the 'Boke of Hunting,' a part of the 'Boke of St. Albans,' written by Lady Juliana Berners, prioress of Sopewell Nunnery, near St. Albans, in the thirteenth century, and first printed at St. Albans in 1481:—

'And to speke of the hert, if ye will it lere,
Ye shall call him a calfe at the first yere,
The second yere a broket; so shall he be
The third yere a spayard, lerneth this at me;
The fourth year calles him a stagge, be any way
The fifth yere a grete stag, my Dame bade you say.'

Manwood, in his 'Forest Laws,' also bears out these terms, except that in the fourth year he calls him a staggard, in the fifth a stag, but adds, 'that in times past the foresters and woodmen were wont to call him a stag at the fourth year, and not a staggard, as we do now. And also at the fifth year they do call him a great stag. And so they were wont to give him a difference by this word stag and great stag. And whereas some do think that a stag of what age soever he be, shall not be called a hart until the King or Queen do hunt him; that is not so, for they are all greatly deceived that so do think; for after the fifth year of his age he should no more be called a stag but a hart. And as Budæus saith, at six years of age, then a hart you shall him call; so that if a stag come to be six years of age, than he is a hart.' In Devonshire they are now called first a calf, then a knobbler or brocket, afterwards a spire or pricket, in the fourth year a staggart, in the fifth a stag or warrantable deer, at and after six, a stag or hart, as we learn from the 'Chase of the Wild Red Deer.' Hinds are first year a calf, the second a brocket's sister, or hearst, in the third a young hind, or hind.

When the stag has been unharboured and fairly driven into the open, the fox-hunter will notice another material difference from

the chase to which he has been used. With a fox all is bustle and excitement (too much so sometimes) to get the hounds on his line. Here it is different, for the stag can be hunted any reasonable length of time after he is gone. Hence, the first thing is to head and stop the tufters; that being done, the huntsman goes for his pack, kennelled perhaps in some outhouse two or three miles away, either bringing them back to where the tufters were stopped, or laying them on the line at some more favourable point, according to his judgment. Arthur Heal, the present huntsman to the Devon and Somerset, gets his hounds on the line much more quickly than was formerly the fashion. With a light deer this, no doubt, gives them a great advantage and a better chance of bringing him to hand, but, as a rule, the result is shorter chases (at least so say the natives) than they had in former days, and old, heavy stags are quickly run up.

In the chase of the stag, hounds run in a very different form and manner than when hunting the fox, and instead of going in a body so that, to use the old familiar term, 'a sheet might cover' them, they almost invariably tail, and there is not that dashing and striving for the lead which gives such zest and excitement to a run with foxhounds. For this, we think, many causes may be assigned, one of the principal ones being that the scent is so much stronger than that of the fox, that the leading hound is seldom off the line, and, in consequence, has not to try and fling for it, as he would in a fox-chase; hence a lead once gained is seldom lost until the hounds are stopped or a regular check ensues. Moreover, a stag, being a bolder animal, runs much straighter than a fox; we do not mean merely from point to point (as we have seen a cunning old stag dodge like a hare), but that he is not so given to slightly divert his course at every trifling obstacle, as a fox, and the foremost hounds do not, in consequence, so often overrun the line, and give those behind them a chance to pick it up and take the lead from them. Any man who has watched foxhounds in chase has seen the leading hounds suddenly drop back, and some of their followers on one side or the other go away with the line at a slight angle to the one previously traversed, without an actual check occurring, where hounds are not overridden; when they are, the whole pack are driven over it and throw up. This is where the fox, from his timid, sensitive nature, has from some cause slightly altered his course, but not the point to which he was making, and occurs very frequently in all runs. With the deer it is not so, at least as far as our experience goes; hence the leading hounds do not so often come back to their fellows. Loss of start or momentary hindrances cannot be made up, and a tail is the result. Perhaps we should better illustrate our meaning by comparing the course of the stag, whether he describes a circle, straight line, or triangle, as resembling the firm lines made on a map by the aid of ruler and compasses. That of the fox, to the same line attempted without their aid, by a shaky and unskilful hand. The influence of this on hounds will be apparent to any sportsman. Another thing, we believe, the difference in scent between deer and fox, the

former probably hanging higher in the air, does not appear to be affected by hounds passing over the line, and those can enjoy it who have not the actual lead, thus rendering them more independent of being in front than with the fox, where, we believe, the foremost rank have the best of it, and knowing this, they are all so emulous for the lead. If it is not so, why cannot foxhounds run when a hound or a couple has stolen away a field or two a-head, or a cur chased the fox? With deer, we believe, it makes very little difference to the pack if a tufter has escaped the vigilance of the whip and gone forward on the line. Dr. Collyns says of the old staghounds, 'Like all hounds I have ever seen hunting deer in this country, they ran almost in a line, one after the other, not carrying a head, like foxhounds, but each hound apparently revelling in the scent and doing his work for himself; not putting faith in his neighbour, but trusting to his own nose, and to that alone.'

We have noticed exactly the same thing with the hounds now used, and, as they are merely foxhounds drafted for over-size (they average twenty-five inches) from the best kennels in England, *they*, at any rate, cannot be accused of want of dash. Whatever may be the solution, so it is, and a certain amount of interest is lost to the actual chase over the open, as no one can deny that it is more exciting to see hounds racing for the lead than following each other contentedly, like ducks. It must not for a moment, however, be imagined that on this account pace is wanting. You will find that it takes your very best nag all his time to live fairly with the Devon and Somerset over the open. We remember an instance of a gentleman going there from Northamptonshire, who, it was said, at first complained that the hounds did not go fast enough to extend his horses; the fact was, some easy days and short-running deer deceived him. The time came at last when he had the satisfaction of seeing them run right away from him in the open, while his horse had been so well extended that report said he laid down to rest in the heather ere going home, and that his master thought he intended to die; but the horse altered his mind, if such was ever his intention, and recovered. No one who started with the hounds saw the end of that run, as they could not get near enough for the tail hounds to guide them on the line; but several went miles farther than he did.

Checks are of less frequent occurrence with deer than fox, as is natural from the higher scent. When they occur, it is either from the deer having 'taken soil,' that is, gone to water, where he frequently sinks himself all but the nostrils, roused another deer, and taken possession of his lair, or thrown himself down in gorse or high heather with a bound, as a hare will do, without rousing another deer. Perhaps also he may have gone up or down the water. As we are not writing a treatise on the mode of hunting the stag, but merely pointing out to our readers the difference between the chase of the deer and the fox, we shall not enter into a description of the huntsman's duties under either circumstances, but content ourselves with warning them not to hastily consider that all is over and the

deer lost. The check, when it does come, will probably be a very long one, but we believe it is Mr. Bissett's diction that a stag should never be given up while there is daylight. Of course, if he has roused a young deer the hounds are stopped as soon as it is discovered, and brought back to the point where it is most probable the stratagem was effected. After a time he is again roused, all the stiffer for his respite, and is then said to be 'fresh found.' This will sometimes occur once or twice in the course of a run. At water, some very beautiful hunting may occasionally be seen, where it is shallow, the hounds trying every yard of bank and overhanging leaf, or actually giving tongue in the water if the deer is above them. To a man really fond of the work of hounds nothing can be more enjoyable than this part of the chase, though those who only go out to ride may deem it slow. The way we have seen a single hound work a stream is something wonderful. Now, the chase may be over or not. Sometimes the deer soils merely to refresh himself, and goes on again, so that it is best to be on the alert for a second start. We have known a very smart gallop indeed after a deer had been running the Barle up and down for a long time, eventually killing him some distance away in the Exe. By-the-way, this reminds us of the advice given us by an old stag-hunter, which is well worth remembering, viz., 'Never go down into the bottoms unless the stag is 'sinking.' It is a maxim that will save your horse considerably. Another taken from the 'Chase of the Wild Red Deer' is also well worth repeating, which is that, when you see a deer try to ascend a hill perpendicularly, he is 'embost,' 'run up,' or beaten, and is sure to return to water again.

Very different from the death of the fox is that of the stag. Perhaps for half an hour the pack have been viewing him in the river, at one time 'set up,' at another flying from pool to pool for shelter, and yet he is not beaten enough for the men to go in and cut his throat (for you must know that a stag at bay is a dangerous customer both to hounds and men).

Whyte-Melville says—

'While louder and deeper the challenge resounds,
Till it rings through the coombe in a chorus of hounds,
And the music of death with its echo surrounds,
The King of the West.'

And of all the hound music that ever greeted your ears, there is nothing to equal the chiding of the pack when their stag is set up; he must be cold-souled indeed whose blood does not boil when he hears it. Then if it is succeeded by the smothered growl, that tells he is pulled down quickly, and the huntsman's knife is sharp and sure, well and good. Occasionally—nay, often—the stag takes to the cliffs and goes out to sea, when a boat generally tows him in either to Lynmouth, Porlock, or Minehead, and he is killed at once.

Now our task is done. We have endeavoured not to write a

description of stag-hunting, but to point out where, in our opinion, it differs from all other kinds of chase ; so that our fox-hunting friends going into the West, and haply expecting to find something like what they have been accustomed to with the fox or with a carted deer, may not come away disappointed.

Stag-hunting is in its incidents, in the way in which it must be carried out, essentially different from fox-hunting. There, short, sharp, and decisive is and should be the motto. With the deer, deep knowledge of woodcraft, great patience, and untiring energy must be brought into play. A day's work is often done before the right animal is unharboured, and then you may kill him in half an hour. But let those inclined to grumble reflect as they look on the mighty antlers, and form large as a pony, when the King of the Forest lies before them, on the science and knowledge of hunting which has been brought into play to kill an old hart who for years has set the woodcraft of the West at defiance, and ranged these wilds most probably unhunted, until, foiled in every shift, he at last yielded, because, through his own cunning, he had lived a life of ease until he was too fat to run. Why, he could have given any fox that ever wore brush twenty-one pounds for cunning. You may have lost your gallop for the day, but, nevertheless, you have seen 'stag-hunting' as much as you will have, when a 'warrantable deer' succumbs after a gallop of two or three hours. By-the-way, we fancy people are most unreasonable in regard to deer ; because they go out to hunt a stag, they think a run must follow perforce. Let us ask them how often are they disappointed with fox or hare ? Also, why a wild deer should *always* be expected to show sport more than any other beast of chase ? One advantage stag-hunting certainly has, that of coming at a time of the year when no other hunting, save that of the otter or cub-hunting at an hour so early that few care to turn out for, is to be obtained ; for the season now commences on the 12th of August and ends on the 10th of October, when the stags' necks begin to swell : after that, hind-hunting comes in. Manwood, however, says the hart or buck is in season from Midsummer to Holy Rood Day. Besides this, stag-hunting takes its votaries into some of the most beautiful scenery England can produce. Perhaps in a future article we may have more to say on the subject.

N.

A NEW ERA FOR MAN AND BEAST.

If the great American philosopher Benjamin Franklin were now alive, he would marvel indeed at the vast growth attained by the young giant he brought down from the clouds, not a century ago, by the simple agency of a paper kite. Since his day the Titan has put on his seven-league boots, and now, by the united discoveries of Sir Charles Wheatstone and Sir William Fothergill-Cooke, travels

with more speed than the light of the sun to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Then again, on the world of waters, what lives have been saved, what incalculable losses averted, by that eminent but ill-requested physicist, Sir William Snow Harris, whose system of conducting lightning discharges by broad copper-plates is now adopted by the navies of all civilised nations; for which grand discovery, with shame be it spoken, he was awarded the paltry parliamentary grant of only 5,000*l.* Sir William was a Devonshire man, of whom his country might well be proud; and again following him, as if to disprove the dogma of the stern old moralist, comes another wise man from the West; one who, by his electro-magnetic discoveries, bids fair to rival, if not to eclipse, his eminent predecessors in many respects, but especially in the application of his science to the bodily ailments of man and beast.

Mr. William Grigg of Plymouth has invented a machine which, by its marvellous and successful power over every conceivable disease, acute and chronic, to which flesh is heir, is creating a wide-spread sensation throughout the western land. Hundreds of people suffering for years from rheumatic gout, neuralgia, disease of the heart, spinal weakness, and even paralysis, many of whom had been discharged from the Royal Albert and other hospitals as incurable, have been restored to new life by the all-but-miraculous agency of this machine.

When in action, a general soothing current of electricity searches out every nerve in the human frame, and it is so tempered that a fretful child can be quieted and put to sleep by it in its mother's arms; or, if need be, a paralysed giant can speedily be made conscious of its superhuman power. The purpose of the current, which is very distinct from galvanism, is to remove all obstructions, and thereby to equalise the circulation of the blood, and the moment the equilibrium is established, the patient, no matter what the disease or injury may be, feels his bodily functions strengthened, and is restored to perfect health.

Electro-magnetism is demonstrated by Mr. Grigg to be Nature's handmaid; for not only are drugs and medicines denounced by him, but he boldly asserts that bleeding, mercury, opium, and iodine are dangerous weapons, known to have destroyed thousands of precious lives, and he solemnly warns all not to taste nor touch the accursed things.

But enough of man and his miseries; turn we now to those of our fellow-sufferers, our domestic friends of the brute creation, to horses, hounds, and cattle.

Being ungifted with the power to complain, except in one well-known instance, their doom hitherto has indeed been a sad one. When struck down by disease, accident, or overwork, balls, drenches, setons, blisters, and fire have been their lot from the days of Homer to the present time. But now every humane heart will rejoice to feel that better times are in store for our useful and long-suffering

allies, and that the iron age of farriery, at least in the West, bids fair to give way to a golden one under the auspices of Mr. Grigg's electrical and painless treatment.

The application of electro-magnetism to the human body having been attended by results scarcely short of miraculous, it occurred to Mr. Grigg's mind that the same power might be made equally serviceable to our domestic animals by means of suitable appliances attached to them under treatment. Impressed with this conviction, he has devised an apparatus by which, in conjunction with his machine, the electric current is conveyed continuously to all parts of the brute's body, be it that of a dog, horse, or bullock, and, as anticipated by the inventor, its influence has been found not a whit less effective in their case than in that of the human sufferer. And, as with man so with the beast, drugs and torturing remedies are alike condemned.

Nevertheless, bullocks attacked by rinderpest or foot-and-mouth disease; hounds in distemper or the yellows; horses disabled by influenza, staggers, inflammatory action, strains, and especially when overmarked by excessive work in the hunting field, are by this all-powerful electric agency speedily brought round, and restored to their normal condition of health and activity.

Nor is its salutary influence confined only to animals suffering from disease or accident; it has been applied to racehorses in perfect health, and, by equalising their circulation and strengthening their functions, has been found to improve both their spirits and condition, and that, too, by the simplest process, without damage to their legs or constitution.

The most nervous and irritable horse becomes perfectly quiescent under its soothing effect, and by gradually increasing the power, but still without shock or unpleasant sensation, the animal is made to sweat freely, and so, with gentle work, to develop the highest attainable state of physical endurance in the shortest space of time. What a boon for trainers in case of bad legs and bad weather!

Mr. Grigg has patented his invention; and although its application to our domestic animals is of comparatively recent date, the wonderful cures effected by it have already established its reputation as one of the most valuable discoveries of the present age.

The humanity of the treatment will commend it to all; but its restorative power, its quickening influence, the strength and tone it imparts to the functions of an animal, diseased or not diseased, must sooner or later command the especial attention, not less of the breeders of hounds, horses, and cattle, than of those interested in racing studs.

'RECLAIMED.'

FAR away in the north of England lies, or, perhaps, we should more properly say laid, a wild moorland tract, for cultivation has latterly done much to alter the character of the country. Not long ago, however, wild and extensive heaths were its principal characteristics,

bordered with cultivation, which generally clothed the sides of the hills ascending from the few and lonely valleys with which the district was intersected; while, higher up occasionally little farms of from fifty to a hundred acres had been reclaimed from the hand of nature in the midst of the wild and savage country we are attempting inadequately enough to describe. In fact, words can scarcely convey the strange solitude which seemed to hang and brood over the land; for miles in every direction there was a stern outline of brown hills, save here and there, where plantations of fir-trees, rough and stunted, served to break the monotony of the outline, without adding much to the beauty of the scene. Across this wild and forbidding tract rode a young man, towards eventide, in the latter end of April. A stranger meeting him would have wondered at his leisurely pace, for darkness was closing in; scan the horizon on which side you may (and here, if anywhere, the ken of a man six feet high was entitled to a range of three miles) you could see no sign of any human habitation. Yet, whistling a favourite air from the opera, he rode leisurely forward on the highroad running between the two little market towns, which vied with each other for the patronage and support of the simple folk who found their habitations in these wild hills. Neither one or the other of the said towns had as yet come within the sound of the railway whistle, but had nevertheless fatally and surely found the effects of the iron roads which had been opened some ten or twenty miles beyond their borders on either side in depriving them of traffic, so that the intermediate district had not been left so much to the devices of its own inhabitants, or so free from strangers for a century or more, as for a few years before the time at which we propose to introduce the traveller to our reader.

He was a young man, light, lithe, and active, and if not particularly well-formed, had a quick eye and an open countenance, his whole bearing denoting that whatever else he might be, he was a gentleman, while the close, though somewhat negligent, seat and light finger on the rein bespoke him a horseman. His nag was worthy of him—what would be called a clever covert-hack in 'the shires,' and perchance raised to the dignity of a hunter in easier and more provincial counties; he would have passed muster in the Park, and not a few would have liked him as a Newmarket hack during the October meetings. In fact, he was thoroughbred, fifteen and an inch in height, up to fourteen stone in many countries, with action which, while it rendered him too slow to race, made him a perfect hack, and he had manners that an empress might have been satisfied with. In colour he was a dark-blood bay, without white. 'No need to be impatient, old boy,' said his rider, casting a glance towards the now rapidly-setting sun, and patting his neck as the horse, arching his crest to the curb, broke into an impatient amble. 'There is no college grind on to-day, and you are scarcely in condition to go to the front if there was. You have had a sad, idle time of it since we were at Tarr Wood six weeks ago, when—but never mind, you will be in your stable sooner than you fancy, wild and desolate as the country looks.'

So it proved, for winding down a steep, narrow track from the moors, rider and horse presently found themselves in front of what may really be termed a village pothouse, the centre of one of those few straggling hamlets or villages that were nestled at long intervals in the deep valleys that intersected the moors. 'Twas a poor-looking place enough, yet the interior afforded better accommodation than one would have supposed. Our traveller knocked lustily, and shouted for an ostler, and, on the aged landlord coming forth with a lantern, inquired if he could have accommodation for himself and horse for the night. The landlord scratched his head and pondered: 'His honour could have a bed, no doubt, but they had nae setten room, for a gentleman had taken it up for a week or twa; and as for a stable, his poney just had the only stall abut the place; but there was the little barn, if his honour's horse could bide in it.'

'Well, let us see,' said Fred Holker, for so we will call him, 'what sort of place the little barn is, for it is very certain I cannot go farther to-night.' And so he followed mine host of the King's Head to the barn. There was a place railed off at one end, which formed a capital box; straw was plentiful, the sides and roof wind and water tight, so that in a short time the bonny bay was as snugly littered down, with an old bushel measure for a manger, and clean wheat straw for a bed, as he could have been in one of the smartest and neatest patented iron boxes of the present day. 'Now for something to eat,' said Holker, as, having seen the bay comfortable, he followed his host into the narrow space that served the owner for bar and sitting-room.

'I am sorry I canna put you into the parlour,' said the good wife as she bustled about to place supper on the table; 'but we have a gentleman staying here for a few weeks, and he is vara particular about strangers.'

'Indeed,' responded Holker; 'I wonder at any one staying long in this out-of-the-way spot. Pray, is he an artist—a fisherman, or what is his inducement to take up his quarters here?'

'Neither. He comes here every spring for a month or six weeks' rook-hawking on the moors.'

'Then I am in luck, for I shall be able to see a new sport.'

'Well, you must not make too sure of that, sir; for the gentleman is very shy of strangers, and, as likely as not, will not fly a hawk while you are here.'

'Oh! that's it, eh? At any rate, he must please himself about it. By-the-way, did I not see a large house standing in some trees a little distance behind your place? Whose is it?'

'That, sir? Oh, that's Mr. Leicester's; but he is not very often here. A wonderful rich man, sir, and with only one daughter; and they say he's so proud that nothing under a duke will be good enough for her.'

'Ay,' replied Holker, colouring a little, 'that's it, is it? I suppose she's a great beauty?'

'You may well say that, and a real good young lady to boot.'

'She's very kind to the poor when she's here, which is seldom, more's the pity.'

'Here, now, I suppose, with the old man?'

'Yes, sir; she was at church on Sunday.'

Smoking hot ham and eggs now put an end to the conversation. A couple of young farmers at the far end of the room, who had been listening, open-mouthed, betook themselves again to their pipes, had their glasses refilled, and resumed a flirtation with the landlord's niece, a buxom, flaxen-haired damsel, who seemed nothing loth to receive their attentions, which had been interrupted by the entrance of Holker. At length pipes were laid down as the said damsel intimated to an outsider who wanted another glass that she had finished drawing, as it was past the hour for closing, and then sauntered out to admire the beauty of the night. Pipes, we say, were laid down, and as the bumpkins went out there were sounds ominous of some one snatching a kiss, and getting his face slapped for his trouble. It might have been fancy, but Holker said afterwards that the sounds were suspiciously like it. Not caring to prolong his chat with his host and hostess, he retired to dream over—well, perhaps in the sequel we shall see what was the subject of his dreams.

At any rate, they were not of a sort which suffered him to indulge them long after sunrise; and, going early to see how his favourite had passed the night, he met with the old gentleman's falconer, who had thus early been 'imping' a 'beam' injured in the previous day's flight, a civil fellow enough, who at once volunteered to show him the hawks on their blocks and perches. A right noble lot of birds they were, several casts altogether, and he appeared as proud of them as if they were his children, explaining all their peculiarities.

'There,' said he, 'you see that one "bating:" that we call "the Queen," and a rare hawk she is; but once "cast off," you do not get hold of her again until she has killed something, should she miss her quarry. The lure is useless—away she goes if we cannot throw up a pigeon; then we have to watch her. When she has killed something you may take her, and fly her again as soon as she is ready. It is only her way. Here is a little passage-hawk we call the Doctor. Such a plucky little fellow: he will strike at his bird again and again, and the other day he struck a rook just as he was going into the shelter of a thick hedge, and tore him out. There is another I call the pigeon-hawk. You may cast her off in a fair-sized garden, not larger than the one here. Let her soar until she looks like a speck in the sky not so large as a lark, then throw up a pigeon, and before you know it he is a dead bird. No chance of their falling out of bounds with her. You'd scarcely believe it, but it's true, no pigeon would reach that garden-wall if she was "waiting on," almost too high to be seen. She's a clever one is that.' And so he went over their various temperaments and qualities, not all in such a complimentary manner, for some of them were characterised as 'duffers.' 'In fact,' he said, 'it's very difficult to get a

'good hawk, so many turn out badly, and nearly as difficult to keep them when you have them. We lost a rare good one the other day, taken with a fit as he was soaring, and fell to the ground dead as a stone. I should like you to see a few flights with some of our best; but there is no chance of that. Master's a rum one, and will let no one see his hawks, if he can help it.'

'Well,' said Holker, 'I should have liked it; but I have other business in the neighbourhood.'

Their owner himself came on the scene just as Holker was turning away, and, after a somewhat constrained 'good morning,' asked if he had seen the hawks, and whether he intended staying in the neighbourhood, adding, 'I am sorry I cannot offer to show a flight, for my hawks have been fed up, or it may have interested you to see one.' For which Holker thanked him, and replied, that while there his time would be otherwise engaged; though there was a look and tone of insincerity about the old gentleman that pretty well assured him the compliment had been passed for the mere sake of talking, the stout old Doctor being apparently one of the most voluble beings in existence, and that the hawks being fed up was, to say the least, an excuse which he might have spared himself the trouble of making. However, he soon forgot both the Doctor and his hawks, and, after a hasty breakfast, mounted his bonny bay, and started into the moorland, casting a wistful glance at the big house amongst the trees as he gave his nag a breathing canter up the hill behind it, and then reined up a moment to throw a searching eye over every part of the trim lawns and well-kept gardens by which it was surrounded. Apparently his search was not rewarded with success; for he rode moodily forward over the crest of the hill, saying to himself as he did so, 'Well, I must wander on and hope. I suppose they walk, or ride, or do something to amuse themselves in this wilderness. That fat old Doctor might have let me see a flight or two, just *pour passer le temps* until dusk. But never mind, Robin,' patting his horse's neck; 'we must amuse ourselves on the hills as best we may. What a glorious country for sport, though! Could not I steal on a hern from behind those low bushes by the little stream in the valley, with Robin grazing along to mask my movements? Then, when, as old Somerville says,

"Up springs the hern, and redoubling every stroke,
Conscious of danger, stretches far away,
With busy pennons and projected beak,
Piercing th' opponent clouds. The falcon swift
Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
Gives vigour to his wings——"

'Tis a glorious sport, and such a place for a gallop, too!—nothing to hide the view or throw your horse out of his stride for miles. I wonder if I shall lure my eyas from her nest.' Then, relapsing into silence, he wandered on across the heath, apparently without aim or object, save to kill time, the reins thrown carelessly on Robin's neck, while his rider appeared only intent on con-

suming as much tobacco as possible, and keeping an eye on the high roads, which, as their line was distinctly marked through the dark heath, and he had the aid of a small but powerful glass, was no very difficult matter. Nothing in the shape of what he was looking for, however, appeared—neither carriage, riding party, nor pedestrians that could be taken for any other than the veriest sons of the soil, taking their way towards the small, isolated pieces of cultivation or returning from them, so that he rode on until the space of four or five miles must have intervened between him and the hamlet; although he had ridden far more than that, having made a circuit, and was now on the opposite side of the place to the one he had started from.

Riding leisurely over the crest of a hill, he suddenly saw below him the stout Doctor on his rough pony, and his falconer, with hawk on wrist, trying to get round some rooks, so that they must fly up wind to reach the rookery; while a distance in the rear was an attendant with the 'cage,' on which were several other hawks, hooded, of course. Just as he appeared the rooks became aware that something unpleasant was coming between the wind and their nobility, and rose with loud cawings and croakings. The next instant the falcon, with wide-spread sails, was in pursuit—slowly, it appeared, at first, yet, as second after second passed, increasing her pace with almost incredible velocity. The rooks divide, a large portion going right away, while three are left nearer the hawking party. For a moment it looks as if the former were to be her prey, so far does she seem to be 'raking' on their track; then, almost before the spectators could say so, she had come round with a grand sweep high above the other three, and down like a stone dropped from the clouds. As sparks spread from a rocket the quarry opened out; but so true was the swoop, that the middle one was struck with a thud that even reached the ears of Holker, ere they were more than a few yards apart, and, tumbling over in the death-struggle, hawk and quarry came to earth together. Then began a furious tussle; for, severe as had been the blow, the rook, hit in no vital part, had some fight left in him, and was determined, like a game bird, to sell his life as dearly as he could, so that the flapping of wings, in his endeavour to rise, and the falcon's efforts to keep him down, was pretty considerable.

Meanwhile there was a struggle of another sort going on, greatly to Holker's amusement. The slip had been a long one, and the flight directly away from him, so that the falconer, though an active fellow, had little chance to get to his bird, had she chosen to forsake her quarry, while the Doctor was in this plight: he had ridden his old rough pony at the best pace he could kick him into after the flight; but when the birds came tumbling to the ground about forty yards before his face, that obstinate brute refused to have anything more to do with them, and, shying at the fluttering mass, did his best to turn and bolt, running back and wheeling in a succession of circles, so that each evolution took his rider farther from his hawk than before; nor would he be quieted, so that his rider, who was not only short but inactive, might dismount and approach them on foot: in fact, an

endeavour to do so had nearly cost him a fall. What was his horror, then, to see Holker coming down the hill at a sling gallop straight for the birds, as he thought, to make a wild grab at the hawk, cause her to lose her hold on the quarry, and perhaps sail away down the wind into space.

'Hie! hie! don't go near them,' shouted he. 'Don't go near them: you'll scare the hawk away.'

Holker, however, knew what he was about. Pulling up a little distance from them, he very quietly and cautiously got hold of the rook, which was by this time dead, with his left hand, and then with his right secured the jesses, while the hawk was struggling lest he took away her game; then placing her on his wrist, still depluming the pelt, he mounted Robin, who had waited for him with all the patience of a well-trained dog, and, cantering back to the Doctor, to his great astonishment restored him his hawk safe and sound.

That worthy's rubicund face was at the moment a study. Perhaps astonishment was the most strongly-marked feature—astonishment that a stranger, a thing that he abhorred, and that he would take infinite pains and undergo personal inconvenience to keep from witnessing his much-loved sport, had not only contrived to do so, but had rendered him conspicuous assistance in it. He had been bored and annoyed by strangers. Some had asked him if his hawks retrieved; others had jeered at him when they failed to kill; while others had derided the whole thing as slow and intensely stupid, until he hated the sight and name of a stranger. Yet here was one, and not a very promising-looking one either, in his estimation, for he dressed more like a gentleman than a cadger—which was more than could be said for the Doctor—who appeared to know all about the sport. It was evident the Doctor had not the faculty of knowing a sportsman when he met one. No wonder his face betrayed astonishment. Then remembrance of his own lame excuses in the morning came across him, and, in spite of having his hawk safe on his wrist, we fear he did not look altogether pleased or grateful. However, he could do no less than thank Holker for his assistance, and compliment him on his skill, at the same time remarking on the docility and handiness of his horse.

'Yes,' said Holker, 'it is not the first time I have seen a quarry struck; and as for Robin, I can trust him. But I must compliment you, sir, on your hawks: I never saw any fly like that when they had been "fed up."'

'I had misunderstood my falconer this morning,' replied the Doctor, in some confusion at being caught out in a 'slip.' 'He said some had been fed up, and I took it for all. But as you are a lover of the sport, I hope another day to be able to show you some better flights than this. That is all we have to fly now, Andrews?' turning to his falconer.

'I should like to give Empress a flight,' replied Andrews; 'and as the gentleman seems to know what a hawk is, perhaps he would like to see it.'

The Doctor, nine times in ten, would have used language of the most unparliamentary description had Andrews ventured so to oppose his wishes, for his love of sport, if such it could be called, was of the most dog-in-the-manger order; but after the service just rendered him, he did not know what excuse to make, and consented that Empress should have a flight, though determined it should be a short one, he sought for rooks as close to the nearest rookery as he could. Luck, however, was not on the old gentleman's side that day, for, slipping Empress at a single rook, he had the mortification to see him turn his back on the shelter close at hand, and go away a clipping pace down wind, with the good falcon 'raking' in his rear. Robin was soon speeding across the moor in chase, while the falconer and his irate master, seeing how matters went, gave up the hawk for lost; and it is needless to say the latter, as the adviser of the slip, came in for a far greater share of abuse and tongue-banging than usual, which, to do him justice, he returned in kind more freely than is usual between a gentleman's servant and his master. Meanwhile Robin and his rider were speeding across the firm heath in a vain endeavour to trace the direction of the flight. However, the latter knew enough of the sport to feel sure that the rook was making for home, and so, riding with the wind in his back after he had lost sight of them, suddenly found himself looking down into the little village in which he had slept the previous night, while great commotion and chattering in the rookery of the big house told him that the hawk in which he was in quest had there taken refuge. Stabling his horse, he at once asked permission of the keeper to see if such was the case. The said permission being given in anything but a cheerful mood, for the ancient functionary by no means relished the idea of a falcon in his rookery at nesting time. Going in, he found that Empress (well worthy of her name) must have killed her quarry, after this long down-wind chase, just as he had reached the sanctuary of home, and, having gorged herself, was quietly digesting the meal in a mighty elm. Of course the arrival of so strange a visitor caused a commotion on the premises. Mr. Leicester was from home, but his charming daughter was out to see what was going on, though her blue eyes looked sadly dull, and her cheek had already begun to lose its bloom. One bright blush came to her cheek and a flash to her eye, both instantly suppressed as Holker made a motion of silence, and, merely raising his hat, excused himself for the intrusion, saying to the Doctor's keeper, who had now arrived on the scene, 'You know where the falcon is. Tell your master if I can be of any assistance in recovering her in the morning he may command me.' Then once more going to the inn and mounting his horse, he rode off.

It was towards evening when the Doctor returned, out of humour with himself and all the world, cursing the stranger for the loss of his hawk, cursing himself for ever having flown her before a stranger, and still stronger in his curses of his falconer for having persuaded him to do so. However, nothing was to be done that night, so he

made the best of it, and slept as well as he could. The next morning there was great commotion over the falcon in the rookery. Not only was the Doctor early astir for her capture, but every man, woman, and child in the village had been attracted to the spot; and in vain did the old gentleman, who was no particular favourite, beg them to stand aside while he threw up a pigeon in 'a creance,' to try and lure her down. It was useless, crowd in they would, while some of the more daring and mischievous even attempted, in spite of his threats, to drive her out with stones. Meanwhile Empress sat supremely indifferent to all the hubbub below as only a gorged falcon can sit. Just as this was at its height, Robin and his rider, the latter, hot, as if he had been pressed to his speed, arrived at the inn, and Holker asked if the falcon was yet caught. As she was not, he immediately made his way to the rookery, where none of the family had as yet been, save the beautiful Ethel. Seeing how matters were going, he said to the Doctor, 'We shall never take her like this; if the crowd won't go for you, ask this lady to try and persuade them to remove. Leave me alone here, and I will undertake to restore your hawk in an hour or two as easily as I captured the other yesterday. Go and have your breakfast, and if you can, take every one with you, or we shall lose her.' It was strange, even over the Doctor he seemed to have a species of command, for he left him to secure the bird (perhaps he knew that he had met a better falconer than himself), while the crowd wanted but a word from Miss Leicester, backed by a look from him, to disperse, reluctantly perhaps, still they went. What passed during the hour no one knows, save Holker himself. At the end of it he walked in with Empress on his wrist, feeding her daintily with pieces of the rook she had killed the day before, and said, 'That is how I lure back a lost falcon;' and having seen Robin attended to with due solicitude and care, breakfasted.

That evening, just about the time a servant arrived for Robin, whose master had not been seen since his somewhat late breakfast, there was a great outcry in the place. Miss Leicester could not be found, and messengers were despatched to the neighbouring towns, to see if she had been there, in vain. People said she was brought to this outlandish place to keep her out of the way of an early love, of which her father did not for mercenary reasons approve, in the hope that time and absence might cause her to forget: they also said that a good honest carrier, on that very day, drove a young couple in his spring-cart, which was waiting in a hollow about a mile from the village, to a little station ten miles from any town; that by the time the lady was missed the couple were in London, and a special licence had done its work. At any rate, the Doctor, when he read of 'A case of elopement' in the paper, thought of the words, 'That is how I lure back a lost falcon.' 'Yes,' he muttered to himself, 'or reclaim an eyas.'

CRICKET.

THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

WE publish, as usual, this month the batting and bowling averages for 1875 of the elevens of such of our leading schools as have favoured us with them. Though there has been an unusually large amount of school cricket this year, there has not been a corresponding advance in proficiency. When we have named Mr. Webbe, at Winchester, and Mr. A. Lyttelton, at Eton, we have pretty nearly exhausted the list of batsmen of more than ordinary mark; for though Mr. Steel, at Marlborough, runs these two very close in the aggregate of runs, we do not think he can be compared with them in batting proficiency. The three highest batting scores are somewhat larger than last year, Mr. Lyttelton's 636, Mr. Steel's 620, and Mr. H. R. Webbe's 618 being somewhat in advance of Mr. A. J. Webbe's (Harrow) 566, Mr. Browne's (Cheltenham) 535, and Mr. H. R. Webbe's (Winchester) 514. The last-named gentleman is probably the best school bat of the present year, and bids fair to become the equal, if not superior, to his distinguished brother. Some, however, may be of opinion that the palm of supremacy should be awarded to Mr. A. Lyttelton, the youngest and perhaps the most brilliant member of a great cricketing family; but while doing all justice to Mr. Lyttelton's great hitting powers, we may be pardoned for saying that Mr. Webbe plays the soundest cricket. In bowling, the schools cannot be said to have shown to much advantage. School bowling was not good in 1874, and in 1875 it was still worse. A letter which we have had the pleasure of receiving from Mr. Pakenham, who, we presume, is the Cheltenham captain for 1876, seems to us to state the reasons for this dearth of school bowling so suggestively that we make no apology for quoting from it. Speaking of the cricket season at Cheltenham, Mr. Pakenham observes: 'Somehow our bowling has not been up to form. This may be accounted for partly by the number of professionals we had . . . all of whom taught batting, but did not take much pains in coaching the bowlers; and when so many professionals were bowling, the fellows at the net would play their bowling properly, but would very likely go out and slog at that of their companions.' And probably their companions would very soon get tired of being subjected to the operation known as slogging, and would throw down the ball in disgust. Mr. Pakenham has here clearly hit the right nail on the head, but we fear that the example which is more and more being set by amateurs generally of giving up the other departments of the game for the sake of batting, and of depending on professional assistance for the bowling, will spread to the public schools. We doubt whether there was a single really good bowler in the school elevens of 1875. The most successful were Mr. Hicks and

Mr. Fox of Westminster, with an average of 7 runs per wicket; Mr. Wakefield of Eton, who got his wickets for an average of 8 runs per wicket; and Mr. Sim of Winchester, with an average of 9. For the rest, there was plenty of bowling of one sort or another, but chiefly of a very bad sort, as may be judged from its expensiveness. Such stuff as costs 40 and 49 runs per wicket hardly deserves to be called bowling at all. In wicket-keeping Mr. A. Lyttelton was far away the first. He keeps wicket with astonishing brilliancy, and, if he takes the trouble to continue his practice of that branch of the game, he will undoubtedly achieve a reputation second to none. It must be borne in mind, in comparing the results of the school cricket of 1875 with those of former years, that the past summer was for the most part damp, dull, and cheerless, and by no means favourable for cricket. We would observe, further, that in speaking of school cricket, we refer only to the cricket of such schools as have done us the honour to communicate with us. There are other schools—Uppingham, for instance—of growing cricketing celebrity, and we should be only too glad if they would favour us another year with their averages. We must add that we regret that in some instances the bowling averages have not been supplied to us. Last year we had no bowling averages from Eton, and this year we have none from Harrow or Cheltenham. In one or two cases, also, the batting averages are rather imperfectly made out. We have no information, for instance, of the number of matches or innings played by the Marlborough eleven, though, of course, a knowledge of the latter can be inferred with a little extra trouble. We should have mentioned in its proper place that the Marylebone Club continued the experiment of last year, and played matches with the principal schools, and that such matches were among the most pleasant and successful of the season.

Turning now to the averages *seriatim*, we find that at Eton there were five of last year's eleven, including the two crack bats, Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Forbes, and the two best bowlers, Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Beckett-Denison. With such a nucleus—remembering also Mr. Lyttelton's wicket-keeping powers—Eton was certain to have a considerable advantage over Harrow, most of whose strength was newly imported. Mr. Lyttelton was the highest scorer for his school, and also the highest scorer of any of the school bats; and he raised his average from 26 to 40 runs per innings. Mr. Forbes's average, on the other hand, declined from 30 to 17; but then he was laid up by illness during a considerable part of the season. Mr. Beckett-Denison made a good advance in batting; and the best average among the new choices was made by Mr. Ruggles-Brise (15). In bowling, Mr. Wakefield, as we have said, was the least expensive, though Mr. Beckett-Denison did the lion's share of the work; and in Mr. Whitfield a bowler of some promise was discovered. Thus it will be seen that Eton has the honour of claiming the best batting and the second best bowling average for 1875.

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Total Runs.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
Hon. A. Lyttelton (Captain) .	16	636	0	102	40·0
W. F. Forbes	13	230	0	47	17·7
E. W. Beckett-Denison . . .	15	213	1	42	15·2
A. Haskett-Smith	16	159	0	37	9·9
J. Wakefield	16	115	1	46	7·7
E. Harding	16	201	0	26	12·6
C. W. Haig-Brown	10	20	1	9	2·2
Hon. A. de Grey	10	116	0	35	11·6
E. J. Ruggles-Brise	10	94	4	22*	15·7
H. Whitfield	9	43	4	18	8·6
J. M. Post	7	45	2	18*	9·0

* Not out.

THE ETON ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.	Average Runs per Wicket.
J. Wakefield . .	12	586	224	50	27	21	1	8·3
W. F. Forbes . .	11	410	206	36	20	2	2	10·3
C. Haig-Brown .	10	845	315	84	27	1	1	11·4
E. W. B. Denison	11	1076	402	95	29	4	1	13·8
H. Whitfield . .	10	427	153	39	11	3	0	13·9

Eton played 10 foreign matches:—

- Eton v. Harrow. Drawn.
 „ v. Winchester. Won by five wickets.
 „ v. Ramblers. Drawn. Ramblers had to get 30 runs for 4 wickets.
 „ v. I Zingari. Won.
 „ v. West Riding of Yorkshire. Drawn.
 „ v. B.N.C., Oxford. Won.
 „ v. West Kent. Lost.
 „ v. M.C.C. Drawn.
 „ v. Maidenhead. Won.
 „ v. Quidnuncs. Lost.

Harrow had but three of her old eleven, and, with the exception of Mr. Kemp, whose average rose from 6 to 23, they were not particularly strong. That there was good batting power, however, among the new members of the eleven, was shown in the Eton and Harrow Match, in which the Harrow batsmen averted defeat by their steady play under very unfavourable circumstances of weather. There was, of course, no such batsman in the team as Mr. A. J. Webbe; but men of his stamp do not turn up every year. After all that had been said, however, in depreciation of the eleven of 1875, and about the absolute certainty this great match was for

Eton, we were glad to see that Harrow was not nearly so bad as was expected, but 'proved herself capable of making a very good fight. We have not received the Harrow bowling averages, but from what we saw of it, we should say it was not of any great merit.

THE HARROW SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Number of Innings.	Number of Runs.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
C. M. Kemp	13	303	0	92	92	23-4
H. E. Meek	13	92	0	19	19	7-1
A. Banbury	13	181	0	59	59	13-12
M. G. Wilkinson	13	182	0	41	41	14
A. C. Tyssen	13	130	2	39	39	11-9
A. H. Cochrane	13	111	0	33	33	8-7
A. F. Stewart	12	49	2	18	18	4-9
G. G. Grundy	11	52	0	22	22	4-8
L. G. Clough-Taylor	9	57	0	17	17	6-3
S. F. Charles	9	35	3	8	8	5-5
L. Chater	6	67	2	35	65	16-3

At Winchester there were six old members of the eleven, and Mr. H. R. Webbe, who in 1874 had risen from an average of 18 to 42, made a still further advance to 56. Mr. Cumberbatch also has risen from 13 to 27, but the other old members either remained stationary or declined in their batting averages. There is a good array, however, of double figures all through the list, but Mr. Webbe with his 56 is quite a giant among his fellows. In bowling Mr. Sim has taken a great stride forward. Last year his bowling cost 30 runs per wicket, but this year he has secured them for rather more than 9.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Total Runs.	Average.
H. R. Webbe	12	1	112	618	56 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. D. Sim	12	0	55	237	19 $\frac{3}{4}$
H. Cumberbatch	11	1	83	278	27 $\frac{1}{4}$
W. A. Thornton	12	1	33	163	14 $\frac{3}{4}$
W. Abbott	12	1	71	147	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. Milne	12	0	83	175	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sir M. Wood	11	1	45*	198	19 $\frac{3}{4}$
O. Milne	12	0	29	121	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
K. B. A. Pritchard	11	1	37	102	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. H. Rooper	12	4	7*	27	3 $\frac{3}{8}$
H. J. Dixon	11	2	35	139	15 $\frac{1}{2}$

* Not out.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Balls.	Total Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Widen.	Runs per Wicket.
A. H. Rooper	1074	397	93	26	9	15½
W. A. Thornton.	990	436	64	28	11	15½
A. D. Sim	688	243	60	25	6	9½
Sir M. Wood	360	177	10	13	0	13½
O. Milne	231	120	11	3	6	40
W. Milne	151	73	9	2	0	36½

No no-balls were bowled during the season.

At Westminster the improvement in batting which was manifested last year has been adequately sustained this season, and Mr. Waddington's average has jumped from 15 to 38, and Mr. Fox's from 27 to 35. Mr. Alington has also made a slight advance; but none of the new members of the eleven have done more than get into double figures. The total number of runs attained by a moiety of the eleven is rather surprisingly small, when the excellence of the ground is taken into account. *Prima facie* the bowling averages are strikingly good; but as seven bowlers were called into demand in about a dozen matches, the inference is that it was not found easy to depend on both ends being kept up steadily without frequent changes. Actually Mr. Alington has the best bowling average of the year; but as he only bowled 30 overs, the test was not sufficient to justify us in promoting him to the position he appears to occupy. Either he must have been dug up very late in the season, or he must have been taken off very unnecessarily. There were six old players in the Westminster eleven of 1875.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average
E. Waddington	10	3	271	118	118	38·5
E. H. Alington	11	2	149	32	43	16·5
C. J. Fox	10	0	354	131	125	35·4
E. A. Horne	10	0	68	29	29	6·8
F. I. Rawson	10	1	61	19	19	6·5
A. N. Jackson	10	1	63	29	25	7
J. H. Watson	11	1	100	32	35	10
W. C. Aston	10	0	111	33	39	11·1
G. A. Hicks	8	0	69	29	29	8·5
C. S. Davson	9	3	61	16	19	10·1
C. B. Ryde	7	0	35	13	13	5

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No-balls.	Balls bowled.	Over.
E. Waddington .	42'3	8	117	11	3	0	216	10'7
E. H. Alington .	30	3	83	12	0	0	150	6'11
C. J. Fox . . .	299'1	97	574	78	14	3	1513	7'28
E. A. Horne . .	121'1	31	280	21	14	1	621	13'7
A. N. Jackson .	66	18	145	8	7	0	337	18'1
G. A. Hicks . .	174'2	63	274	39	13	0	883	7'1
J. H. Watson .	73'1	15	181	14	10	0	376	12'13

Charterhouse is evidently in a state of stagnation as regards cricket. The five old members of the eleven were quite stationary, with the exception of Mr. Wilson, whose average rose from 3 to 9, so that with patience and industry it may be hoped he will at length touch double figures. The averages and comments appended speak for themselves. The former are, for batting, on a much lower scale than should satisfy the ambition of a school of the importance of Charterhouse. The bowling averages are somewhat better, but there is evidently a lack of cricketing spirit in the school. Contrasting the performances of the eleven this year with the anticipations formed last year of what would be done by the five members who remained over to this season, a great many expectations must have been disappointed.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL (GODALMING).

NAMES.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Times not out.	Average.
H. G. Jeaffreson . . .	17	160	55	55	1	10
H. H. Dobbie . . .	12	61	17	17	2	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
N. J. Abdy . . .	15	98	39	39	0	6 $\frac{5}{6}$
C. E. N. Bishop . . .	18	214	46	46	1	12 $\frac{1}{4}$
A. W. F. Wilson . . .	16	135	30	30	1	9
E. F. White . . .	17	149	37	37	1	9 $\frac{5}{16}$
E. F. Growse . . .	15	64	16	21	1	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
W. T. B. Hayter . . .	11	51	18	18	1	5 $\frac{1}{10}$
R. E. Hulton . . .	16	113	19	24	2	8 $\frac{1}{4}$
L. Colebrooke . . .	12	52	19	19	2	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. J. Wake . . .	17	80	17	17	0	4 $\frac{1}{7}$

BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	No-balls.	Wides.	Total runs per wicket.
H. G. Jeaffreson . . .	1252	76	415	35	1	10	12 $\frac{5}{15}$
H. H. Dobbie . . .	876	67	258	20	0	18	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
C. L. N. Bishop . . .	1155	23	610	48	0	2	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. F. Growse . . .	355 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	159	10	0	0	15 $\frac{1}{10}$

Secretary for 1876, A. W. Wilson. Captain, H. G. Jeaffreson.

Matches, 11 :—won, 1 ; lost, 9 ; drawn, 1.

- H. G. Jeaffreson* (Captain). A good all-round player, being a most useful medium-pace bowler, and setting his team a good example in batting. (Has left.)
- H. H. Dobbie* (Treasurer). A good fast bowler; hardly up to his last year's form, except on one or two occasions. (Captain for 1876.)
- N. J. Abdy* (Secretary). A painstaking and steady bat, and a good field at long leg.
- C. L. N. Bishop*. A hard hitter, knows how to punish loose balls, with a fair defence; is also a good slow bowler, and a splendid field at point. (Has left.)
- A. W. F. Wilson*. A useful bat, and kept wicket for the eleven; ought to prove of great use next season.
- E. F. White*. A fine leg-hitter, and generally good for a few. (Has left.)
- E. F. Grouse*. A fair change bowler, and a steady bat.
- W. T. D. Lyster*. A splendid long stop; and occasionally did good service as a bat.
- R. E. Hutton*. A good bat, and scored freely at times, though stiff on the off side. (Has left.)
- J. Colbrooke*. A steady bat, and, though small, most useful to break the bowling.
- A. J. Wake*. Promised well at the beginning of the season, but fell off towards the end.

Rugby also hardly did credit to her great cricketing reputation. There were six old members of the eleven, yet only Mr. Hirst (13 to 31) made any notable advance. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Inglis, of the new hands, justified their promotion, and obtained fair batting averages. Mr. Key and Mr. Cunliffe, as last year, did the greater part of the bowling, without showing any decided improvement. Rugby beat Marlborough at Lords' easily enough, it is true; but the Marlborough eleven were wretchedly weak, and ought to have been knocked out of time with far greater ease.

RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Matches.	Number of Innings.	Total No. of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Least in a Match.	Times not out.	Average per Innings.
A. Pearson . .	13	17	338	92	92	0	0	19.15
E. T. Hirst . .	13	18	506	151	154	0	2	31.10
C. A. Key . .	10	13	92	30	34	1	0	7.1
D. F. Burton . .	14	18	204	54*	54	0	1	14.0
C. M. Cunliffe .	13	17	187	50*	58	0	2	12.7
G. L. King . .	11	14	25	6*	6	0	3	2.3
A. S. Bennett .	13	17	301	54*	54	0	1	18.13
A. M. Inglis . .	12	17	221	39*	53	2	4	17.0
F. E. Speed . .	12	16	127	31	36	0	1	8.7
S. E. Jones . .	8	12	120	26	40	1	3	13.3
A. H. Vecqueray	7	10	95	28*	28	2	1	10.5

* Not out.

RUGBY SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Overs.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs for each Over.	Runs per Wicket.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average per Innings.
C. M. Cunliffe . .	16	1752	438	787	103	64	1'349	12'19	0	1	4'0
C. A. Key . . .	13	1608	402	597	131	46	1'195	12'45	5	1	3'7
A. Pearson . . .	8	472	118	170	41	17	1'52	10'0	0	0	2'1

At Marlborough the batting averages of Mr. Steel and Mr. King, two of the four old members of the eleven, go a good way to redeem the cricketing character of the school from insignificance. Mr. Steel rose from 16 to 36, and Mr. King from 12 to 22. In bowling Mr. Steel also carried away the prize: indeed, Marlborough would have been hard put to without him. Only four bowlers of any kind could be mustered out of the eleven; and of these four two were prodigiously expensive, as the subjoined analysis will show. The indifference of amateurs, even at the schoolboy age, to the practice of bowling seems to be even more strongly marked at Marlborough than at other schools.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BATting AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
A. V. White	172	..	..	10 ⁸ / ₇
G. R. Burge	228	56	56	13 ⁷ / ₇
A. G. Steel—winner of average bat .	620	157	157	36 ¹⁷ / ₇
H. C. King	382	98	98	22 ¹⁸ / ₇
A. O. Burton	192	43*	43	12
G. P. Wilson	177	41	41	13 ⁵ / ₃
H. T. Lucas	102	32	32	9 ² / ₃
W. W. Arthur	72	21	21	6 ⁰ / ₁₁
J. M. Templer	66	16	19	5 ¹ / ₃
S. S. Wollaston	39	13*	13	6 ¹ / ₃
A. J. Burness	19	9	9	2 ² / ₃

* Not out.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average per Wick t.
A. G. Steel—winner of average ball	945	454	44	0	10 ⁷ / ₃
G. R. Burge—bowled one no-ball	561	290	6	4	49 ¹ / ₃
H. C. King	386	194	6	13	32 ¹ / ₃
A. O. Burton—bowled one no-ball	560	181	12	9	15 ¹ / ₃

The analysis of Lloyd's eleven and the Common-room match was not kept.

Characters of 1875 Eleven.

- A. V. White.* Owing to a sprained back all through the season, did not fulfil the expectations made of him as to his batting powers. Has made an excellent Captain; always doing his best to keep up the spirits of his eleven. (Has left.)
- G. R. Burge.* Has improved a good deal in batting since the beginning of the season: bowls fairly on his day, and is a good field at short slip. (Has left.)
- A. G. Steel.* Has made some brilliant scores this season, and combines freedom in batting with a good defence: has turned out a good slow bowler, and, with trouble, will be very difficult.
- H. C. King.* A dangerous bat when well set, having great powers of hitting to leg. A fair bowler and a good field, when he likes. (Has left.)
- A. O. Burton.* Has taken great pains in batting and has improved much: is on his day a dangerous bowler and a good all-round field. (Has left.)
- G. P. Wilson.* Has made great progress this year, and manages to keep his wicket up when wanted to: with patience will become a first-rate wicket-keeper. (Has left.)
- H. T. Lucas.* A steady bat, but wants more confidence: a good field and has been known to bowl.
- W. W. Arthur.* A painstaking bat, and would improve more if he could gain a more simple style of batting: fields fairly at point. (Has left.)
- J. M. Templer.* Has very fair notions of batting, but wants more defence: a very neat and useful field.
- S. S. Wollaston.* A fair bat against fast bowling, but wants a great deal of practice against slows: a fair field.
- A. J. Burness.* A neat bat, but wants more energy and freedom in his play: a good field anywhere.

Cheltenham has sadly felt the loss of Mr. Browne, for so many years the mainstay of the eleven both in batting and bowling. 'We were not,' writes Mr. Pakenham, 'followed by the best of luck in many of our matches, and in our chief match, against Marlborough College, we were unfortunate enough to be deprived of two of our men, one of whom was Allsopp.' The great run-getting of Cheltenham has been arrested for a time, and there is a large decrease in the aggregate of runs. Mr. Oliver stands exactly where he did last year, Mr. Allsopp has increased his batting average from 20 to 32, and there are two more minor advances. It would appear that fewer matches have been played this season than last, possibly on account of the unfavourable weather. The bowling averages are, unfortunately, not forthcoming.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
T. W. N. Oliver	13	0	279	58	58	21·6
F. E. Allsopp	12	1	362	72	79	32·10
R. H. Fowler	14	1	226	68	76	17·4
G. C. Pakenham	8	0	117	38	38	14·5
T. Moore	14	1	129	32	54	9·12
R. M. Thomas	14	0	172	46	46	12·0
A. M. Hayes	10	3	69	37	37	9·6
M. T. E. Morris	12	3	142	31	31	15·6
E. Druitt	12	1	73	28	36	6·7
W. Rushbrooke	9	0	78	35	35	8·6
C. E. Milvain	8	4	80	30	30	20·0
A. R. Cadell	9	2	58	21	21	8·2

The bowling analysis of most of the matches has, unfortunately, been lost.

Remarks on the Eleven.

- T. W. N. Oliver* (Captain) 21·6. A left-handed batsman; hits well to all parts of the field; very dangerous when set; a fine field; bowls a good ball occasionally, but is far too careless to succeed in this department. (Has left.)
- F. E. Allsopp* (32·10). A very fine batsman, with a free and effective style; fully came up to what was expected of him from the form he showed last year; plays fast bowling extremely well; the best field in the eleven; a good slow bowler (round arm); can also bowl fast round; decidedly the best all-round man in the eleven. (Has left.)
- R. H. Fowler* (17·4). A very steady, sound, and good bat; could be depended on for runs; was most useful to the eleven, always going in first; an excellent field at point. (Has left.)
- G. C. Pakenham* (14·5). Did not come off a slow bowler this year; a free hitter, but has no defence, and lacks confidence.
- T. Moore* (9·12). Played a good innings occasionally; hit well to the off, but is still weak on the leg stump. A fast round-arm bowler, also bowls fast under.
- R. M. Thomas* (12·0). A steady bat, but rather stiff; wants more freedom; a hard-working field; bowls slows.
- A. M. Hayes* (9·6). A fine field at long leg; an indifferent bat.
- M. T. E. Morris* (15·6). A painstaking and hard-working cricketer; bats in a style of his own; improved somewhat during the season: kept wicket for the eleven.
- E. Druitt* (6·7). A straight medium-pace bowler; fell off very much during the latter part of the season; a fair bat; lacks energy.
- W. Rushbrooke* (8·6). A good bat with pretty and free style; a good field and useful change bowler (medium round); should pay more attention to running between the wickets.
- C. E. Milvain* (20). A left-handed batsman, too eager to score; throws in well from long leg, but should be more careful in picking up the ball; a bad judge of a run.
- A. R. Cadell* (8·2). Got his colours as twelfth man. Bats in good form; a good long stop and safe catch. (Has left.)

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

MATCHES WON—5.

Opponents.	Where played.	When played.	Club.		Opponents.		Won by
			1st Inns.	2nd Inns.	1st Inns.	2nd Inns.	
R.A.C. Cirencester.	Cheltenham.	May 15 .	215	..	127	..	88 runs.
Masters . . .	"	" 18 .	314	..	218	137	Given in. 41 to win.
Gloucester . .	"	June 15 .	119*	..	97	..	*By 22 runs for 3 wickets.
Welsh Etceteras	"	July 17 .	182*	..	105	..	*By 77 runs for 9 wickets.
Old Cheltonians	"	" 27 .	112	..	65	..	57 runs.

MATCHES LOST—4.

Lost by

Exeter College, Oxford.	"	May 11 .	136	..	148*	..	*12 runs for 5 wickets.
Clifton Club (12 a side).	"	June 5 .	128	..	130*	..	*2 runs for 10 wickets.
Clifton College .	"	" 24 & 25.	183	134	424	..	1 inning*, 107 runs.
Old Cheltonians	"	July 26 .	93	43	95	44*	3 runs, 5 wickets down.

MATCHES DRAWN—3.

Remarks.

Liverpool . . .	"	May 21 & 22.	181	..	231	..	Unfinished owing to wet.
M.C.C. . . .	"	June 1 & 2	145	..	220	248	321 runs to win.
Marlborough College.	Marlborough	July 8 & 9	68	21*	240	..	*1 wicket down, 151 required to save the innings. Unfinished owing to wet.

At Clifton there were six out of last year's eleven, including Mr. Bush, Mr. Heath, and Mr. Stubbs. Mr. Bush has made a great advance in his batting average from 21 to 45, and his average for this year comes next to that of Mr. Webbe of Winchester. Mr. Heath also has risen from 28 to 36, and the five new men have all double-figure averages. Mr. Stubbs is still bowling away, and, though still 'inclined to sacrifice precision to pace,' has not exceeded his last season's average of wides. Mr. Greene also is still officiating as long stop, so that we are glad to see Mr. Stubbs has not, up to the present time, broken his fingers or legs. We observe, however, that Mr. Muir occasionally officiates as long stop, so that perhaps Mr. Greene is getting rather tired of his onerous position. Long-stopping to a fast erratic bowler is no sinecure, even on a ground as good as Cheltenham, and whoever attempts it is pretty sure to get his fair share of hard knocks. Mr. Evans seems

a coming man in the bowling department at Cheltenham, and the official notice of him—‘medium pace, with a difficult break, and ‘uses his head’—reads well.

CLIFTON COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Matches.	Total Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
R. E. Bush	11	13	1	548	111	45 $\frac{2}{3}$
A. H. Heath	10	12	0	439	164	36 $\frac{1}{3}$
T. W. Stubbs	9	12	0	134	26	11 $\frac{1}{3}$
H. Fowler	11	14	1	202	62	15 $\frac{1}{3}$
A. D. Greene	11	13	0	130	50	10
A. George	7	8	3	14	3*	2 $\frac{1}{3}$
A. H. Evans	11	13	0	168	61	12 $\frac{1}{3}$
W. Muir	11	13	0	226	94	17 $\frac{1}{3}$
W. K. Darley	11	14	1	138	41	10 $\frac{1}{3}$
A. W. Leach	6	9	0	125	48	13 $\frac{1}{3}$
G. S. Saxton	10	12	5	102	26*	14 $\frac{2}{3}$

* Not out.

CLIFTON COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	No Balls.	Wides.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.
R. E. Bush	0	0	305	134	16	10	13 $\frac{2}{3}$
A. H. Heath	1	3	697	289	43	22	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
T. W. Stubbs	0	13	1026	429	87	33	13
H. Fowler	2	0	386	152	18	12	12 $\frac{2}{3}$
A. H. Evans	1	5	1404	585	119	51	11 $\frac{1}{3}$

Characters of the Eleven.

- R. E. Bush.* A fine bat, with strong defence and good hitting power: hardly ever failed to score. An excellent field, and has been useful as an under-hand bowler. Showed great judgment at times as Captain, notably in the Cheltenham match. (Has left.)
- A. H. Heath.* A very good bat: thoroughly steady, but hits well when he gets a chance. His innings against Cheltenham was played without a chance. He fell off in his fielding at the beginning of the season, but quite recovered it afterwards. A useful change-bowler, both with ‘lobs’ and fast round. (Has left.)
- T. W. Stubbs.* Improved in his batting, and made runs now and then when most wanted: hits hard, but still wants defence. An exceedingly fast bowler, very good when straight, but inclined to sacrifice precision to pace. A moderate field. (Has left.)
- H. Fowler.* A fine free-hitting bat, whom the wet ground this summer did not suit: ought to study defence and patience. A good field and fair medium-pace bowler. Captain for 1876.
- A. D. Greene.* Very unlucky this season with the bat; a very fine field, especially at long stop, and has won the prize given to the best field in the eleven.

- A. George.* A fair change-bowler (left-handed) and quick field at point : very weak as a bat. (Has left.)
- A. H. Evans.* A very good bowler ; medium-pace with a difficult break, and uses his head well. A free bat and good hitter, but rather too anxious to get runs. A good field.
- W. Muir.* A very steady and good bat, but wants more freedom, though he hits well to leg. An exceedingly good field and long stop. (Has left.)
- W. K. Darley.* A steady bat with strong defence, but fell off rather towards the end of the season. A good field.
- A. W. Leach.* A very hard hitter, but wants defence : a good field near the wicket. (Has left.)
- G. S. Saxton.* A steady bat with fine reach, of which he does not make sufficient use : should play with more confidence : a fair field.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November Notes by Flood and Field.

WE believe that many excellent and worthy people still think racing is over as soon as the Houghton Handicap has been decided on that miserable Saturday, when, in dirt and discomfort, a prevalence of mud, and an absence of money, broken in pocket and spirits, the small band of noble sportsmen faithful to that really bitter ending seek the G.E.R. special and bid a six months' farewell to the beloved heath. That it ought to end there and then we have not the slightest doubt. Flat-racing in November should yield the *pas* to cross-country events—three or four of an afternoon, say—and instead of our shivering on Carholme and Aintree, and seeing our few remaining fivers and tenners taking to themselves wings over the water of Warwick Common, we ought to be witnessing Grand National and other trials. This we do, by-the-way, only they are often trials in which the trying, like the part of Hamlet, is omitted ; but of this more anon. We only wish to observe here that November racing is foolishness—an opinion that has been gaining strength with us for the last six or seven years. The heavy ground upsets all calculation, for mud is an enemy to form ; and 'the back end'—euphonious term—was invented for the bookmakers.

But we must 'do our dreid'—whatever that means—and make the best of it. We made the best of it among the floods of Worcester by taking as good care of ourselves as that cheerful little hostelry the Bell would allow us, and living above the weather—a great point this. The Bell, in common with other Worcester hotels, is favourable to this order of things, and encourages us to live as much as possible. There was the Race Ordinary, presided over by the worthy Chairman of the Race Committee, Mr. Barnett, whereat we drank Old Fashion's health and her young and spirited owner's ; and to those who had backed Old Fashion the 'fiz' had an extra flavour. And there also was, one evening, a little preliminary canter at the Bell of a new glee club, which Mr. Pinket, the proprietor, had established there, and that also helped to give the weather another floorer. Then it was discovered to be some gentleman's natal day, and he kept it to all comers in stewed kidneys and champagne, which, coming as a sort of preliminary luncheon at 11:30, was another great blow to the elements. In fact, the water—there was a lot of it on Pitchcroft, though we are bound to say nowhere else—went to 1,000 to 15 in conse-

quence; and if Industrious had not fallen into it, which rather checked the conviviality of the afternoon, goodness knows what would have happened. This and one or two other little occurrences, such as a run of 'seconds,' &c., kept us from getting too much above ourselves—a fault in man as well as horse. The sport was not very much, but, looking at the counter-attractions of Brighton, Lewes, and Lincoln, it was better than we expected. The cross-country season could hardly be said to have commenced auspiciously, for 'the strings were on' in one or two instances; but that is what we must expect in November. After Croydon, Captain Armstrong is not so much in the saddle as he was before. When the Turf millennium arrives—the halcyon period in which we shall do no wrong—neither sharp, rope, shunt, or thief, Captain Armstrong will have disappeared from the busy scene. But he is very much about just now, and we hear he has got an Irish cousin of the same name, described to us as an out-and-outer—one that can give his English relative stones. Well, it's a wicked world, but that is what so bad as its enemies and some writers depict. We were reading a novel the other day from the pen of a very prolific author, in which, describing London scenes on the eve of the Derby Day—and not a bad description either—we came upon this appalling sentence: 'Now cheating, in some form or other, is the 'soul of the Turf.' We dropped the book in horror, and thought of disclosing the author's name to the Messrs. Weatherby, in order that something might be done to him; but, on second thoughts, we let him off, in the hopes that in the second edition of 'Mirk Abbey' he will retract his calumnious statement.

But to resume. The chief feature of Worcester was the run of good fortune that fell to the lot of Mr. Liebert, a young gentleman who has not been long on the Turf (his colours were only registered last year), but who now, with Old Fashion and two or three others, won four races and ran two seconds. Sir Morgan Crofton won a steeplechase with Lady York, a chestnut pony—for she is little more—by Umpire, very clever, a rare goer through dirt. The other events were not very important, and we cannot help thinking that the Committee would do much better with two days than with three. The state of the ground and the gloomy weather were, of course, much against them on this occasion, but it is impossible to avoid seeing that Lincoln, with its rich stakes and the amount of patronage bestowed upon it by Mr. Chaplin, is injuring their meeting. We should like to see three days' good sport at Worcester, as was formerly the case, before so many November additions to the Calendar had sprang into existence, but we must accept the situation as we find it. Our private ideas on the subject of November racing we have just expressed; but a curious thing it is, and showing how strong is the passion for the sport arising from one cause or other—filthy lucre, mere gambling, &c.—that in a month as hostile to outdoor enjoyment as any in the year, there should be such an amount of racing, and, as a rule, large fields.

Journeying down to Liverpool was something like going through an inland sea; and if some wicked thoughts came into our head to the effect it was a pity Aintree was not in Lincolnshire, or close to the Trent or the Ouse (the latter, for choice), why, we promptly dismissed them. The lights of Liverpool, where, by-the-way, we solemnly believe it always rains, revive us, the hospitable doors of the Royal open to our bidding, and 'the love of the 'turtle' is a pleasing remembrance. A good many horses were reported as arrived, and the Messrs. Topham were in high spirits about the success of their meeting. It looked, indeed, as if our sentiments were not shared by the motley crowd of owners and trainers who flocked to Aintree with the

hope, we presume, of ending the season with a balance in their favour. Here and there we met men who cursed the weather and the racing freely, but we generally discovered that they had backed second or third instead of first, so we could hardly reckon upon them as supporters. The weather was abominable the first day, the sport so-so. Mr. Dalglish began a (to him) most successful week by winning the November Hurdle Handicap with Solon, thus repeating the performance of that day twelvemonth, and Mr. H. Hall again running second, though Annie was substituted this time for Waterloo. The best thing of the day was Marigny in the Waterloo Welter, for, though he is anything but a good one himself, he was bottom weight among a lot worse than or as bad as himself. Moreover, he had Tom Cannon to ride him, so there was a great hurry to get on; and as nothing else was backed, why Marigny won, only by a head though, in front of La Friponne; but still we think there was a bit in hand. Oxonian is beginning to show symptoms that he has had nearly enough, and the old horse seems to be losing his dash and speed. He got first off, as usual, in the Mersey Cup, but he could not keep his place, and was caught in the straight by both Magnet and Clara, finishing a bad third to the former, to whom he was giving upwards of 4 stone, it is true. As odds of 2 to 1 were laid on Oxonian freely, this was a heavy blow; and the defeat of Electra, who does not seem to like the mud, in the Knowsley Nursery, was another. Lady Patricia was beaten by Modena, too, in the Stewards' Cup, so, altogether, it was not a very cheerful time; but we came up to it the next morning and reached Aintree quite soon enough to lay 4 to 1 on Lowlander for the Bickerstaffe Cup, if we had been so minded. Some people backed Poursuivant, we believe; why, they best know, as the old horse was only giving him 19 lbs., which he could have done 'on his head.' There was no great show for the Sefton Steeplechase, except that Revenge looked very much like a mare in foal, and, nevertheless, was made a favourite, we suppose, on the strength of Mr. Garrett Moore riding. Mr. Thomas had a mount on a cocktail-looking grey called Royal Charlie, with whom the pace and the fences quickly disagreed. Peter Simple, who might have won if he had stood up, took to refusing early, and then fell—the upshot of it all being that Daybreak, with Mr. Dalglish up, won in a canter, from the stopping Revenge. We fancy Pride of Kildare, here ridden by her owner, will see a better day some time or other, but when that will be we are ignorant. In the Liverpool Nursery, Lizzie Distin showed us what a good two-year-old can do, irrespective of weight, by cantering away from her field, which included St. Agnes, said by the man in the street to be the same as Hesper—probably as big a taradiddle as ever was told—Electra, the Tragedy colt, &c.; and Captain Machell's stable pulled off a good thing in the Wednesday Stakes with Pacha.

Liverpool Cup! Our friend 'Falco' has recalled to our memories that, some twenty years ago, this great boon to the racing world was originated by the various captains of the American steamers trading with Liverpool and the stevedores of that port. We are rather dubious about a stevedore, therefore will let him be; but an American captain we know, or fancy we know, something about. Almighty cuteness is generally regarded as his foible, and a man who could get to the weather side of one of these 'salts' would be entitled to the very V.C. of sharpness and clever trickery. We wonder if these gallant tars, when they endowed this racing prize, did, by some cunning art, fling around it a portion of their own matchless cuteness—a cuteness that sometimes was divided by a very frail partition between it and a much uglier word? We wonder if they foresaw, and chuckled as they foresaw, how Britisher would seek to 'best' his brother

Britisher in the future years, and how the trophy should come to be almost synonymous with robberies, scratchings, milkings, and the many dirty practices of our national sport? These terrible captains left us a goodly legacy, and we must say the seed sown by them has borne goodly fruit. Some of the fantastic tricks played by actors in the periodical Liverpool Cup drama would do credit to gentlemen from Kansas, and earn a good degree at San Francisco. We need not go through the catalogue, which most racing men have by heart, we daresay; and we need only add that '75 will be noted as the Fraulein and Wizard year, and the good captains, either here or in Hades, in the body or in the spirit, will chuckle more than ever. After our criticisms upon some of the Newmarket doings of last month, it would be manifestly unfair to pass over in silence the transactions relative to the Liverpool Cup, especially those connected with the now notorious 'Wizard.' We hardly know how it is, but for years past the race for the Liverpool Cup has given rise to proceedings which we may call *unsavoury*, to use the mildest term which occurs to us; but never has the subject been so forcibly brought home to the public generally as in the case of the horse above alluded to. Backed in earnest for the Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom, The Wizard bolted out of the course, and was then sent into retirement at Lewes. That his supposed merits had reached the ears of the handicappers is very evident, and he was by no means thrown into the Liverpool Cup with 6 st. 6 lbs. upon his back. However, within a few days of the race, the horse was sold by his then owner, and the purchase-money was paid by a cheque of Mr. Liebert, who owns other horses on the Turf. Who his absolute owner or owners may be seems at present a mystery; but considering the fact of the cheque above mentioned, and of Mr. Liebert's having telegraphed on the day of the race to London that the horse would run for the Cup, we think he has acted ill-advisedly in not coming forward to state by whose authority The Wizard failed to put in an appearance at Liverpool. It was understood that the management of the horse there was in the hands of a Mr. Marshall, whose tastes for sport (?) are not confined to horse-racing, but have occasionally displayed themselves in the atmosphere of the cock-pit. Whether he had acquired absolute ownership of The Wizard or not, we cannot say, but as the horse was declared by his trainer to be well on the day, we leave it to our readers to decide where blame ought to rest, with the remark that from what we know of the facts of the case, we are in a position to acquit Mr. Turner of any complicity whatever in this dubious transaction. As the matter now stands the scandal is an undoubted one; and be the horse a good one or the reverse, we fervently hope that the handicappers will bear him in mind when prosecuting their labours in 1876, 1877, and 1878. It is only by firmly marking their opinion of transactions like the above that lessees can hope to insure entries in their handicaps from straightforward owners of horses, who, scorning such proceedings on their own parts, object to being asked to compete with animals that have been treated by others in the manner referred to. As, however, out of evil some infinitesimal amount of good frequently arises, we point with pleasure to the fact, that the heavy training and corn bill incurred by The Wizard had to be settled before his removal from his old quarters, so that the worthy relict of one of our most respected trainers will have no cause to lament the exodus of this Wizard of the South from her premises. Whether or not the horse may ever prove worth the amount of the bill in question is another matter; we have our own opinions upon the point, though it is no duty of the 'Van' driver to peep into futurity. We are content to mark our sense of what has happened, and to hope that we shall have no

cause again to advert to similar proceedings on the part of other owners of what have been justly termed *Instruments of Gambling*.

And now we have done our preliminary canter we will say that Liverpool Cup sadly disappointed us, that our favourites did not come to the front, and our fancies were nowhere. The pace, which was made very hot by Harriet Laws and Princess Theresa, together with the dirt, effectually settled Louise Victoria and Thunder, and when Activity came to the front she had only Peto and Genuine to dispose of. The great favourite, greater than ever on the retirement of The Wizard, behaved badly, and we should think was a bad horse. Princess Theresa—a real journey, so we were told, was hers this time—was soon disposed of. We have heard it said of this mare that when *she* is in the humour her stable is not, and that when the latter has the money on she invariably turns it up. What a naughty Princess Theresa! Which way it was this time we really are unable to say, but the betting would seem to show that the Princess must bear the blame. Grey Palmer is evidently not a boy's horse, and Harmonidea, though he ran well, was never able to get on the slightest terms with the leaders at the distance. Thunder had 'a look in' at this point, but he could not have won, and John Osborne, of course, did not persevere. Activity had pounds in hand, and there seems little doubt but that Munden might have been second, so Mr. Howett may be congratulated on a success, if not quite without precedent, at least rare. He has had a good time this year, and we believe no one grudges it him. It is neither according to our taste or becoming our duty to bespatter a man with praise simply because he has run his horses straight and won a big race. But Mr. Howett, according to the universal testimony of those he would call his 'pals,' is a good fellow, a man who has no secrets with them, tells them to back his horses when he thinks they have a chance, and is glad when he knows they win. From small beginnings he has gained a very good position in the Turf world, and no one, as far as we know, but rejoices thereat. Bookmakers who keep racehorses are not, as a rule, popular members of society, but we have reason to think 'Bob' Howett is an exception.

And now good-bye to Liverpool and its cups, which have given us a dose enough for one year, our readers will agree. Let us hope to meet at Aintree in '76 in a purer atmosphere, and let us be glad to get to Shrewsbury 'under the shadow' of the Wrekin, as it is the custom for the sporting journals to observe, though Shropshire's great hill is miles away. Shrewsbury does not seem the worse for not having a mayor, which does not say much for the utility of the office, by-the-way. Things were getting on pretty much as usual, and the thieves and welshers who infest the old town at races are still amenable to the law both of lynch and the land. We had half expected to see Mr. John Frail in the robe and chain of office, but he had begged to be excused until another year, when he will have set his racing house in order, and be more able to attend to the duties of the post. The town was full, and as it is an ill wind that blows good to no one, so the floods on the Great Western had materially added to the traffic of the London and North-Western. There was a report that the Admiral was stranded, not exactly high and dry, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Oxford, and had been last spoken with on board a sailing-boat in Port Meadow. Some of the Berkshire trainers, too, had not made their number, but the pleasing features of Robert Peck were visible the following morning; and the Admiral, having put back and made sail for Euston, arrived in the evening. To say that the trains were late is at this time of year merely mentioning the normal order of things, but the North-Western was really wonderfully punctual, their several 'expresses' not being more than an hour,

or at the most an hour and a half late, so of course we had little to complain of. The Messrs. Frail had prepared one of their usually lengthy programmes for us, and nine races a day was again the burden of the song. The ground on the first day could not be found fault with, and, though rather holding in places, the going was wonderfully good, considering the weather we had had. The opening event, the Autumn Steeplechase, resulted in an objection, and the horse that came in first not getting it, which always leaves a feeling of dissatisfaction in the minds of the on-lookers, however just the decision may be. In this race Victoire, who had made nearly all the running, on rounding the top turn went on the wrong side of a post and took Solon with him. Mr. Dalglish, perceiving the mistake, at once pulled up, and Solon took no further part in the race; Victoire, on the other hand, going on, and, without being headed, running some twenty lengths from Roman Bee. Then came the inevitable objection, made with some little heat; and on the rider of Victoire protesting there was nothing in it, sustained with a good deal of fury, 'Which their languidge was strong,' as Mrs. Brown would say, and an interested weighing-room listened and looked on, while Mr. Dalglish spoke his mind and Mr. G. Bracher endeavoured to speak his, but was not so successful. Mr. Pratt made preparations for a ring, and Mr. Clarke would of course have been referee; while the proximity of the reporters insured such an account of the battle as had done honour to 'Bell' in the palmy fighting days. We knew we had made up our mind 'to winter' on one of the combatants if it had come off, but we decline to say which. We never disclose a good thing, but, as the Turf analysts say, 'we shall have our eye on him.' However, there was no fight; hands were taken off collars, and, content with strong expressions, the parties took their grievances before the Stewards, who promptly decided, disqualifying Victoire and awarding the race to Roman Bee. There really was no doubt about it, as Victoire had clearly gone the wrong side of a post, on the concurrent testimony of all who rode in the race. A hard case we admit, for we don't suppose that Mr. Barnes intended to go wrong. One of the most exciting Queen's Plate races ever seen was the chief event of the opening day, and, in fact, we saw nothing to beat it during the week. Lily Agnes, Louise Victoria, and Gang Forward, with Barrowden, were the quartet, and there really was not much to choose in the betting between the first three. Gang Forward was favourite at one time, and as he looked wonderfully well, and Mr. Crawford, it was known, was very anxious to retrieve his Newmarket defeat with him, the horse was backed for a good deal of money. But then so were the two mares, and we are not sure if Louise Victoria was not the favourite before the flag fell. Johnny Osborne took Lily Agnes to the front from the start, followed by Barrowden, the two others lying off for a mile, when Barrowden was done with, and Louise Victoria went on second. In the straight the three closed and ran together to the distance, where Gang Forward was beaten, and the mares came on together, Mr. Cartwright's with apparently a little the best of it, at least she seemed to have more in her, but 'Johnny' had been keeping a bit with Lily Agnes, and managed to lift her in a head in advance of Louise Victoria, as exciting a race as ever seen, and worth an especial visit to Shrewsbury to see. Baumber won the Groby Cup without Mr. Heneage or his friends having anything on, and the only people who won anything were those who made a note of the horse's running at Newmarket. The first day's racing did not turn out well for backers, and, with the exception of Cæruleus in the Great Shropshire, they did not do much better on the second. Shrewsbury is not what it was—no longer that house of refuge for broken backers to which to flee from the hard fights of Doncaster

and Newmarket. The luck has turned now. Mr. Charles Frail is probably one of the best handicappers we have ('Too good, confound him!' says Captain Deuceace), and what between the difficulty of 'picking it out' and the mud which afflicts Shrewsbury as it does other places, winning money here has been almost an impossibility. It was fated to be so on this occasion, and though Cæruleus was a good thing, and won the Great Shropshire in a canter, that was only a drop in the ocean, as it were, of other certainties that came to grief.

We had a splendid exhibition of riding on Thursday in the Salopian Hurdle Race from that accomplished horseman Mr. Garrett Moore. He was on Revenge, and it was a match from the last flight of hurdles between him and Hippias, ridden by Mr. J. Goodwin. Hippias had won opposite the Stand; but Revenge must be a very game horse, for he well answered Mr. Moore's call, and, coming again, was lifted in by his rider half a length in front of Lord Wilton's horse—a wonderfully fine race, though perhaps regarded with some feelings of regret by Revenge's owner and friends, who had allowed the horse to run loose. Why owners do these strange things is one of the Turf mysteries which we cannot fathom. The once popular Column Handicap was a failure this year, only three runners coming to the post for it—Cæruleus, Lady of the Lake, and Tavistock Lass. The Great Shropshire winner did not look the better for his race of the previous day, and, besides, he had to give Sir John Astley's mare his year and 5 lbs. She is not a very gaudy animal, either, and was as nearly as possible beaten by Tavistock Lass, one of the platers with which Mr. Brayley makes periodical excursions to the West of England. Cæruleus was beaten at the distance, and if little Morgan had not let go Tavistock Lass's head just close home the plater would have won, we think. The ill-luck went on throughout the afternoon. Favourite after favourite was set up but to be knocked over, and from Sugarcane to Day Dream it was all the same. Sir George Chetwynd was very unfortunate, and Dovedale, backed for a lot of money for the County Members' Plate, did no better for him than she did for Prince Soltykoff. Then all the favourites for the Selling Welter were beaten in a canter by an Irish filly and a Curragh winner—Joy Bells—but who appeared, after Irish fashion, to have been allowed to run loose by her stable here.

On the last day the agony was piled up even more. There was one good thing at least on which we were to get our money back. There *might* be two, and by backing Akbar for the Shrewsbury Cup, as well as Conseil for the Hawkestone Welter, our winter fortunes might be secured. But at all events there was Conseil, and as he could not well lose, having nothing to beat worth speaking of, why we dashed the money down, and were thankful if we got 6 to 5 about the moral. Webb was in the saddle and wearing Mr. Skipton's colours, and it was, of course, thought all right, so imagine the horror with which we saw Young Sydmonton take up the running approaching the distance, and, though there was a great flourishing of the whip, Conseil never appeared able to come a-nigh, and was disgracefully beaten by three lengths. Hereupon there was a row. Several backers of Conseil took leave to express to his owner their opinion of the running in no very measured terms, and then it turned out that Conseil was no longer the property of Mr. Skipton, who informed his assailants that he had been given over to Mr. Crook just before the race, but he had not thought it worth while to mention the circumstance. Conseil is an uncertain horse, doubtless, and we have no reason to doubt that his owner or owners backed him on this occasion, but still the issue was most unexpected.

Well we had hardly recovered the Conseil blow, when the Cup was upon us, and we were to choose between Stray Shot, Akbar, Lily Agnes, and the Flying Scotchman, which was the winner. Stray Shot had been certainly running so well during the Houghton that she seemed to have a first-rate chance, while about Akbar we were in the dark, for the book told us nothing, and his reputation rested on what he had done in private, a fallacious and broken reed to rely on; but we never take warning. So Stray Shot and Akbar were the two favourites, while Mr. Crawford, it was known, fancied the Flying Scotchman very much. No one thought about Prodigal, who had been running very badly all this year, particularly on his last appearance in the Liverpool Cup. When then he came to the front at the distance, took up the running and won in a common canter from Flying Scotchman and Lily Agnes, we felt that the cup of our discomfiture was full, and prepared to shake off the Shrewsbury mud from our feet, with every wish for the prosperity of 'proud Salopia' and its fair capital, its citizens and citizenesses, its worthy and excellent C. C. (may his shadow never be less!), and with every anathema we could think of on the racing, we bid it farewell.

Hunting in the Midlands has rather been interfered with by the floods, and there has been a good deal of joking more or less brilliant going the round of the comic and other journals as to a hunting man's equipment for this season, in which a small coracle, a Boyton suit, and a life-belt are prominent items. The state of the country is really no joke to heavy-weights, for horses cannot go on for ever, and the wear, tear, and strain to muscle and sinew must tell their tale. The Quorn have been doing well though, considering all things, and had a particularly good day from Thorpe Satchville on the 12th. Neither can the Pytchley or the Atherstone complain; and here, by-the-way, we see that that fine old English gentleman, the Rev. George Inge of Thorpe Constantine, was presented with his portrait (painted by Mr. Val Prinsep) on the 24th. It was subscribed for by his friends and neighbours in remembrance not only of his zealous preservation of foxes, but also of his generous hospitality to all hunting men.

News from Leicestershire is quite brilliant, and particularly with the Quorn after a most successful cub-hunting season, when they killed twenty brace of foxes, and the young hounds entered well. The opening meet of the season, as usual, took place at Kirby Gate on Monday, the 1st of November. Although Melton was not strongly represented, few having arrived so early in the season, there was a large muster to meet Mr. Coupland. The hounds looked in splendid condition, and the men all well mounted. Soon after the half hour we trotted off to that good old covert Gartree Hill, always a certain find for twice a day, if wanted, and to-day it kept up its reputation; for no sooner had Tom Firr thrown his hounds in covert than several foxes were on foot, and they got well away to the Burton side of the covert, then turning for Kirby, they ran hard for three hours, constantly changing foxes, until at last they pulled down a hunted fox in the open.—Friday 5th: from Beeby. A wet, boisterous day; found at Scraftoft, and ran to ground a few fields from the covert, then found at Carver's Spinney, went away over Billesden Coplow, through Lowesby Park to ground in the Cottesmore country beyond Twyford. Although late in the day, not satisfied with the day's sport, Mr. Coupland went on to Baggrave, which was blank, much to Colonel Burnaby's disgust; but the wonderful stronghold was very wet, so at half-past 3 they trotted away to Barkby Holt and found immediately, having a nice gallop to Scraftoft, where the hounds were stopped almost at dark.—Monday 8th. Wartuaby Hall, where Mr. Turner Farley received every one in the hospitable way he always

does. The first draw was Cants Thorns, but the scent was bad ; and, with a bad ringing fox, there was not much to write about for that day, although Tom Firr persevered and kept us always going.—Friday 12th. A large field for so early in the season assembled at Thorpe Satchville. The first draw was Adam's Gorse, where a brace of foxes soon broke away, but one was headed and chopped in the adjacent gorse. The next draw was that famous old covert Thorpe Trussels, where the Master got his field in good order. Reynard was soon away, and, Tom Firr with his handy pack almost close on his back, they ran a good pace by Great Dalby across the road, on to Gartree Hill (time here, forty minutes), through the covert, up Burrough Hill on to Little Dalby, by the Punch Bowl to Somerby in the Cottesmore country, then back to Burrough village, where he saved his life in some buildings. We had now a trot of four miles back to Thorpe Trussels, where we soon found again, running almost the same line to Great Dalby, and over the Burton Flats to Burton village, where he was viewed and turned back across the turnpike again for Gartree Hill, which closed a really good day's sport.—Saturday. From Wymeswold they drew Willoughby Gorse, and ran well up to Prestwold in forty-five minutes. The country was half under water and ditches very blind.—Monday, 15th, was the day of the season, so far in this country. From Cossington Gorse, with great perseverance, Mr. Coupland managed to keep the road clear, and the fox came away, first pointing for Ragdale, then turning to the right he ran over that charming Hoby Vale, nothing but large grass fields and ox fences. Before we reached Shoby there were loose horses all over the country. Up to here the line was much the same as on that memorable day when His Royal Highness rode so well with the Quorn from Cossington Gorse. At Shoby we had a long check, but an old bitch pointed out the line to Tom Firr, and he getting his bounds over the road, they took the line into Lord Aylesford's covert, and either the hunted fox or a fresh one went away, when we soon went the pace again, leaving Grimston to the left, on to Wartuaby, then to Holwell Mouth ; here the hunted fox was viewed away by Mr. Coupland, who had got to the far side of the covert, and he ran straight into the Belvoir country, through the corner of Clawson Thorns, on to Harby Hills. The pace was not racing, but it was as fine a hunting run as you could wish to see, being quite twelve miles distance, some part a very strong country, and the time one hour and forty minutes. Tom Firr was unfortunate in not catching his hunted fox at Harby, where he was seen once or twice, but fresh foxes kept jumping up ; and being some twenty miles from the kennels the hounds went home, every one being quite satisfied. And no doubt many of our fellow-sportsmen who are now in India with His Royal Highness will be interested to hear of our doings, and wish themselves back in the green fields of Leicestershire.—Friday 19th : Lowesby Hall, one of the most picturesque meets of the Quorn. Found at John O'Gaunt and ran a ring back to covert, then got away again and ran over a splendid country into the Cottesmore country ; the scent was very catching, and it was a real day, where a huntsman was wanted. Firr kept his hounds always moving, and they worked well up to their fox ; at last, getting him in view, they ran on to him in the open not far from Laund Park Wood, after a good hunting run of forty minutes. All the Quorn country is well stocked with foxes. The country is very deep, and a little dry weather would be very acceptable.

Notwithstanding the following anecdote is very much like a highway road in Gloucestershire—*told* too often, it is worth reproduction. When the famous advocate of the dethroned Guicowar returned from his Indian campaign, literally running over with gold, his *compère*, who had just finished his un-

successful defence of the colonel, 'who loved not wisely, but too well,' met him in the precincts of Westminster Hall, and expressed a hope that he would be able to safely keep what he had earned. 'Oh!' laughed the *débonnaire* serjeant, 'I don't see the utility of your conservative doctrinea. I can't 'take it with me when I die.' 'Perhaps that's as well,' rejoined the philosophic Q.C., with a sardonic smile. 'It would melt faster *there* than here, 'eh?'

Mr. Richardson Gardner, the Member for the royal borough, whose residence at Cowley Manor House, on the Cotswold Hills, has enabled him to dispense right heartily the hospitalities of a mansion which has become by tradition and practice famous for its refined and liberal entertainments, has been doing the cause of fox-hunting great service by opening his doors to all the farmers of the country, about two hundred of whom sat down to a breakfast on the 17th ultimo, with the topsawyers of the hunt. A very excellent rhyme which appeared in the local press, in describing the feed in Ingolobian metre, finishes up with this congratulatory verse—

' And they said o'er and o'er,
That never before
Had fox-hunting farmers enjoyed themselves more.'

Well done, Mr. Richardson Gardner! There is no class of men to whom honour and respect are due so much as to the farmer, and no set of sportsmen who are more likely to turn the compliment to good account. It would be a good thing in every country if the example set by the Member for Windsor were more generally imitated.

Our correspondent from the Cotswold country tells us that Mr. Arthur Holme Sumner is showing excellent sport on the hills, where the floods luckily have not interfered very much with hunting, and where the walls are independent of the mild weather which has preserved the covering to the hedges and ditches in the vale. But in Lord Fitzhardinge's country the water and the weather have much to answer for. It has been, on an average, a bad scenting season up to date. The coverts are very thick, the hedges rather leafy, the ditches awfully blind, and likely to remain so till Jack Frost comes marching along to clear them. The country is under water in many parts, and his Lordship by no means in the best of humours. But with all these disadvantages, the 'giant' has slain thirty-four brace of foxes in fair fight.

Talking of water, that puts us in mind of that rum old fellow Charles Allen, formerly huntsman to the Cheltenham Staghounds, who being very much out of sorts just before he died, was advised to consult Dr. Henry Jessop, the son of the oldest sportsman who rides over the Cotswold Hills, Mr. Walter Jessop, the lawyer. The doctor attended and gave him his advice and a prescription; the latter the pig-headed huntsman declined to send to the chemist. An anxious friend dropped in to know how he was going on, and asked why he did not get the necessary physic prepared. 'Oh,' says the old wiseacre, with a sapient look, 'He's the hawfullest fool of a doctor ever 'I knowed. He said I'd water on the chest, and I'll swur I never ha' tasted 'a drop of water thee ten years. I wunt ha' none of his tarnation stuff.' And he didn't, and he died, like the wool-dyer of Northleach, upon whose tombstone is written—

' Beneath this stone a wool-dyer lies hid,
He said, "I wool die," and so he did.'

That first-rate sportsman, Mr. Deacon, Master of the H.H., has been showing some good sport for the beginning of the season. On Saturday, November

13th, he had a good run from the Marsh House coverts, running to Willey, over the hop-ground as if for Clare Park, where the fox turned, and was killed after a very fast run in Horsden Common. On Tuesday they met at Brookwood Lodge, where there are plenty of foxes, and they had a good day's sport; a good ring with their first fox, then got upon several foxes in the Brookwood coverts. At last one went nearly to Old Down, and round again to Brookwood, when it was getting dark, and the hounds were stopped; it was a capital ring, with some strong fencing. Monday, 21st, they met at Medstead Green; found the first fox in Garstons, near Medstead, and run to ground by Bentworth Hall; found the second fox in Bradley Wood, and killed, after a very good hunting run of an hour and a quarter, by Farleigh Park. The Hambledon have been doing well since the commencement of the season, especially taking into consideration the extraordinary rainy and windy weather; at present they have found more foxes than usual in this country. On their opening day, November 1st, at Idsworth House, the residence of Sir J. Clarke Jervoise, they had a very good day's sport, and all went home satisfied; the condition of the hounds and the manner in which Mr. Walter Long hunted them look as if the Hambledon would have a prosperous season. On November 12th, the meet was at Warnford Park, the seat of Mr. Woods, who is a good preserver of the 'noble animal;' found in the osier-bed, and run to ground in a hedgerow near Westmeon, at the end of a fast ten minutes; drew again on Old Winchester Hill, and found two or three foxes in the gorse, stuck to one for three-quarters of an hour, and run him to ground in a rabbit-hole, was soon got out and killed; trotted away to Beacon Hill, a fox stole away from the last fir plantation, went away by Preshaw Gorse, through Wind Farm and Millbarrows Plantations, to Goddens Rows, over the warren to Coombes's Farm, to Longwood Plantation, on the right through Honeyman Rows, over the warren to some plantations above Marestead village, then into Chilcomb Flat, when the scent failed, and night coming on, they could not persevere any longer; the distance gone over was about thirteen miles: time, two hours and ten minutes; a very hard day for hounds and horses. No huntsman could handle his hounds better than Mr. Walter Long did during the whole of this fine hunting run. The Hursley have had their share of sport; they had a most brilliant run on Friday, the 5th of November, fifty-eight minutes without a check, and they run into their fox on Berry Down. Mr. Arthur Deane was the first up, and took the fox from the hounds; only about fifteen got up whilst they were breaking up their fox. Colonel Nicoll has got together a beautiful and level pack of bitches.

From Yorkshire we hear that the York and Ainsty have had capital sport, and the hounds are turned out well, and everything done in a business-like way. York, however, is not very full just now; but, perhaps, before Christmas, men will be coming in. Sir George Wombwell is there with a strong stud, but hardly anybody else. Much satisfaction is expressed in the East Riding at the reappearance of Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes in the hunting field. We are told that her Ladyship, who is a famous horsewoman, showed the Wold farmers the way, the other day, with the Holderness, on Enterprise—the famous prize winner of last summer, which has been purchased by Sir Tatton from Sir George Wombwell.

Our hunting parcel from the West countrie has an ominous black border this month, that tells us one name has been removed from the roll of the Devon and Somerset Stagounds that will be sorely missed. No longer will appear the jaunty, familiar form of 'Peter' Dene of Barnstaple when the

muster is called. Cut off suddenly in the prime of life, he has left a circle of attached friends that will cherish, for years to come, the mention of his name at many a hallowed trysting ground, where the red-deer roams 'o'er heather and hill.'

Every one heard with regret of the serious accident to Mr. George Drake, at the beginning of November, in the hunting field, and we are therefore very happy to be able to state that he is now going on favourably. His brother, who has been unremitting in his affectionate attendance on him, told us at Shrewsbury, that though it will be some considerable time before he can be about, he is progressing much better than could have been at first expected from the frightful injuries he sustained. His appetite is good, and, though still on his back and requiring great care and watchfulness, the worst is past. Everybody who knows the family, and appreciates the kindly good qualities of the brothers, will rejoice to read this.

A paragraph in the 'Sporting Gazette' of the 30th ultimo, on the subject of deer-stalking, has given rise to some inquiry and a little amusement. The palm of 'the best sport of the season' is there given to a certain family (father and two sons), who are said to have slain two hundred and forty-six stags during the season just closed. Now we confess that in all kinds of sport and pastimes we are inclined to look with a jealous eye upon any extreme magnitude recorded in the details thereof. Thus, if we hear of a pack of hounds killing one hundred brace of foxes in one season, we long to know the exact number so destroyed in cub-hunting, and the number chopped or killed without a run. If any cricketer of mediocre fame is credited with an innings of two or three hundred runs, we look to see what the bowling against him has been on the occasion referred to. When, therefore, under the head of deer-stalking, we heard of such slaughter as two hundred and forty-six stags in a season, we made inquiries as to the means by which the mighty Nimrods named in the 'Sporting Gazette' had brought such a quantity of game to hand. No doubt our readers picture to themselves paterfamilias and his two hopefuls, each on his own beat toiling with the faithful gillie of the period in quest of the monarch of the glen. No doubt their imaginations picture the usual excessive labour, hunger, thirst, steep hills, boggy morasses, and swollen rivers, which fall to the lot of every sportsman who follows the noble art of deer-stalking. Ah, readers, especially those of you who have never been in Scotland, it will be well for you to disabuse your minds of the above ideas! Deer-stalking is one thing; deer-driving is another. In the former is exhibited one of the finest contests between the ingenuity, endurance, and skill of the man and the instincts and cunning of the brute. The deer-stalker should, single-handed, or with one companion, find his game, track it, follow it, and then by the aid of his rifle, levelled at a sportsman-like distance, destroy the wild stag of the hills. He is a fortunate man who can average one stag on each day of going out—on many days he never gets a shot at all; and though we have known exceptions in the shape of three, four, or five stags falling to a single rifle, such exceptions are more than counterbalanced by the number of blank days which fall to the lot of every true deer-stalker. But with deer-driving it is quite another affair; and it is by deer-driving alone that the enormous totals mentioned above have been achieved. Picture to yourself a perfect army of beaters sufficient to line the whole extent of the beat; add to this a *posse comitatus* of men and horses posted on or near the march of the neighbour's forest, while at suitable *passes*, as they are called, alias points of observation, whence a view of the favourite run of the deer can be obtained, are ensconced the gentlemen

with their two or three rifles a piece, waiting to deal death, or attempts at death, on the unhappy deer driven towards them. Then it is no case of, as in deer-stalking, the hills resounding with one or two barrels of the well-directed Henry or Lancaster. The fusilade opened upon the unsuspecting deer resembles volley-firing, and from forty to fifty shots are often heard in less than a quarter of an hour's time. The consequences are not difficult to imagine; if two hundred and sixty-eight stags fall during a season in this warfare, can the gunners give us any information as to the number of wounded deer that escape present death for the misery of roaming into an adjacent forest on two or three legs, there to die in agony, or to survive as a crippled and diseased race, their lives a burden to their very selves? We are drawing no exaggerated picture; and the facts we state are well known to sportsmen who have lived in the neighbourhood of one of these deer-driving potentates. Of course it may be urged that a man who pays his thousands per annum for a forest has a right to destroy his game in the way that may seem good to him. So he certainly has, if he considers that all the moral obligations of a sportsman end there; but we must join issue with him upon his calling such a proceeding *sport*, or upon deer-stalking being made responsible for a state of things which, if it were generally prevalent, would in a few years depopulate the noble forests of Scotland.

Mr. Sidney tells us that at the next Islington Horse Show, in the Derby week of '76, there will be a new class for riding ponies in place of the class for harness ditto, in order to meet the demand for polo ponies. This class was given up ten years ago, because it did not fill; but now Mr. Sidney justly considers that the increased demand for saddle ponies calls for its adoption.

We were told, some months ago, that we were to have an aquarium at Westminster that would surpass even that much-talked of institution at Brighton. A summer and winter garden as well as an aquarium, to be open all the year round, was a happy thought, and the way in which the idea has been patronised by the fashionable world leaves no room for doubt that the whole of the arrangements will be brought to a successful issue. Some objection might, perhaps, be taken to the situation, but, at all events, it is a central one; and if only half the attractions that are promised are forthcoming, including the latest mania, a skating rink, the new aquarium is likely to become one of the most popular places of resort in the metropolis.

The late Marquis of Lansdowne was very fond of having a small select literary party at Bowood from Saturday till Monday. Eight was his usual number, and the party was never complete without a dry old barrister, a great antiquarian and scholar, and who was, in conjunction with the Marquis of Lansdowne, executor to Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet, at the time of this story alive. The old barrister's nephew, a schoolfellow of mine, told us this story, the truth of which may be relied on:—"I say, old fellow, I'll tell you such a lark about my uncle. He was asked to Bowood, to meet the Duke of Northumberland and a little party of literary swells, for a quiet Saturday till Monday. The old gentleman told me that the company were seriously put out by one of those dreadful horse and dog officers who had no brains. He said that, to their horror, one of the family had brought down a lot of shooting men, who broke into their quiet dinner-party, and that just as they were beginning dinner, and some interesting conversation was going on, one of the horse and dog officers remarked, "Sam Rogers is very ill." "Dear me," said the old barrister to the Marquis, "Mr. Rogers is very ill." The horse and dog man was cross-questioned and stuck to his story, and confirmed it by saying that Sam Rogers had sent him a message.

'A horse was ordered to be saddled directly and messages sent to Mr. Rogers's house in London to inquire after his health in the names of the Marquis and the dry old barrister. The horse and Jog officer *sq.*: "Oh! you are all under a mistake. I don't mean Sam Rogers the poet; I mean Sam Rogers the jockey."

For the benefit of those of our readers who have kept up their classics, we subjoin the following lines, which are to be read. We shall withhold the solution till our next Number:—

Hi Sabilli hæres ago,
Fortibus es in aro;
Nobile Thisbe forte trux,
Se voticinum pes an dux.

The young Earl of —— announced to his widowed mother his wish to ask several very intimate friends to stay for a week's racing and shooting, but the only objection she could suggest was that the Dean had been invited by her for the identical period named. Both met, however, and the man of good works tried his hand among the pheasants, while the under-keeper attended on him, and used some rather rough language to the beaters. 'Do you ever read your Bible, Roberts?' said his reverence. 'Well, sir, yes, I used to, but never seed nothing about the *'Postles shooting.'* 'No,' was the smart rejoinder, 'if you remember, they went *a-fubbing.'*

We have been much pleased with a visit which we paid lately to Mr. Rolfe's studio in Nicholas Lane, to inspect his latest addition to those subjects in which his soul delights—the water fights of the otter, the eagle, and the struggles of the prey of both, the poor fish. In his large picture, 'A Border Feud,' there is, of course, the otter—we were going to say the inevitable otter, for sure we are that Mr. Rolfe loves the beast, as he loves the little cubs he has so well depicted in 'A Border Feud.' The 'feud' is easily explained. A vixen otter has landed a salmon on a rock close to the shore of a Highland lake. A splendid eagle has spied the quarry, and is depicted as swooping on the prize, but the fierce aspect of the otter, who is attended by her cubs, keeps him at bay. The otter is wonderfully painted; so is the salmon; and when we say the latter excited the admiration of Mr. Francis Francis we presume we have said enough. The background of the picture is grand, the light and shadow on the mountain is wonderfully well painted; and we congratulate Mr. Rolfe on this, the latest effort of his genius.

We hear strange and sad rumours of how Brighton is full of galloping *screws* (*screws biped*) who come out with the foxhounds, give nothing to the Master or his men, whom they look on as a better class of rat-catchers. These are snobs of the deepest dye, of the worst description. With a jolly liberal fellow who is fond of hunting, whose alphabet is often minus one letter, we have a sympathy and kindly feeling, but towards the swaggering cad, who is mean, selfish, and extravagant, we can have but one feeling, that of loathing and contempt. Birds of a feather are said to flock together; why can they not start a country of their own? In former days a certain class of man was conspicuous for the lavish way he spent his money; *tempora mutantur*, the snob of the period is selfish and mean. But Brighton is not the only place where these pests abound.

A good many men are said to hunt from Pumpington more from a love of display than of sport. One of them, who had a very fine horse, on which he patronised big woodland meets, was dreadfully upset by a small cheeky boy, on a small pony. One day, at a meet close to Pumpington, the great man's horse

began to plunge, and kicked out smartly, and when he told the youngster not to be alarmed, 'Oh, never mind me,' said this sparkling youth, 'I am all right, and *not in half such a funk as you are!*' The roars of the whole field who heard it may be imagined.

The Baroness Mayer de Rothschild's Hannah was found in her box in great pain; she would allow no one to come near her, and died, after giving birth to twin foals.

Before the year rolls away even one more coach will start from Piccadilly to run the winter through. We learn that Mr. Frank Parsons of St. Albans has decided to put his coach on from London to St. Albans, with James Selby as waggoner, and Harry Cracknell as guard. This coach will leave the White Horse Cellar every day, Sundays excepted, at half-past ten, changing horses at the Royal Oak, Child's Hill, and again at the Red Lion, Barnet; and will reach the George Hotel, St. Albans, in time for lunch at one o'clock. First day of starting is December the 4th. It will be remembered that Mr. Parsons this summer horsed, and often drove, Colonel Somerset's Enfield coach the stage from St. Albans, through Harpenden to Luton—a good ten miles, with plenty of collar work (time, one hour). He is fond of the ribbons and good cattle, and can put them along; thus, with such a programme, and the Tunbridge Wells favourites as whip and skid, there ought to be a lot of merry trotting down the 'Old Roman Road.' The coach will return from St. Albans at half-past two, and arrive at Hatchett's at five o'clock.

And as we are writing the last lines of 'The Van,' the racing season of 1875 is coming to an end in the mud of Warwick Common. It has been a season which, apart from brilliant sport—great race meetings and a few good horses—will leave a savour behind it not altogether the most pleasing. It has been a 'sharping' season, disfigured by more than one robbery and a more than usual amount of trickery and that 'cuteness which is so nearly allied to an uglier word. Things have been done by men of position and repute which if done in any other society than the Turf would have led to unpleasant consequences. The two Liverpool Cups of this year were robberies, in the undoubted sense of the word, while the associations connected with the Cesarewitch, the curious running of Conœil at Shrewsbury, &c., leave an impression on the mind far from satisfactory. The open 'pulling' of horses, and by that we mean stopping a horse in a bold and barefaced way, is decidedly on the increase. The very latest 'performance' was in the Leamington Grand Annual, for which Palm was backed for 'a heap of money,' as the phrase goes, at 4 to 1, and before the horse was at the post he went back to 100 to 2. Indeed, we feel sure that if any gentleman had asked for a hundred sovereigns to two and sixpence, he might have been accommodated. Palm was looking wonderfully well, and was always in front until he disappeared for the last time behind that friendly hill which has shrouded many a Warwick misdeed. Nobody was astonished or disgusted, and only his backers were annoyed. The chief feeling was a not-unpardonable curiosity. For what was the horse in reserve? We cannot pretend to say, but we trust handicappers will bear him in their memories. After all, perhaps we are making a great deal too much of such a common occurrence as a 'shunt,' but when 'a shunt' is done, so to speak, with a flourish of trumpets, there is a boldness about it that is almost sublime. We said just now that this had been a 'sharping' season; we might have added—and one of happy audacity.



Geo Chetwynd.

THE COUNTY CUP

1891-1892

1892-1893

1893-1894

1894-1895

1895-1896

1896-1897

1897-1898

the County Cup at Leicester in a canton. This was the first time before the days of the straw body and sky-blue sleeves, which colours

✓ _____

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND, BART.

AMONG the old houses of England that of the Chetwynds takes high rank. Descended from a common ancestor with the branch of the family enobled in the commencement of the last century, Shropshire was the soil in which the first of the name appears to have taken root; and in the stirring days of Simon de Montfort and the Barons' war it is to be found, though on which side history is silent. And not in Shropshire alone, but into Warwickshire and Staffordshire, their lordships extended. How long ago the ancestors of the subject of our present sketch were at Grendon, we cannot say; but the site of the present Elizabethan mansion is very old, and there is no doubt that this structure replaced one far more ancient. The lordship of Grendon came into the family by the marriage of a Sir Roger Chetwynd with the daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph de Grendon, and the present family inherited the estate at the demise, about the year 1700, of Lady Robert Bertie, to whom it had been left by her cousin, Mr. W. H. Chetwynd. So much for the dead past; let us now turn to the present.

Sir George Chetwynd, the fourth Baronet, is the son of the late Sir George by Lady Charlotte Augusta Hill, daughter of the second Marquess of Devonshire. Born in 1849, he was educated at Harrow, and while there was one of the Harrow eleven in their annual match at Lord's. From that school he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford—where he was, we believe, the last Gentleman Commoner who sported velvet cap and tasseled gown—but left, after keeping a few terms, on his father's death in 1869. The new Baronet soon exhibited an inclination for the sport that he has followed so keenly up to the present time. Under the guidance of Captain Machell, a gentleman eminently qualified to be his mentor, he plunged into the arena, and won his first race the year above mentioned with Ben-An, who carried off the County Cup at Leicester in a canter. This was, however, before the days of the straw body and sky-blue sleeves, which colours

were not assumed until later. Sir George was still in *statu pupillari*, and though his name is to be found in the Calendar of 1870, it is not conspicuous. Fortune has followed him, however, since then; and as there are few better judges among the young men now on the Turf, it cannot be said to be undeserved. He continued in Captain Machell's stable for two or three years, and then, thinking he should prefer training nearer home, removed his horses to Hedenesford, to be under the care of Saunders. There they remained for some little time, until Sir George, not liking the place, though he had no fault whatever to find with Saunders, sent them to Woolcot's, at Beckhampton, where, with the exception of two or three to amuse himself with at Grendon, his seat in Warwickshire, and a few at Tom Brown's, to be ready for Newmarket, they have been ever since. In 1872 Sir George started a breeding establishment at Grendon, built some large boxes, and got together half a dozen mares; but the soil did not suit them, and he disposed of them this summer to Mr. Cavaliero.

Passionately fond of racing, and conspicuous among his fellows for taking fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks, Sir George Chetwynd is popular with all classes and degrees of racing men. He hunts now and then, for he is in the midst of the Atherstone country, but we fancy he prefers the broad vista of the Rowley Mile to its choicest coverts; and he would rather see his horse's number go up than be in at the death. He married in 1870, Florence, Marchioness of Hastings, the youngest daughter of the second Marquess of Anglesey; and he is this year High Sheriff of Warwickshire.

'FOR THE SEASON, 1876.'

THE dull days of December, while they inaugurate a four months' season of rest to all interested in flat-racing pursuits, are the signal for breeders to commence their campaign; and the pages of the Calendar bear witness to the importance of the movement in the various attractions set forth in its impartially catalogued list of sires, which knows no deviation from the Lycurgan rule of alphabetical order. It is curious to remark how, in these days of extended knowledge in matters appertaining to the Turf, the voluminous descriptions of blood sires set forth in such glowing terms by a past generation of breeders have given way to the more concise and brief wording of stallion advertisements in our day. The public, through the instrumentality of their painstaking mentors of the sporting press, know pretty well as much as his owner about a horse by the time that he has made his farewell bow in racing circles, and joined the conscript fathers of the stud. Not a point in his conformation, not a feature of his performances has been lost sight of; and we are rather apt to regard with feelings akin to suspicion any recommenda-

tions which overstep the bounds of our own experience. 'Short and 'sweet' should be the motto of those desirous of securing public patronage for their pets; and any undue enlargement upon merits not hitherto recognised smack too much of the quack medicine advertisement to attract any but the ignorant and inexperienced. We shrink instinctively from horses of Brobdiagnagian girth, or gigantic eccentricities of bone below the knee, preferring to survey our line of country from the stand-posts of public form, or, failing that, from the elements which enter into the candidate's composition, as deduced from an exploration of the Stud Book. Thanks to facilities of locomotion, breeders need no longer rely on mere hearsay as to the qualifications of the various sires, whose acquaintance, if it has not been made long since upon the racecourse, can readily be accomplished by a day's journey north or south. Adventurer and King Lud are no longer 'sealed books' to Cobham or Eltham; while compliments can be exchanged with equal ease by a Yorkshire embassy to treat with Blair Athol or Saunterer. As a rule, however, it will be found that breeders prefer to keep their mares at home, if possible, rather than to run the risk of perils of journeyings and misadventures by road and rail during the very critical period of gestation, and—tell it not in Gath!—the danger of starvation at certain depôts more remarkable for their grasping propensities than their characters for feeding and tending. Servants, however good and honest, require a master's eye upon them in their dealings with the property of other people, and, while treating their own animals well, by some unaccountable perversion of common sense, deem it a part of their duty to neglect or stint the strangers within their gates. We have seen mares returned to their owner's paddocks mere bony scarecrows, with foals better qualified for the home for starving dogs than for racing purposes; and this, too, coming from lordly establishments where no excuse, save that of neglect on the master's part, could be reasonably advanced. On the part of those interested in the success of our monarchs of the stud, this must be shortsighted policy indeed; for not only do owners of valuable mares fight shy of a repetition of such ruinous tactics, but the foals are less likely to do credit to their progenitors when begotten at such unfavourable epochs in the lives of their dams. Fortunately, the directors of establishments, even of the worst repute for 'long visits and short commons,' are gradually coming round to a sense of their position, and setting their houses in order in time to avert the 'cold neglect' they would assuredly have encountered had they not seen fit to adopt a more liberal line of action.

Taking up the map of England, and marking down on its surface the centres of equine production, it is curious to observe how the breeding homes of England affect the eastern and southern limits of our empire rather than its western shores. Wales boasts but a single depôt, and that of quite recent introduction; and the fair counties of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall are but poorly represented in breeding circles, though their climate should be especially

well adapted for maturing young stock, owing to their rich pastures and milder temperature. The business of supplying Turf requirements, however, seems to be carried on in localities of widely different conditions as to air, soil, and general surroundings; and though the fruit from northern nurseries naturally ripens a little later, it becomes equally well matured, both as regards size and strength, as the more precocious blossoms of the south. Nothing can contrast more remarkably than the choice of situations for these emporiums of the thoroughbred; and, looking at the happy valleys of Surrey, the bleak, bold sweep of the South Downs, and stud-farms of 'the plain' like those at Moorlands and on the Lincoln flats, it becomes evident, notwithstanding divers pet theories of breeders, that no place more than another is especially suitable for the purposes of production. And we may take comfort from the facts established by the foregoing arguments, in considering the great question which must shortly be reopened as to the best method of increasing our horse supply. It is sufficiently evident that one place is not more especially suitable than another in our island for that purpose, and that the 'noble animal' will flourish, under almost any conditions of locality, in the most secluded retreats or in the neighbourhood of large towns, in the solitude of moorland and downland, or within hail of the smoke cloud 'rolling 'dun' over the vast hives of industry, as London, Sheffield, and Birmingham.

Taking the Calendar as our guide, and purposing to work our way from Durham to Devon in quest of sires standing at the public service, we find in the former county the oldest and youngest establishments in the north of England. We are afraid to say for how many years Mr. Cookson has 'come up smiling' at Doncaster, generally with a strong hand, and always confident in the results of a carefully matured judgment. Whatever he has taken in hand he has done well and thoroughly; and though The Earl's failure is a sad disappointment to his many admirers, the handsome Palmer has made ample amends, and his Doncaster average last September must almost have realised the expectations of his sanguine owner. Mr. Van Haansbergen has no difficulty in filling Macgregor, but he complains that Stentor (unlike his namesake) cannot obtain a hearing, and that Idus is scarcely as popular in the North as his unquestionably smart four-year-old performances should make him. Croft, sacred to the recollection of many a bold bearer of the yellow and black, announces Andred as the attraction of the season in the north of Yorkshire; and old Voltigeur's box at Aske holds the unlucky Albert Victor—a marked contrast to its former occupant, by the Derby chance of whose son, Hardrada, the Richmond men have sworn stanchly to abide. From Swale to Ouse is no far cry; and although from old Ebor's minster tower we are unable to count so many broad acres devoted to breeding as formerly, Moorlands is still within hail, and reckons against the shortcomings of Rawcliffe and Fairfield such stalwart upholders as King Lud,

Speculum, and Knight of the Garter. The former filled off-hand, and 'Spec' is quite the 'glass of fashion' among the quality gentlewomen of his court; while the Knight bids fair to hold as many 'collar days' as last season, when all the best people were anxious for an 'investiture.' Moulsey is under Smallwood's charge at Middlethorpe, always rather an unlucky spot of ground; and at Malton, Cramond still holds a place in Mr. l'Anson's affections, though, since Orion, he has not brought out any 'stars.' There is a motley troupe at Doncaster, including three of Mr. Pryor's, which seem to be perpetually on sale; while as fixtures they retain Tibthorpe and Le Maréchal at the most modest of fees, neither of them, apparently, qualified to take any higher part than that of 'walking gentleman' in the provinces. Old Syrian has finally settled down at Myton along with Blue Mantle; and at Wentworth we find 'little Lecturer,' well-nigh the last of the Lanercosts, who has done sufficiently well to take care of himself in Yorkshire, and should bring about a revival of the glories of the old Fitzwilliam green. Strathconan has succeeded to old 'Rat's' business at Tickhill, and fills its deep pastures with foals of his own colour, inheriting much of his own quality and symmetry, though hardly 'up to sample' as yet. Setting our faces towards the 'birthplace of Steel,' we find its cunning blades still indulging in their crowded Sunday pilgrimages to Sheffield Lane, where the mighty Adventurer now reigns alone in his glory, with Pretender as aide-de-camp. Only those who early awoke to the necessity of securing his services found their names inscribed upon Harnam's 'correct list;' and the sire of Apology has been worthily admitted into the fellowship of high-class Mandarins of the 'hundred guinea' division along with King Tom, Parmesan, Hermit, Scottish Chief, Blair Athol, Rosicrucian, and a few others of the 'select.' Their quondam companions-in-arms Mandrake and Tynedale are still 'on offer' to enterprising breeders, and the former was well represented in the Doncaster yearling ring; though at Mentmore, where he stood one season, they rather took exception to his small ankles, and would have preferred to have their cup found in Benjamin's sack, and to stand by Lecturer once again.

Now, retracing our steps, we find ourselves on the breezy flats of Lincoln, and, crossing Trent, pay our respects to his namesake hailing from Laceby, with Paladin as his lieutenant. Almost within a day's march of his son, in the sport-infected air of Elsham, we encounter the sprightly and once erratic Broomielaw, presiding over the choice collection of mares whose produce 'Sir John' brings up yearly to Doncaster. Salvanos is junior partner in the firm; and, turning southwards again, Mr. Taylor Sharpe invites us to take stock of the elegantly turned Suffolk, and sends us rejoicing on our way to greet the 'gentle Hermit of the dale' in his retreat at Blankney. There are plenty of Angelinas waiting to bid him 'turn and guide their wandering ways' to his cell; and those who discounted his Derby victory have been forced to swallow the leek with

a vengeance. With a hasty look in upon Mr. Pishey Snaith and his reigning 'pride of Boston,' we strike across country to Rufford Abbey, where Parmesan and his distinguished son Cremorne divide and govern the most attractive province in the kingdom of thoroughbreds; with a St. Leger winner attached to their court in the shape of Wenlock, who claims succession to the rule of the departed Lord Clifden. With a passing congratulation to Burleigh for its partial revival of old Exeter stud glories with Onslow, and with a hope that the 'light of other days' may be rekindled, we fly off at a tangent through 'the shires' to Tamworth, where a score of promising youngsters by Pero Gomez and Musket are ripening for sale in the fierce days of July at Park Paddocks. A noble lady's is the master-mind which presides over the destinies of Bonehill, and long may it continue to flourish under her fostering care. Birmingham, with its thousand smoky shafts, is our next centre of operations; and from its ringin anvils, and engines 'roaring upon their march,' we find peace in the well-timbered glades of Finstall Park, beneath which roams a bevy of well-favoured matrons, carrying each her burden to the dapper Cardinal York, or to Paul Jones, that irrepressible 'steam-engine' of the Hodgman era. After his specimens of yearling stock at Doncaster, 'York' will most certainly be 'wanted' this season; and as a son of Newminster, with unexceptionable references as to his racing character, it will be odd if he is not 'at par' before many years are past. The Messrs. Graham have quite a stronghold of Birdcatcher blood at Yardley, where we are glad to see Sterling placed at the service of the public, along with his sire; and the 'Duke's motto,' we hear, is still to be a century, which will have the desired effect of keeping his Grace's company select. A short detour brings us among the 'proud Salopians;' and pushing onwards to Stanton, Mr. Eyke welcomes us to the 'oldest stud-farm in England,' and boasts of a capital slice of the old Sheet Anchor blood in Brown Bread, who is very moderately priced, considering the winners he can already show. Not far distant, Lacydes holds out inducement to breeders of begetting a second Newry; and then harking back to 'Brum' once more, we journey through the pear-orchards and hop-gardens of Worcestershire for a peep at Lady Elizabeth's own brother Distin, who, report has it, could make Vauban lie down in their two-year-old days at Danebury. We cast a wistful glance towards Waresley, where 'gloomy and dark lies the tenantless stall' of that neat little exquisite Blinkhoolie, at present puzzling French breeding *savans* with the pronunciation of his name; and with a few hours' run we are at Banbury, and going the rounds with Mr. Gulliver, whose Barefoot and Highlander will be busy on the Oxford circuit this spring. Anon, Mentmore towers rise before us, and we are taking counsel with Markham in his cheerful parlour at Crafton, asking after 'Tom's' health—and drinking it, too—before our cards are sent in to the patriarch of the stud. To inspect the King, Favonius, and Macaroni is like gazing at forbidden fruit, all three having long since closed the doors of their audience chambers

to late applicants. Restitution is still, however, available; and those in search of a chip of the old block might do worse than give a turn to the Goodwood Cup winner of 1869. Highfield Hall is our next halting-place; and Elmer comes, leading out in turn the three-cornered Joskin, his handsome foil the Knight of St. Patrick, the roan Rupert, and the grey Warrior—the last a perfect picture, as he poses himself for artist's pencil or special commissioner's pen—thrown out in admirable relief from the dark background of a platoon of boxes. A leisure hour or two in town may be beguiled pleasantly enough by a cruise upon wheels to Shepherd's Bush, now the lair of the 'Lyon,' after many wanderings, and sacred to the musical genius of the last of the Barons. Taking Enfield on our way, with its Patagonian race of 'Glasgow stallions,' headed by Toxophilite, who stays at home to keep house this year, Newmarket is our destination; and while Heath House retains two of its old henchmen, Julius and Queen's Messenger, to propagate the young idea, Kingcraft salutes us with a friendly neigh from his box on the hill in Park Paddocks; and Messrs. Barrow open the box-doors of Cathedral, King o' Scots, and other celebrities for our inspection. Easton Lodge beckons us a few steps out of our homeward way, to see how Bertram has furnished since he bade farewell to the grey jacket, and to mark what yeoman's service Grouse has been doing among the matrons of the stud, mostly endowed with the Venison strain, so dear to their owner's heart, and lovingly consorting with another Venison family in the park. The snug range of boxes behind Brick House, by Dunmow, holds the once mighty Gladiateur and the high-bred dames of his household, whose young hopefuls come up for sale, along with Lord Rosslyn's, on the Monday preceding the pleasant days 'behind the Ditch' in July.

Around the mighty heart of England lie clustered the most famous of our south country stud-farms, and, giving precedence to Royalty, we follow William Scott through the jealously-walled and elder-tufted paddocks at Hampton Court, listening to the 'latest intelligence' as he opens box after box of the seven lords of Her Majesty's equine household. The word is still 'as you were' as regards the lengthy Young Melbourne, the gay Trumpeter, the airy St. Albans, the plain Pell Mell, the 'Prince of the T.Y.C.,' and the 'patchy' Mentmore; but Winslow might be branded with the broad arrow, though he shines out in anything but kingly style from his companions 'at livery,' and seems sadly lacking in girth and substance. A cry goes up for new blood, change of pasture, and extension of boundaries; but the Median code is still in force, and 'knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,' as of old. Pushing onwards and across to the 'Surrey side,' the ever hospitable gates of the Stud Company swing on their hinges, and, one by one, the patriarchal array is paraded to those, like Japhet, 'in search of a father.' Blair Athol looks prouder than ever now that the banner of a St. Leger winner hangs over his stall, and Carnival, blithe as his namesake festival, steps forth jauntily, as if forgetful of foreign bondage. We pass on to

the 'bright and gallant bay' Caterer, one of Stockwell's handsomest sons; Wild Oats, apple of the manager's eye; George Frederick, who worthily succeeds to the throne of his sire at Cobham; Chattanooga, of goodly presence but unsavoury memory; and See-Saw, most illustrious scion of the grand old mare, leader of her matron band browsing under the woody slope of that sentinel hill, whence the eye, ranging over the heart of Surrey, rests far away on yonder white speck in the distance from which the Derby roar swells upwards during the 'maddest three minutes of the year.'

Thence, over down and heath, lies our way towards the solitude of Sutton, broken by the defiant challenge of massive Thunderbolt, in those sunny hours sacred to the 'love and duty' of a Sultan's life. Doubling back, our line of country leads us to the range of downland running eastwards from the slopes of Boxhill, from whose furzy ridges, crowned with beechen clumps, we may gaze down upon the village spire of Buckland and the battlemented range of ancient stables which holds King of the Forest and the dainty herd over which he claims sovereignty. In the opposite direction, winding lanes, dear to many a painter's heart in spring, lead us to Epsom, and scaling the down as if bent on reconnoitring her famous 'Hill,' the Warren stands out white and bold on our left, boasting the handsome Ethus and Van Amburgh as supporters; while in the hollow, and close to the palisaded grave of Amato beneath its protecting chestnuts, Couronne de Fer commences life anew, his path, we trust, strewed with the rose and primrose he bore so gallantly on the neighbouring heights. As the crow flies, Eltham is but a short stage, and the old familiar fields are soon in view, with Shooters Hill making a background for the picture. We must allow the imagination to carry us forward, clothing avenue bowers in the richest glories of June, and directing our steps towards the sloping meadow where the season is wound up by a review of the Middle Park forces. Rosicrucian is elegant, bloodlike, and fiery as ever; Vespasian swings majestically along with elastic stride; Saunterer, like some well-preserved old swell, draws attention to his sleek coat of black satin; and D'Estournel and Victorious, gentlemen both, and rightly boasting descent from the 'upper ten' of the equine kingdom, bring the imposing procession to a close. We need make no detour in the direction of that deserted Grange which knows the lucky Baronet of the cherry county no more, and where Madame Eglentine's foaling-tree is no longer pointed out with affectionate reverence to strollers round the paddock at Leybourne. We turn our faces southward once again, and from the hill-top at Wadhurst look down upon Lord Clifden's grave and the high-built homes of Scottish Chief, Vedette, and Cecrops, a trio of Sussex worthies held in high repute among the breeding fraternity, and fit presidents for the high-bred tribes wandering at will over valley pastures or upland lawn. Once 'across the flat' ranged by many a flock and herd, and the looming bastion of the South Downs rises before us, and pulling up at the market cross of Alfriston, we inquire our way

to the abiding-place of Orest, tightest and neatest of our monarchs of the stud, and a worthy grandson of old Orlando. The ivied keep of Arundel frowns grimly in the distance as we turn off at Pulborough to take road for Sandgate, within whose precincts new buildings are rising for consorts and visitors to Siderolite, Holy Friar, and Spennithorne. Hampshire sees with regret the Lymington and Hurstbourne paddocks devoted to more ignoble uses; and only a second-rater or two fill the stallion boxes at Danebury, hard by the mounded barrows of Bay Middleton and Crucifix. Asteroid is starring it at Bath, along with Claudius and Bête Noire, to help on the new venture near the valley home of the 'sleepy Queen of the West;' and if we penetrate as far as Devon, we can linger no more over the beauties of Mamhead as in days of yore; and the black Sundeelah alone remains to recall memories of the 'golden prime of 'good Haroun Alraschid' in the land of flower and song.

Thus, from coaly Tyne to silver Thames, through devious ways, in search of northern nurseries and southern stud-farms, have we traced our pilgrimage on paper, from point to point, pulling up at last in the 'rich heart of the West,' whose dew-fed pastures and mild temperature we most sorely begrudge to the red Devon, be his cream never so rich, and his carcase never so juicy. Upon a review of the noble army of sires marshalled for our inspection, both as regards numbers and quality, we cannot quite share the fears of alarmists who would wean us from the common sense aspect of the question, and bid us join in their jeremiads over the feebleness of persons composing our thoroughbred tribes. We can reckon nearly half a hundred centres in English counties of recognised standing and importance, and fully capable of supplying the *matériel* of the Turf. In the words of the poet, 'though much is taken, much abides;' and inasmuch as the breeding market is clearly overstocked in certain of its departments, we should be thankful to continental or colonial purchasers who relieve us, at remunerative prices, of our superfluous stock. Next season we hope to measure swords with Brother Jonathan, and to ascertain how far the 'pilgrim fathers' of the stud, who landed on American soil many years ago, have deteriorated from, or improved upon, the breeds of the mother country. And although Doncaster and Galopin have retired from public life in the very zenith of their fame, in pleasing contrast to the compulsory secessions of too many of our cracks of modern times, it strikes us that we need not be ashamed to meet our enemies in the gate with the arrows now in our quiver. And if we succeed in holding our own, we shall with the more pride revert to the sources of our excellence in the 'Sires of the Day,' whose names and addresses have furnished us with an excuse for calling the muster-roll at the commencement of another breeding season.

AMPHION.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XXII.

LONG before the hounds had reached their kennel, Frank, having drawn the neighbouring coverts blank, and utterly failed to hit off their line, had then returned to Watercombe without hearing or seeing a single sign of them. Feeling certain, however, that Lady Susan's curiosity as to his unwonted appearance, before that of his father and the return of the hounds, would prompt her to close-question him on the subject, and that the most unsparing sarcasms would infallibly follow her knowledge of his visit to Heathercot, he lounged about from the huntsman's cottage to the stables, and thence into the kennel, the tainted air of which was so dreaded by her Ladyship that for years she had not been seen in that locality.

But in thus avoiding a cross-examination by his mother, he had no intention whatever of really shirking any question put to him either by her or his father; indeed, he had made up his mind to anticipate inquiries by frankly explaining to the latter where he had been, and how it was he had missed the hounds; for well he knew how prompt his father always was to forgive and forget, if only treated with the commonest candour. Then, once under his ægis, he might hope for some protection from the bitter words in which his mother was so apt to indulge.

It was nearly seven o'clock in the afternoon before the hounds arrived at Watercombe; for, after the breaking up of that brave old moor fox and the reconciliation that ensued between the Squire and Tom Franks, the latter had drawn so glowing a picture of a fine litter of cubs which, he said, the vixen had removed from Lizzel Wood across the Dart into Holne Chase, that Ben Head, mistrusting Tom, and believing the litter, if it existed, to be anything but safe in his neighbourhood, strongly advised that, as they were so near, the hounds should be thrown forthwith into that covert. Accordingly, this was no sooner done than half a dozen cubs were at once afoot, and the hounds quickly divided into almost as many packs; one lot crossing the Dart and running the vale of the Webber direct for Lizzel; another diverging for Buckland Wood and the Bagtor plantations; while a third, breaking away with the old vixen, dashed off in the direction of King's Wood, where they put her to ground in those very badger-earths into which Frank had turned probably the same vixen about four months before.

Consequently, such was the confusion, the trouble, and the labour that ensued, that before the scattered forces could be again brought together the Squire and his men found themselves, late at noon, many a long mile from home, their horses leg-weary, and the hounds more than half beaten by the rough country and hard work in which from early morn they had been so continuously engaged. Tom Franks, however, by his intimate knowledge of the district

and the dodging tactics even of the cubs, did them again good and important service; he followed and brought back two couple of young hounds that had earthed their fox in Dagworthy cleaves—an act of help that elicited a growl of thanks even from Ben Head.

The ‘dimmet’ was fast fading into dark night when the out-buildings of Watercombe were at length reached; but still there was just light enough on that clear autumnal evening for the Squire, who always accompanied his hounds to the kennel-door, to observe that Frank stood there, in place of the groom, waiting to take his mare and lead her to the stable.

‘Well, sir, and pray what became of you after the hounds broke ‘covert?’ inquired his father, pausing for a moment ere he quitted the saddle: ‘you were seen skulking off in the direction of Heather-cot, and I conclude went to ground there? You might at least have told me that such was your intention. However, as you seem to prefer the company of your new friends to that of your father and the hounds, I wish I could congratulate you on the choice you appear to have made in that quarter.’

The Squire said this in a tone of such bitter irony that Frank’s blood boiled to the brim; and it required no little effort to control his tongue and return a soft answer to those aggravating words. But he did it bravely, and, by so doing, in less than one minute he turned away his father’s wrath and fairly disarmed him.

‘Quite true, sir,’ he said, with the utmost deference. ‘Finding myself so near to the house, and believing the hounds had just moved a litter of cubs, I did go to Heathercot; but I had no intention whatever of staying there beyond a few minutes, nor of deserting you for the rest of the day.’

‘And yet you did so most effectually,’ said the Squire, interrupting him in his explanation.

‘Yes, but most reluctantly and with great regret; for I rode from covert to covert for hours with the hope of finding you, and, on utterly failing either to hear or track off the hounds, I returned in despair to Watercombe.’

‘You may well regret it, Frank; for at this season of the year I have never seen so good a run, and you may live to be an old man before you get such a chance again. It was no cub we found, but a veritable old Hector that put his head straight and went away at once for Holne; there was a rare scent, and we never checked till we earthed him in Whitewood Holts.’

‘No wonder I lost you then,’ replied Frank, dolefully. ‘Just like the miserable luck that always haunts me; however, I’ll take good care it shall never happen again.’

The Squire then dismounted; and Frank, having delivered the mare to Langworthy’s hands, wound his arm with filial affection within that of his father, who fully accepting his avowal of regret, could now only sympathise with his son at the good thing he had lost in not witnessing so brilliant a run. While thus traversing a long gravel walk, leading from the kennel up to a side door, which

communicated at once with his own private apartment, the Squire recounted to him every incident of the day, dwelling especially on Tom Franks' mysterious and opportune appearance, the instantaneous unearthing of the fox by his ragged terriers, the man's voluntary renouncement of vulpecidism, and thereupon the engagement entered into for his future service.

Such was Frank's admiration for Tom's adventurous character, so devoted as the man's life had been to the pursuit of the fox under every circumstance of privation and persecution, and that, too, not for the miserable pelf he earned from the parish officers, but truly from an inherent, passionate and unconquerable love of the wild sport, that, on hearing this welcome and unexpected news, he burst forth into a hearty and irrepressible cheer.

'Hurrah! father,' he said. 'Now you have done a good day's work, and never more will you see a blank day on that side of the moor! 'Tis an ill wind that blows no luck; for if our terriers had been there, you certainly would have seen nothing then of Tom Franks.'

'I hope he'll stand firm,' said the Squire, gravely; 'for although his antecedents are against him as a fox-killer, I never heard his character for honesty impeached on any other grounds. So, Frank, we'll give him a fair trial, and hope for the best.'

'He'll be mounted, won't he, sir, when he follows with the terriers on hunting days?' inquired Frank, eager to learn all particulars with respect to Tom's appointment.

'Certainly he will. Host has given him old Casket; so, with a pair of saddle-bags on her back and a terrier in each bag, he will be at hand to help us the moment we put a fox to ground. No waiting then for the coming terriers till the hounds are chilled to the bone and the fiery passion of the chase has dwindled into apathy—a misery they, the field, and I have endured too often in this hollow country.'

'I only hope that mare won't break his neck,' replied Frank; 'she's only safe when going at a gallop, and down she comes like a ninepin at any other pace. I shouldn't like to trust our own terriers on her back—I know that.'

'I've noticed the Devonshire arms fresh blazoned on her knees, I own, more than once,' said his father, with some perplexity. 'But her work will be chiefly on the moor, where, I trust, she will forget her bad manners, and carry Tom and the terriers safely to hounds.'

The Oxford long vacation was now drawing to a close; and as Frank had received a summons from the senior tutor of his college to attend on the first day of term, to undergo the preliminary canter for matriculation, two days only were left him to prepare for the journey, which, even by the Nonpareil, then the best-regulated and fastest coach on the Western road, with the lively Jack Goodwin just appointed as its guard, would necessitate his sleeping one night at Cheltenham before he could reach his destination. The dread of the examination troubled him little; but to give up those genial

country pursuits which he enjoyed so keenly, and which, from his daily indulgence in them during the past four months, had become the fixed habit of his life, was indeed a sore trial.

Still, there was even a sorer yet in store for him—one that by day occupied every thought, and by night haunted his dreams—the boy was dying to see one blink of that bonny blue eye which had sent its love-shaft, tipped with a sweet and maddening poison, home to the very core of his heart. Like a moth, however, singed by a candle, but still fluttering round its flame, he was determined to indulge this craving wish, amounting almost to torture; and see her he would, if only for a minute, once more before he left home, no matter at what cost or what penalty.

But how was this to be accomplished? How could he possibly manage to slip away, even for five minutes, without being missed by the vigilant eyes either of Lady Susan or his father; while, if mounted on the swiftest horse in the stable, it would take almost as many hours to ride to Heathercot and back by the shortest cut over the open moor?

At first he thought if, after the family had retired to rest, he could steal quietly out of the house and induce Langworthy, by the bribe of a crown-piece, to saddle the colt or Sweet-Pea, he could easily accomplish the distance to and fro and appear at breakfast next morning without awakening the slightest suspicion. But then he remembered that, even if this could be managed, he could not venture to disturb the Heathercot people at such an hour of the night, nor hope to say one word of adieu to her for whom at that moment he would have imperilled his existence without a scruple of hesitation. So he gave up that plan in despair.

Another, however, quickly supplied its place; for at no period of life is a man's brain so fertile in expedients, so full of device, as when he is really in love, but especially so when difficulties arise to obstruct its fair course. Frank was aware that on the following day, his last at home, his father would preside at a magistrates' meeting, held fortnightly at the George Inn—a wayside hostelry some six miles distant from Watercombe—and that, in order to obtain from the clerk some preliminary information with respect to the business of the day, he usually breakfasted early, and at ten o'clock precisely, the appointed hour, took the chair with unfailing punctuality.

That was the time, then, he would snatch for the occasion; Lady Susan would not be down to miss him, and his father's duties would be certain to occupy him to a late hour in the afternoon; so he'd put a pair of spurs in his pocket, ride the colt, and pay a flying visit to Heathercot; then home again to luncheon, and who, besides Langworthy the groom, would be a whit the wiser?

Accordingly, exactly as the stable clock struck eight the next morning, immediately after the Squire had started for his meeting, the colt, with a heavy rug thrown over the saddle, and an old watering-bridle fitted to his head, was ridden, as if for exercise, by Joe Langworthy past the huntsman's cottage-door and up the rugged

lane leading to the open moor, at the gate of which Frank was already in attendance, eagerly awaiting the animal's arrival.

'I hop', sir, you've a got your watch along wi' you?' said the groom, with evident uneasiness; 'cause, ef the maester on'y com'th home avore you du, I may zo well go upon tramp 'twance.'

'All right, Joe; I'll be back in lots of time, never fear,' said Frank, pulling out his spurs, and bidding the groom buckle them on as he vaulted lightly into the saddle. 'But mind, if you see that old fool Matthews or Sally Head, keep your mouth stopped, or they'll dig it out of you to a dead certainty.'

'Nit they, I reckon. I b'ant likely to vang that crown you promised me, if wan o' they gets their nose inside the stable-door avore that there colt's back again in he's stal. Joe Langworthy know'th a trick worth tew o' that, he doth.'

But the groom's words were spoken to the winds; for swifter than they Frank had sped forth like an arrow from a crossbow, and in a few minutes had placed the distant sky-line between him and the man, who still lingered gazing after him, half alarmed and half delighted at the fearless pace he traversed the moor.

'I'm off for Oxford to-morrow, and couldn't leave without saying 'good-bye to you,' said Frank, swinging the front gate open, as he entered the Heathercot lawn and was met by Mrs. Cornish, who, basket in hand, was already in the garden, gathering a few fresh flowers, still moist with the morning dew.

'Going to Oxford, and so soon?' she replied, as if startled by the intelligence. 'I always understood you were intended for the army, and that you had no fancy for a learned profession.'

'Nor have I,' said Frank, bluntly. 'I'd rather be a drummer-boy in a marching regiment than be compelled to preach, practise, or plead, against which my nature positively rebels.'

He then explained that, while he waited for his commission, it was thought advisable by his parents he should rub off the rust of Buckbury by residing at Oxford, where, if he did not study, he might mix in good society, and be mentally improved by the very atmosphere of the place.

'A most excellent arrangement,' observed the fair widow, leading him up to the house and giving the gardener orders to take care of his horse; 'but we shall all be sorry to lose you, and nobody knows when, if ever, we shall see you again.'

'No fear of that,' replied Frank, as if pained by the very thought of such a calamity; 'no fear of that, if I am above ground.'

They then entered together the bright little morning room, so tastefully decorated with many a rare piece of oriental porcelain and many an article of foreign *bijouterie*, the *spolia opima* of raids and conflicts fought in various parts of the world; but Frank's eye sought in vain for that living attraction—those deep blue eyes, reflecting the light of heaven in their lustre; those wavy tresses that fell like a shower of gold over a neck and shoulders fairer than Parian marble; and that merry voice, sweeter to his ears than the

voice of an angel—lacking which the place seemed little better than a mere desert to him.

He said nothing; but his eye expressed unutterable disappointment, and an audible sigh burst forth in spite of his effort to suppress it.

‘Here I am, as you see, all alone,’ exclaimed the widow, noting with no little gratification the cloud of dejection that hung so heavily on Frank’s brow. ‘Mary is gone to Buckbury, to buy some pencils for sketching, but will be back by one, if Mr. Barker does not waylay and compel her to lunch with him. But, of course, you’ll spend the day with us.’

‘Impossible!’ he gasped out, as if the intelligence were choking him. ‘I have promised to be back by that time at Watercombe, and my mother would go wild if I did not spend my last afternoon with her.’

‘Then, if it must be so, I shall certainly not tell Mary *who* has been here,’ replied Mrs. Cornish, with a touch of tenderness in the tone of her voice implying that the disappointment would be more than her daughter could bear.

Nothing on earth is so flattering to the vanity of a young man undergoing the pangs of a first passion as to be assured that the object of his adoration is tortured in a like degree with love for him. The possession of such a feeling adds to his self-importance, and he literally grows an inch or two in stature under the influence of so sweet and stimulating a cordial. Alas! that so often the soft impeachment should turn out to be nothing better than ‘soft sauder,’ and that the love on which we depend should prove

. . . ‘an empty sound,
The modern fair one’s jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle’s nest.’

But it is so, just as the poet sings, and as we men too well know by experience; for few and far between are they who have not been sorely scorched in their early days, and carried that first scar to their graves. Still let us hope our fair heroine may be one in a thousand, and prove a bright exception to this too common rule—one who, true as the dove to its mate, when she gives her hand will give her heart as well.

‘Gone to Buckbury! and probably won’t be back till after luncheon,’ ejaculated Frank, in absolute despair; then, after pondering for a moment, as if lost in thought, a sudden impulse seized him. ‘I’ll go to Buckbury too,’ he said; ‘it is only a mile or too out of my way. I should be sorry to miss saying good-bye to Miss Cornish.’

No objection being made to this measure, Frank, who still held his hat in his hand, and had not even taken a seat, bid his fair hostess farewell with a somewhat short ceremony, promising, however, not to lose a day in coming to see them again so soon as he returned from Oxford.

Impelled by an occasional touch of the sharp rowels, the colt, with his long and even stride, travelled over the rough three miles lying between Heathercot and Buckbury in something less than fifteen minutes; but as they entered the town and got upon the hard stones, Frank discovered, to his dismay, that the animal had cast a shoe and was going dead lame in his near fore-foot—a catastrophe which caused him immediately to dismount and lead the limping beast to an adjoining smithy, the only one of which the town could boast.

Already, however, two nearly thoroughbred animals, which, by their glossy skins and fine-drawn carcasses, appeared to be a pair of leaders, either of the Nonpareil, the Quicksilver mail, or some other fast coach, were standing hooked up under the penthouse, awaiting their turn to be shod. Within, at the back of the smithy, a ragged-looking stableman, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up, his breeches unbuttoned at the knee, and his braces hanging loosely round his loins, was helping a boy to blow the bellows; while the blacksmith himself, a veritable son of Vulcan, was making the anvil ring with his mighty blows as he fashioned a bar of red-hot iron into the shape of a horseshoe.

‘My horse has cast a shoe, Phill, and I should be much obliged if you’d clap on a new one directly,’ said Frank, addressing the hardy craftsman, whom he had well known in his school-days.

‘Can’t. If you was King William himself, or yt the Royal Adelaide, you must tak’ your turn like other folks, gentle or simple—fust come, fust served, that’s the law here.’

‘And that’s on’y fair play,’ observed the stableman, who, in working the bellows, was hissing and blowing like a bag of snakes.

‘But I’m in a desperate hurry,’ remonstrated Frank, anxiously.

‘Zo be I tew,’ replied the strapper, ‘and zo’s the Defiance; her’ll be up at eleven to th’ minnit; and ef they hosses han’t a got their shues on, all vitty, the gove’nor ’ll give me the sack, stram, and no mistake.’

‘And he out and out my best customer; pay’th on the nail, gude gold for gude iron,’ added the blacksmith, who not only did all the shoeing, but all the farriery as well for the stables. ‘T’won’t do to offend he, will it, Dawes?’

‘No, I reckon,’ responded the man appealed to; ‘I’ll ate vire avore I doos it; and I zim you’d better not try it on, neithermore.’

Here, then, was a predicament which no calculation could have foreseen, and from which Frank’s chance of escape appeared to be utterly hopeless. It was now past ten o’clock, and if the blacksmith had been gifted with the powers of Vulcan himself, he could scarcely have accomplished his work on the coach-horses within the given time. In France two men are required to shoe a horse—one to hold up his leg and the other to fit the shoe on and drive the nails in; but Phill Sandover did his work single-handed, keeping a boy merely to blow the bellows; nor was there another smith nearer than Budleford, a hamlet three miles distant, but, as luck would have it, on

the direct road leading to Watercombe. Frank pulled out his purse—he had found that argument answer before—but the blacksmith told him curtly that, if he offered him the fee-simple of the house he lived in, he would not swerve from his rule.

In this dilemma, when he thought of the serious scrape in which he must certainly be involved at home, and, above all, of the still more serious ruin it would inevitably bring on poor Joe Langworthy and his youthful family, Frank's heart began to fail him, and bid fair in another minute to drop to zero, if a *Deus ex machina* had not appeared most opportunely on the scene. This was no other than his old friend Host, the kind-hearted doctor, the man of all others who would help him, if he could, out of any difficulty: he it was who rode gently by; and before he had gone ten paces past the smithy he was saluted by Frank, who rushed out and stopped his horse.

In a few words he explained his embarrassment, confessing that he had slipped away from home during his father's absence, on purpose to say good-bye to the Heathercot people; that his horse had cast a shoe on the road, and that if he could not get him re-shod at once, it would be impossible for him to reach Watercombe before the Squire returned—a result that would not only bring down wrath on his own head, but lead to the dismissal and ruin of Joe Langworthy.

'I've only half an hour to spare,' he urged, 'and if you could but persuade Sandover to do that little job off-hand, it would save me a world of trouble, and I should ever be grateful.'

'Phill is as difficult to move as his own anvil,' said the doctor, 'and was never once known to swerve from that rule of his—“Every horse in his turn; first come, first served.” So I might as well talk to a mule. But I'll manage it for you; my groom shall lead your horse on to Buddleford, where he will be well shod; then you shall have a hack of mine to carry you so far on your homeward route; this will give you half an hour to see your old friends at Buckbury, and at the same time enable you to reach Watercombe in good time.'

Frank's gratitude was boundless; but having purposely withheld from the doctor the real object of his visit to Buckbury, he promised, as he hastily darted off in another direction, to find his way back to his house punctually in half an hour, and so escaped the inquiries he feared might be made.

'The old mare shall be ready; but keep her going and she'll carry you there like a sky-rocket,' said the doctor, shouting after him.

Frank merely lifted his heel, and, pointing to his new spurs, intimated that he was prepared to obey that mandate to the very letter: the not-over-comfortable thought, however, flashed across his mind that it must be Casket he was doomed to ride. He then hurried off towards the Red Lion in a flutter of hope and excitement, he was powerless to control.

Jonas, the waiter, was at the door, his usual post when there were no customers within; for thence, although with a duster in hand he

appeared to be cleaning the front-parlour windows, or now 'flicking' a stray cur as he passed within reach, or talking gossip with some neighbour equally garrulous with himself, he kept his eye constantly turned on a sharp pitch of the road descending into the town on the western side. The distance, once measured for a wager, had been ascertained to be exactly a lanyard, or sixteen feet and a half beyond the half-mile, from the inn door to that point; and yet even so far Jonas was able, from habit and keen observation, to take stock of the up-coach, and tell almost to a man the number of outsiders it was bringing to the town. They might not tarry there, but it was a rare occurrence for a passenger, acquainted with the character of the Red Lion, not to taste the old rum and milk, a 'go' of shrub, or a glass of whit-ale, tuned up at that hostelry. So for these morning customers, as Frank approached him, Jonas was on the look-out.

'Well, Jonas, old chap, and how goes it with you? Not much stirring in this place as usual, I should think?' inquired Frank, feeling his way cautiously.

'Ye'u'm about right there, sir; and if it was not for they coaches a waking of us up now and agen, us might zo well bide in bed for all the customers as come by daylight to our door. There's wan pony-trap in our stable-yard now, and that's all; but there, that's of a young lady; and if her want'th ought to make use of, her go'th to the passon's and get'th her lap and tackle there; zo her's no gude to our trade, nit a happerth.'

He would have gone on for an hour in this strain if Frank, growing impatient, had not cut him short by asking, point blank, if the lady was not Miss Cornish, and where she was at that moment.

'That's her, fai'; and I zeed her, 'twas but tew minutes agone, a crossing over wi' a note in her han' towards th' schule-house; but I zim 'tis schule-time now, and her'll be back agen zoon.

This opinion was scarcely expressed ere Frank, whose eyes were instinctively turned in that direction, caught sight of a figure that made every nerve tingle and every bone in his body thrill to the very marrow. Not Jupiter himself, descending from heaven in a shower of gold, could have dropped into Danæ's lap in less time than it took him to spring across the road and be at Mary's side, as if impelled thither by a thunderbolt from the clouds.

The old shyness, however, again possessed him, and so confused were his thoughts, so overwrought his expectation, that for some seconds he scarcely knew what he was saying; but as this brain-tumult by degrees subsided, he told her that, finding she had left Heathercot, he had followed her so far only to say a hurried good-bye, that he was going the next day to Oxford, and that he should not see her again for a long, long while—more than two months; but, he added, 'I shall think of you every moment of my life, Mary, and may I be allowed to hope that you'll not forget me?'

'Forget you!' she said, in an earnest, but half-vexed and tremulous tone—'never!' That vow was registered in heaven and there sealed; nor, to the day when her pure spirit winged its way to

the bar above, was the 'Recording Angel' ever moved to drop one tear over that plighted troth.

What Frank's loyalty proved to be the sequel will reveal. He had now, like Mary, only recently reached his eighteenth year; time therefore, that tester of love and healer of wounds, would soon put him on his trial and probe the soundness of his heart to its very core.

After this brief avowal on both their parts, they strolled together in silence to the inn door, when Mary, having announced her intention of returning to Heathercot, begged that the pony-carriage might be brought round without delay; but as even Taffy seemed in no hurry to depart, and Frank still lingered by her side, he was able again to extract from her that solemn promise 'never to forget him.'

He watched her retreating form with a painful gaze for some time; and had it been the will of the gods at that instant to grant them the fate of Baucis and Philemon, and change them into two green trees, growing closely together, whose roots and boughs might still intertwine and mingle lovingly with each other, rather than be parted they would both of them have hailed the metamorphosis with joy.

When Frank reached Mr. Host's house he was half an hour late; but although the kind doctor had been compelled to leave on professional duty, he had left instructions with Mr. Amyatt, the assistant, to tell him that Casket stood hooked up by her pillar-reins, saddled, bridled, and ready for immediate use. His ride to Watercombe, however, not without its events, must be reserved for the next chapter.

CARPE DIEM.

Go out hunting while you may,
For doubt gives birth to sorrow;
And he who will not hunt to-day
May lose his chance to-morrow.

Go out hunting while you may,
Yon cloudless sky is warning;
The frost at night, which seems but slight,
May stop you in the morning.

Go out hunting while you may—
Though Age advances slowly,
He soon may clasp you in his grasp,
And stop your hunting wholly.

Go out hunting while you may,
Lest you, for paltry reasons,
The Fates accuse, if you should lose
The run of many seasons.

R. E. A.

EXPERIENCES OF MR. THOMAS COLEMAN.

I.

WHEN a man has lived to the great age of fourscore years, and even beyond that, with all his faculties keen as ever, and has, moreover, from childhood taken a prominent part in sport of almost every description, and been mixed up with the principal patrons and performers connected with those sports, he must needs have much to tell, and many recollections to call up which are well worth hearing and preserving. It would be almost an insult to our readers to tell them that such a man is Mr. Coleman, better known as Tommy Coleman. Some months ago a most interesting paper appeared in 'Baily' on his life and times, the only defect of which was that it was too short, and though it told much, we felt sure in such life-long experiences there must yet be more interesting matter which remained untold. Accordingly, we sought and obtained permission to call and have a chat with the veteran trainer at his snug little home, Bentinck Lodge (named after Lord George), at New Barnet, where we found him hale and hearty.

'A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows;'

right willing to bid us welcome to his cheerful hearth, situated in the midst of the most beautiful park-like scenery.

It was not long ere we got him fairly started on those themes which we came to hear, for his heart is still with the saddling paddock, and the starting-post, and—

'Loving the sports which once he gloried in.'

Nothing delights him more than to recall old triumphs achieved in what now seems to us those dark ages when railroads were unknown and telegraphs were not. But merely premising that the points in his career which have already appeared in 'Baily,' where they cannot be altogether omitted shall be passed over as lightly as possible, we leave him to speak for himself.

'My first start with horses was under a man named Greathead, who was stud-groom to Lord Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, who had the celebrated Wellesley Grey Arabian, a stallion of some note in his day. Then I was at Ascot Heath in King George the Third's time, from 1810 to 1813, under Wetherall, at Chivey Down Lodge, who also had stables at Epsom Downs. At that time the King gave a hundred-guinea plate to be run for by horses belonging to his Yeomen Prickers who rode after him with the staghounds, and he gave another hundred-guinea plate at Ascot for horses that had been in at the taking of ten stags. I have had many a hard ride and long day to get a ticket,

‘as the runs were usually severe, and you must have been at the take
‘to claim a ticket, which the huntsman gave you; and it was
‘absolutely necessary to have the number to qualify, and they were
‘particular as to your going right to the end of the day. The King
‘had one exceedingly long run to the common called No Man’s Land
‘with a stag turned out at Stoke, Colonel Vyse’s place near Slough.
‘When he was taken the King asked what place it was, and on
‘being told it was called “No Man’s Land,” he said, “Then it’s my
‘“land.” I established the races here years afterwards, and qualified
‘for this cup after I was at St. Albans. The Yeoman Prickers
‘carried large French horns slung over their shoulders, which could
‘be heard at a great distance off, and wore scarlet coats trimmed
‘with broad gold lace down their backs. There were ten of them
‘in number. The Duke of York at that time had his horses
‘trained at Ascot by a man named Bird; and a Mr. Worley
‘managed the stud at Oatlands Park, who afterwards had the
‘management of the Hampton Court paddocks, which King George
‘the Fourth took such delight in, as he did also in the staghounds
‘which stood at Ascot Heath. Besides the Duke of York, Colonel
‘Vyse trained at Ascot, as did Mr. Batson, Mr. Ramsbottom, and
‘Mr. Bolt, and I used to ride Colonel Vyse’s horses in their gallops
‘and trials; he had some good horses. Lord Cornwallis was
‘Master of the Buckhounds, and lived at Swinley Park, and the
‘deer were kept in the paddocks there, great red deer as big as
‘donkeys; they’d frequently go fifteen or twenty miles, and they
‘thought nothing of crossing the River Thames.

‘In 1813 I left Ascot and went, with George Dockery, to live and
‘train at Marford. We trained in Lord Melbourne’s park at
‘Brockett Hall up to 1816, and also at No Man’s Land, close by.

‘In the winter of 1813 we had a long, deep snow, which lasted
‘thirteen weeks. Hedges, gates, and lanes were all under snow;
‘the Thames was frozen over, and a bullock roasted on it, and a
‘four-horse coach driven across.

‘In the spring of 1814 I brought out the first horse trained by
‘myself, and at the first meeting won two races out of three.
‘Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe, father of the late Squire of Hitchin, then
‘Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales, who was one of the
‘best gentleman jockeys of that time, rode for me. There were
‘none but real first-class gentleman jockeys at that time—a very
‘different class to those going now.

‘The King’s Plate horses ran four-mile heats, carrying 3-year-olds,
‘7 st. 7 lbs., up to aged horses, 12 stone and over. We required
‘sound ones in those days and plenty of stamina. I trained a year
‘or two at Marford and then went to Bulstrode Park, at Gerrards
‘Cross, and there had the stables and the use of a cottage, and won
‘a lot of races from then up to 1820. At that time horses were not
‘travelled as they are now, but always walked, and the race meetings
‘were divided into different circuits, of which the western was
‘farmed by old Grandfather Day, John and Montgomery Dilly, old

“ Mr. Sadler of Alsworth, father of Isaac Sadler of Bibury, and Tom Stevens’s father, Charles Day of Northleach, and Mr. Dundas of Barton ; and the first time I ever went the Western Circuit I took the Oxford Cup away from them with a horse called Gardenio, beating Sadler’s mare Pastorella by Selim, who had beaten Lord Verulam’s Varennes at Ascot, and was one of the best he ever had. The Oxford Cup was thought a good deal of at that time. Then I took a horse called Vanloo, by Rubens, to Winchester. He was a wonderfully game horse to run heats, but John Dilly had sold him out of his stable. You know the hill at Winchester, which is very severe and requires some doing. George Dockery, one of the best judges of pace and distance in England, was on Vanloo, who I knew was very well and fit, and we had to meet a horse of Mr. W. Græme’s that Dilly had kept, thinking he was the best, and he made so sure of winning with him ; Sam Day rode.

“ I said to George, “ I am very anxious to win with him, and I see “ no way of getting over this except by sinking the first heat : you “ jump off to set them going, then draw your horse back gradually “ and take nothing out of him,” which he did, and Dilly’s horse won in a canter. All went back into the weighing-room, when Dilly said to Mr. Græme, “ I told you, sir, this horse was always 10 lbs. “ better than Vanloo.” Thought I to myself, “ You will tell a “ different tale ; the race ain’t over yet.”

“ The next heat I told George to jump off and force the pace every stride, and the consequence was he won by half a dozen lengths. I did not look after him, but followed up to hear what passed between Day and Dilly. The latter said, “ What ! are “ you mad, Sam, laying out of your ground like that ? ” Sam said, “ What do you mean by that ? I never could smell him ; I’ll “ let you see next heat.” We forced the pace again and won in a canter, and Sam was hard on his horse, whipping him from the half distance. Then I took Vanloo and won the Brighton Cup from Lord Egremont, who ran a good Whalebone horse, on which odds were laid. He was a leading man there at that time. Macdonald rode there for me : he was not a clever chap, but rode a good bit for me at times.

“ There had been races held in Lord Melbourne’s, at Bocket Hall Park, before I trained there, and the house was open, just as at Goodwood. George the Fourth, as Prince Regent, always attended and ran horses, as did Sir John Shelley, Sir Charles Bunbury, and all the leading noblemen of the Turf, and the best horses of the day ran there. In 1815 I rode a black horse, called Speculator, against Whalebone, the last King’s Plate he ever ran. Mr. Law wanted to buy Speculator and to know what I thought of him, but Whalebone beat him. Then the same year I rode a horse called Forester at Bridgewater ; he was the property of Mr., afterwards Sir, Charles Frederick Williams, a barrister, then on the Western Circuit, who sent and said he wished him not to run in his own

'name, as he was on circuit. So I entered and rode him, but could not win. Sir Charles was afterwards a judge.

'In 1820 the Earl of Verulam gave me leave to train in Gorbambury Park, near St. Albans, and I took a farmhouse and stables from one of his tenants, who held two farms. I then took the tavern at St. Albans called the Chequers, with a paddock, large yard, and premises, which I pulled down and rebuilt on a twenty years' lease; I also took the next house adjoining the gateway and gutted it, so as to put up everything comfortable, and built stabling and good boxes for thirty horses, with a ride opposite, to exercise on in wet weather. I put in bedrooms, hot and cold baths, and a billiard-room, and the Hunt Club was held there for twenty years. I also put on a stage coach, which ran twice a day from Luton to the Watford Station, for the convenience of the public. Later on I built the Turf Cottage upon the site of the winning-post of the first public steeplechase ever run, between two tremendous elm-trees, which I cut down. The cottage is now letting for 50*l.* a year, and I was foolish enough to lay out about 2,500*l.* on other people's ground. I started the St. Albans race meeting in 1830 on No Man's Land, where King George the Fourth won the St. Albans Cup with his horse Hindostan. I had over fifty men at work on the common, but Mr. Kinder, the brewer, steward for Lord Spencer, who was lord of the manor, came and said, "What the devil are you doing here, Coleman, cutting this place about? Lord Spencer will bring an action against you." I said, "Let him bring his action; I am not robbing the common, I am only levelling it; and it will be well dressed, and you are the only man who will reap the benefit of it." He said, "I must tell old Will James, the under-steward, and you must give him a sovereign for the right of the use of the common for one week, to hold races on, and he must give you a receipt."

"Then I asked Lord Verulam to head the list of subscribers, "Because," I said, "they will follow you, my Lord;" who answered, "I am Lord Lieutenant of the county, and it will not do for me to put my name down until I see how it is approved of by the gentlemen of the county; if you go on with it I will come in afterwards;" and added, "You will never get respectable men to send their horses to run here, Coleman." I said, "I'll get His Majesty himself to send a horse." Then he laughed and said to Lady Verulam, "Old Coleman says he'll get His Majesty to send a horse;" and I answered, "I'll take 10 to 1 I do."

"Then I went home and wrote to the King, under cover to John Radford; he was then the King's head man, and what he said was law about horses, though Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe was the Master of the Horse. He kept his cabriolet, with a tiger. Jack read him the letter, and he said, "That's a worthy character; he deserves support; Colonel and Hindostan shall go." I got

‘ a letter back, which said, “I am commanded by His Majesty to
‘ “ say his horses shall come, to promote sport. He will send
‘ “ the Colonel and Hindostan, but you must not let them be entered
‘ “ in any race where the winners will be sold.”

‘ Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe came galloping over to me in a great rage,
‘ and said, “What is this you have written to the King? His
‘ “ Majesty has ordered the Colonel and Hindostan here. I can’t
‘ “ think what he is thinking of; he must be mad, as they are
‘ “ engaged in the Cup at Ascot. You must have a comfortable
‘ “ stable, and not make a public show of them.”

‘ I went and showed Lord Verulam the letter, and he said,
‘ “I will be candid with you, Coleman; you are a most indefatigable
‘ “ fellow, and you may go and say safely, that you have done
‘ “ more than I as Lord Lieutenant, or Lord Salisbury, or any
‘ “ nobleman in the county could have done. His Majesty is a
‘ “ very odd man; you never need ask me again; always put me
‘ “ down as a subscriber for 20/.”

‘ I said to Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe this is the first *Craven* run here.
‘ I should like you to ride, to win it for His Majesty. He an-
‘ swered, “I am getting too old to ride with these young jockeys.
‘ “ I have not the nerve now; but I will come with His Majesty’s
‘ “ colours on, and, if you can manage a canter over, I’ll get on
‘ “ Hindostan and canter him round the course.” I put three in
‘ myself at 10/ each to swell the race, and could have drawn
‘ them; and I tried hard for the others to do so, but could not
‘ get them. I asked Mr. Latour, who thought about winning, but
‘ he said he would not, as he fancied he could win, and if not, he
‘ would run, to have the honour of running against His Majesty.
‘ I answered, “Your horse will run up to Wheathampstead instead
‘ “ of to the winning-post. He’s not broke yet, let alone trained.”
‘ Then I told Arthur Pavis on Hindostan, “If you don’t get off and
‘ “ force the pace, Conrad will beat you; Dockery will get the first
‘ “ run on the post and win, for his horse is very fast.” He did
‘ not get away the first time, and I called them back, and started
‘ them again, when Conrad did beat him by a neck, as I had told
‘ him he would.

‘ Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe was in a great rage, and said the horses
‘ should not start again, adding, “I dare not write to His Majesty.
‘ “ I don’t know what to say to him.” I said, “You are sure to win
‘ “ the Cup if my mare makes running;” but he told me not to talk
‘ nonsense; he could not listen to nonsense. Then I went to Jack
‘ Radford, who said, “This is a bad job, being beat for the Craven,
‘ “ Tommy. Do you think we can get over the Cup? Never mind
‘ “ what Delmé says, if you can win.” I had a mare called Bunter
‘ by Tramp, a rare game one, who could gallop all day; so I told
‘ Arthur Pavis to ride his horse tender, and I would send Bunter
‘ such a pace as to destroy all the rest, as it was a three-mile
‘ race. I was so anxious for the King to win. I told my jockey
‘ to jump off and force the pace, and he did so every stride, so

‘ that they were all beaten half a mile from home ; she was so
‘ game, and my jockey kept her going so : I had not told him
‘ to let the King’s horse win, as I considered he would have
‘ destroyed his own chance in cutting down the other horses,
‘ and we never heard of such a thing as pulling a horse in those
‘ days. But she ran so stout that the King’s horse was in trouble to
‘ catch her, and, though I held up my hand to my jockey, who tried
‘ to win, to ease his horse, it was no use ; and Hindostan only caught
‘ her in the last stride, and won by a short head, after one of the
‘ severest races ever seen. Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe went to catch hold
‘ of Hindostan, to lead him back to weigh, and said to me, “ Cole-
‘ “ man, you are a most indefatigable fellow, and only remiss in one
‘ “ thing—you should have had the band strike up ‘ God save the
‘ “ ‘ King ! ’ as they passed the post.” Jack Radford said he did not
‘ care as long as they had won, went back and had some tea,
‘ and then drove off to Windsor Castle, and arrived there at ten
‘ minutes to eight, and told the King that his horse had won the
‘ St. Albans Cup. He asked if it was a cup or money, and on being
‘ told it was a cup, was much pleased, as he preferred that to money.

‘ I afterwards sold him a horse, such a clever one ! This was the
‘ way I got him. I went one day into Tattersall’s when old
‘ Richard (who was a great friend of mine) was selling a horse, and
‘ 39 guineas were just bid. I was pressing forward to look at him,
‘ and he asked, “ Will no one give any more ? Forty guineas ?
‘ And knocked him down, saying, “ For you, Mr. Coleman.” He
‘ knew I wanted a clever one, and this was, a dark chestnut, up
‘ to great weight, short-legged, and powerful, with a head and
‘ neck well set on. I took him home, and rode him next day on the
‘ road, and found he was an excellent mover, firm, and safe, and
‘ could ride quite independent of his bridle. So I wrote to Jack
‘ Radford at Windsor Castle, for him to tell the Duke of Cumberland
‘ that I had a horse (which I described) which I thought would suit
‘ him. He got my letter on Saturday, and read it, as he said, to his
‘ “ old man,” meaning George the Fourth, who told him to go over
‘ the first thing next day, Sunday, and see the horse, which he did,
‘ saying, “ Well, Tommy, I must see the horse out.” And he rode
‘ him down the Hatfield road while the people were in church, as
‘ I told him to try him any way he liked on the quiet. He came
‘ back and said, “ He’s all you described him ; I suppose I must
‘ “ take him, Tommy, or my old man won’t be satisfied ; and I
‘ “ must give you an order on the Duke of Leeds or Dorset (I
‘ “ forget which now) for a hundred.” He was sent to Cumber-
‘ land Lodge. The King never rode him, but had him led out
‘ to show his friends what a nice horse he was. Thus, a horse
‘ picked up for 40 guineas by auction became the favourite of a
‘ king. I had his patronage after that, and I must tell you of my
‘ meeting him at Ascot ; but first you must hear about Mr. Heath-
‘ core’s horses, and how I came to train them, as they are mixed up
‘ with it.

‘ In the year — I was at Ascot, and met Mr. S. Unwin Heathcote of Sheephallbury, Herts, and he asked me if I would undertake the training of his horses. I said I would do so with pleasure, and Mr. Heathcote told me to take them from the Brick-kilns, where Bloss had them at the time, to St. Albans. I accordingly took them; and the first of them which I ran was Nigel at Guildford, where he won the King’s Plate and the Town Plate. I took the certificate for the King’s Plate to him at Sheephallbury, and he told me not to bring anything until the end of the season, saying, “We’ll see how we stand then: I have long thought that you would do some good with my horses;” and added, “There is a little brown horse here which Bloss has sent home with a bulge on his back sinew, through being galloped while he was heavy. I wish you would send for him and sell him if you can get me 100*l.* for him. He is by Amadis, out of Sister to Doctor Syntax (the dam of Scipio and Little Red Rover.)” I went to look at the horse, and then told Mr. Heathcote I thought I could do better than sell him for 100*l.*, as I thought I could get his back sinew straight again. He said I should send for him, and do what I thought best. I had the horse home, got his sinew straight again and firm, and won four races with him. When he won a fifth time, he beat a large field of horses, and Mr. Theobald of Stockwell, who was present, offered 300*l.* for him. I said I was sure he could have him, but that I must see Mr. Heathcote first. I went and mentioned the offer, and he told me to take it, saying he would add a cheque for 500*l.* to the price of the horse for me to go into the North to try and pick up something to win the cup at the Hoo, for which Lady Dacre had drawn the model (design), saying that Mr. Sowerby intended to give from 2,000*l.* to 3,000*l.* for a horse to win it with. Mr. Sowerby bought Lionel Lincoln from the Duke of York (which horse, a great big one by Whalebone, was always winning at Newmarket), and he also bought Rufus from the Duke of Grafton, who had run second to Middleton for the Derby. I told Mr. Heathcote I’d rather trust to the little brown horse than risk picking one up in the North. He replied, “But you don’t think he can beat such horses as Lionel Lincoln and Rufus, do you?” I said it all depended whether he would be right on the morning of the race or not; that if he was, it would take a clinker to beat him. Mr. Heathcote said, “Very well then. Keep him by all means.” I then told him I should have to send him home to Sheephallbury to run about in one of his paddocks, as he was a very difficult horse to train, and one gallop might upset him. I sent him accordingly, and he was put in a paddock for seven or eight weeks.

‘ When the meeting came on, people said that running him against Lionel Lincoln and Rufus was like setting a rabbit to run after hares, and offered any odds against him. Mr. Heathcote brought Mr. Wigram and others to see him gallop in the morning, when he was out with Nigel; but I said, “I would not give him a

“gallop for 50*l*. He is right now, and he will win.” Mr. Henry Wigram said, “You have no chance, Unwin; Coleman is too sanguine by half.” And they all laughed, particularly Jem Messer and Gould, a trainer of Bennington. We started Nigel, ridden by Conolly, to force the running; and Syntax, as the brown horse was then called, had Arthur Pavis on him, who, after feeling his neck, said, “You have too much here, Tommy, haven’t you?” I said, “You know nothing about it. What you have to do is to ride the horse as I tell you.” The course was two miles; and I said to Pavis, “I’m going to send Nigel away for the first mile, to force the pace. The moment you get over the road leading to the bridge, I want you to go to the front and take the running away from whatever may be making it.” He answered: “But I havn’t a chance of taking the running away from Lionel Lincoln.” I said, “You can try, can’t you?” “Yes.” The moment he got over the road, he went to the front, took up the running, and went on ahead, increasing his lead at every stride, and finally winning by a hundred yards, to the amazement of every one. When he pulled up, he called out to me, “Here, Tommy, you start him with a hundred of our Newmarket horses, and he’ll win by a hundred yards.” I told him, “Never you mind that; you go on and get weighed.” It was a glorious day. How Mr. Heathcote did halloo, to be sure.

After this, I took Nigel, Syntax, and Rambler to Ascot; and I was out with my three horses by the old mile, and His Majesty George the Fourth was in his four-wheel chaise at the Swinley post, near the kennels. He sent Jack Radford, who came galloping up and said, “Come here, Tommy; His Majesty wants you. Holloa at him, and stare him hard in the face.” So I cantered across to him. His first words were: “That’s a monstrous nice horse you are on, Coleman.”

“Yes, Your Majesty; but he has bad joints. He’s a good-topped horse.”

“Oh! I see. What have you got to run here?”

“I have those three yonder. They shall canter up here directly, Your Majesty.”

Then he said, “You shall see mine canter;” and Radford called out their names as they went past. Mortgage and Maria were the best of them. Then came Lord Mountcharles’s; amongst them a little one by Tramp; and he said, “What’s that, Radford?” “I don’t know, Your Majesty.” “Hang you, Coleman! I’ll lay you 10 to 1 against that.”

I cantered mine and called them over, and he said, “What’s that brown horse? It goes keen and well. Is that the horse that beat them all at the Hoo?”

Then I said, “You shall see them stripped, Your Majesty.” He answered, “Thank you, Mr. Coleman;” and the boys came up and took off their hats to him, and stripped them. Nigel was first led up. He said, “This is a monstrous nice horse. How is he bred?”

“By Election out of Rowena.”

“He’s very like my horse Carbenero. Did you ever see him?”

“Yes, Your Majesty; I saw him win the King’s Plate at Guildford.”

“Ah! do you know, Mr. Coleman, I saw the best horse in

England break down there running for the Plate, Copernicus.

“Do you know I should like to buy this horse, Mr. Coleman;”

and he called Radford, and told him to see to it. When he saw

Syntax, he said, “I don’t like him; he’s no waist, like my hunts-

man there,” meaning Davis, who was close by.

He asked me what my horses were going to run for, and I said,

“Syntax for the Oatlands, Your Majesty, Nigel for the King’s

Plate, and Rambler for the Privy Hundred.”

He said, “I shall beat you for the Oatlands, Lord Egremont

will beat you for the Plate, and the other I think the brown

horse will win.”

As it turned out, Lord Egremont won the Oatlands and the

Plate, and Rambler the Privy Hundred.

The King kept saying, “Who’s that, Radford?” when he saw any one. Then came Chifney, and he asked again.

“Old Sam, Your Majesty.”

“How are you, Sam?”

“Very well, Your Majesty; happy to see you out, and looking so well.”

“How is the old horse, Mortgage? have you been on him?”

“Yes, Your Majesty. I think we shall just about pull through.”

I had a good bit to do with Mr. Gully at one time. He was a

nice, sensible man. “Coleman,” he said, “when I was young I

fancied I could fight a bit, and lick some of them; but I don’t

call myself a boxer.” He fought three times: twice with Greg-

son after he had been beaten by the Game Chicken. He fought

Gregson in Sir John Sebright’s park.

He gave 4,000*l.* for Mameluke after he had won the

Derby. Sam Chifney rode him for the St. Leger, and they had

twelve false starts. When I was going up to the horse he said,

“Mind, he’ll strike you! I shall get off presently.” The Duke of

Devonshire came at last and started them. I made Mr. Gully back

Matilda, she was so fit, and so he saved himself. I bought Bunter,

that so nearly beat Hindostan, of him, and he gave me Little Gift.

This was the way of it: he wrote to me to come and see him at

Hare Park, and said he would sell me a mare that would do me

some good. As soon as I got down from the trap I saw a little

brown filly in front of the house and asked him, “What’s that?”

He said, “A filly by Centaur, out of Twatty. She can go a good

pace. I’ll give her to you; that’s why I called her Little Gift.”

She won me a cup and a lot of races. There was a cup given

at St. Leonards, and I took her there and won it. It was presented

to me at the opening of the Assembly Rooms at St. Leonards, and went through all the ladies’ hands. The Master of the Cere-

monies turned out a man named Crampton I had sent to get it, and said I must come in and drink success to the place. Then old Mr. Milward, who was the head man, got up and made a speech, and said I had been such a good supporter that my horses should always stand at his stables, free of expense, when they came to the races as long as he lived, and so they did; and his widow wrote and begged me to continue the same afterwards. The Master of the Ceremonies said, "The ladies have a great desire to keep the cup and want to raffle for it; what will you take for it?" I said 75 guineas, and sold it to him.

As she was very handsome, I had promised Prince Paul Esterhazy the refusal of her as a park hack, when she had done running, but one day the old Prince Esterhazy, father of Prince Paul and grandfather of the present Prince Nicholas, came down to see me. I had never met him before, and did not know him, as he was very seldom in England. He drove to St. Albans with a heavy carriage and four horses, and asked to see Mr. Coleman, when I introduced myself. He said, "I want to see your horses." First he saw Petticoat, a mare in training, but he did not like her; and next was Little Gift, which greatly took his fancy. He said, "I should like to buy her; what will you take for her?" I told him I could not sell her, as I had promised the refusal of her to Prince Paul Esterhazy, when she had done running. He directly patted his heart and said, "I am Prince Esterhazy; he is my son Paul. I have often heard him speak of you, and he sent me down to see you." I told him I was very pleased to see him, as Prince Paul was one of my best friends and I had dealings with him for twenty years. The Prince appeared very pleased, and I went and sat with him while he had lunch, and he said I had better go to town and see his son Paul, and, if he would not take Little Gift, he would take her himself. But Prince Paul bought her, and, as I thought, took her to Vienna. About fifteen years afterwards I called on Mr. Henry Wigram in Grosvenor Square, and I was looking at some pictures in the entrance hall when Mr. Wigram seeing me, said, "Are you fond of pictures, Coleman? Come up here, I will show you one." On the landing facing you as you went upstairs there was a picture of two horses taken full size. I said, "That brown one is a thoroughbred;" he said, "Yes; it's got by Centaur out of Twatty, by Whalebone, and is the best park hack I ever had; I have ridden it for fourteen years." I asked him where he got it, and he said he bought it of Mr. Gully. "No," I said, "he bred it and gave it to me; I won a lot of races with it and called it Little Gift, as you will see by the Calendar. I sold her to Prince Paul Esterhazy fifteen years ago, and thought he had taken her to Vienna." He said, "I recollect now; I bought her of Prince Esterhazy, and Mr. Gully bred her." Then I asked what had become of her? He smiled and did not answer, but when we had our chat over, he said, "Come and look over my stables, Coleman, and see the nags." The house opened into the stables,

'and the first box I looked in I saw Little Gift, and said, "This is her; she is getting grey-headed." He said, "You are right, Coleman, she is, and I will give her to you again if you put her to a good horse, and she has a colt foal, I will pay the entrance of it in the Derby."

'I sold the late Marquis of Salisbury a hack which he called Coleman, and rode fourteen years, constantly riding him to London and back instead of going by train, and he afterwards pensioned him off for life.

'I also sold several hunters to Mr. Meyrick, who was a curious man at the covert-side; he often came up, and used to say to Sir Charles Sebright at Harpenden Common, "It ain't your hounds which bring me out of Northamptonshire; it's this fellow here to chat with."

'I sold him Bunter, but he would not buy the Curate for 200*l.* when I wanted him to. I told him he would beat Swing at Northampton, and he did, besides winning another race. He was a curious man, and thought all his friends were mad. Then there was Mr. Nevill of Holt, a wonderful good man. He came to my house with Mr. Otway late one Sunday night and would insist on looking through the stables. I had a chestnut mare by Rubens which turned her toes out. I would not have ridden her hunting for any money. As we were passing he said, "What's this? She looks like hunting; I should like to get on her and have a canter." I said, "You can't ride her in the dark;" but he would get on her, and we brought out two lanterns, and the men held them up on forks, and he cantered her up my paddock, and afterwards asked what I wanted for her. I told him 130. He said, "I'll give you 130 guineas." He bought her and took her down to Holt and put Dick Christian on her, who rode her over a lot of gates, and, the third time hunting, he sold her to Lord Plymouth for 350 guineas. She was a long-shanked mare, but had great big jumping hips.

THE 'SELL' LAST SHOOTING SEASON.

WITH the exception that names and individuals and places have been changed, the following facts are true; and I have full leave to publish them, if 'the Editor' will also give his permission:—

Seldom have there been two men who without any very special cause disliked one another so intensely as Colonel Hawkins of the — Guards and Sir Lionel Fitzharding, barrister-at-law. They had been at Eton together, had formerly been rivals in athletic sports, and, strange to say, rivals at times in boyhood's literary competitions. Alternately one had beaten the other. Later in life both had competed for the hand of the same heiress, and, though both had failed, mutual misfortune had not produced anything approaching to a mutual, kindly feeling of sympathy. Both stood well in so-called

society ; that is, more or less in the same one circlet of society's numerous circles. Occasionally they met in the same hunting field, and not unfrequently in the same shooting party. The Barrister could hold his own well across country with the Colonel. The Guardsman could easily beat Sir Lionel in the turnip field, or at a 'rocketer,' or in covert-shooting. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ* which I am going to relate. The circumstance occurred last season. Everything is quite fresh in my memory. Even now the anathemas of one party and the laughing exultation of the other have hardly ceased to ring in my ears. But to my tale.

Towards the end of September last I found myself forming one of a pleasant shooting party in the hospitable house of Mr. Broadacres in Wiltshire. Colonel Hawkins had come with me on the Monday ; Sir Lionel, I found, was expected on the following day. I met the latter just after he had arrived by the three o'clock express, and was taking a late lunch in the cosy gun-room.

'Well, Sir Lionel, I am very glad to meet you again.'

'So am I to meet you, Toile ; but who are staying here ?'

'Amongst others,' I replied, 'is Colonel Hawkins.'

'Oh, bother that fellow !' said Sir Lionel. 'He will spoil my sport.'

'Yes,' I replied ; 'and what is worse, I heard him say yesterday something of the same kind. He bothered you, as you call it, and said he would get a rise out of you out shooting.'

'Oh, did he ? Very well. Now, mark my words, I will get a rise out of him before I leave this house.'

No doubt I ought not to have repeated Colonel Hawkins' expression. I was wrong ; but I could not help noticing a peculiar coolness and acerbity in Sir Lionel's manner as he made the last remark. I pass by the first evening, the conventional dinner, meeting, and conversation. Next morning the gentlemen of the party came down to breakfast dressed, according to their fancy, in more or less orthodox costume. To my surprise, Sir Lionel had on a pair of white cord trousers.

'What is the fun of that dress ?' cried Hawkins. 'I thought as you entered the room that you were either the Duke of Wellington or Napoleon Buonaparte, and I was preparing to salute.'

'Don't mention it, my dear fellow. I put these white things on to prevent, in case you shoot me, the possibility of a stupid jury reducing the crime of murder to manslaughter.'

The party laughed ; Sir Lionel scored one ; for Hawkins, though a first-rate shot, was very random in his shooting, and had more than once, and that too lately, peppered his friends smartly. In the course of an hour we found ourselves in the stubbles and turnips. Birds, considering the season, were plentiful. Never had I seen Hawkins shoot better ; never had I seen the Baronet shoot worse. The former killed everything he fired at ; the latter hit nothing. Chaff of a rather biting kind was plentiful. Sir Lionel bore it well. Lunch, I thought, might perhaps make a difference ; but not so.

Equally well and equally badly as before lunch shot the two acquaintances in the afternoon. Just before going to dress for dinner I made some remark on the subject to Sir Lionel.

'Never mind,' he replied, with a queer twinkle in his eye. 'All I ask is that, if after dinner I can get a bet out of my friend, you will back me up, and egg him on.'

The ladies had no sooner left the table than Hawkins began: 'Well, of all the shooting muffs, Fitzharding, commend me to you! for you could not hit a feather to-day.'

'The fact is,' replied the Baronet, 'my liver was out of order, and that——'

'Nonsense, my dear fellow! Liver out of order! Why, neither to-day nor ever, when I have seen you, could you hit a haystack sitting, much less flying.'

'Oh, Colonel, you do not know what you are talking about. You were in good form for shooting to-day, and I in bad; that is all the difference between us.'

'Difference!' replied Hawkins. 'Why, that is a good joke. I would back myself always to beat you. I would bet anything that I——'

'Well, that you could do what?'

'Why, lick your head off in the shooting field.'

'Oh, it is all very fine talking that way! but what definite bet will you make?'

'Any sum you like that I kill twenty birds to your one to-morrow.'

'Perhaps you might, for the birds might rise easy shots for you or in numbers near you, and none get up near me. You are at your old game of boasting. If we could make the partridges get up equally fairly for both, and you would give me odds, I would not mind having a match with you.'

'A match with me! You are only boasting, because you know it is impossible to make the birds rise as you say.'

'Ah, indeed! that is your way of shirking out of a definite bet.'

'Is it?' replied the Colonel. 'Well now, gentlemen, I will make a definite bet. If the Squire will allow us to have his ground, or part of his ground, to-morrow to ourselves, I will back myself to kill more birds by only wiping Sir Lionel's eye than he does having first shots.'

(Let me here explain to the uninitiated reader that 'wiping the eye' of another person is a phrase for killing a bird which that person has previously shot at and missed.)

'Humph, ah! But my liver may be out of order again to-morrow.'

'Oh, bother your liver! The fact is that you are now afraid of my definite bet, and are trying to back out. However, to encourage your poor liver, I repeat the bet, with the additional advantage that I will give you two birds in to start with, *all just to encourage your poor liver.*'

'Thanks,' replied Sir Lionel, 'for your kindness; but as that will

'entail extra care of my liver and nerves to-night and to-morrow, I hardly like to have a bet unless you will make it for an amount which will justify the extra trouble I shall have to take in the case of such a crack shot as you are. I do not want to give up my night's smoke, &c., and go in for blue pill and Epsom salts instead of brandy, for a trumpery sum such as you would probably bet.'

'Now, my dear Sir Lionel, I will not let you back out; I will make my bet with you for 1,000/.'

'Make it 2,000/ and I am your man, if we can get the terms of the bet satisfactorily drawn out.'

'Done!' cried the Colonel; 'and I will be bound to say I draw *you* out to-morrow.'

'Possibly,' remarked Sir Lionel, putting his glass in his eye and looking steadily at his opponent. 'Now for the written terms of the bet.'

After some talking, the following were drawn out and duly signed:—

'Mr. Broadacres having, for September 30, 1874, allowed Colonel Hawkins and Sir Lionel Fitzharding the sole right to shoot over his South Wilts estate, Colonel Hawkins bets 2,000/ with Sir Lionel Fitzharding that he, by simply wiping Sir Lionel's eye, will kill more birds than his opponent does in the course of the day. The shooting to begin at 10.30 A.M., and end at 4.30 P.M., an hour to be allowed for lunch. The shooting-beat to be the best the game-keeper can select. If any dispute as to the chosen ground or number of birds shot arises, Mr. Broadacres is to settle the matter; and before the match begins Sir Lionel is to be allowed two dead birds to his score, which he is supposed to have shot.'

'One favour I particularly ask,' said Sir Lionel, 'and that is, gentlemen, that none of you will bet on us. I make a great point of asking this favour; so great, indeed, that had I thought of the matter in time it should have been included in the terms of my bet, viz., that no one should back either competitor.'

'Afraid of his precious liver and nerves,' sneered the Colonel, in an audible whisper. However, after the remark we none of us could bet, or at any rate, if we did, it was quite on the sly. No sooner was the agreement signed than the Colonel, rising from the table, and refusing coffee, curaçoa, and cigarette, said he must retire, in order to insure an extra steady hand for the morrow.

'I,' cried Fitzharding, 'shall enjoy myself, in order to insure my steady hand and correct liver.'

As we saw Sir Lionel filling his glass, topping up with curaçoa, taking tea afterwards in the drawing-room (where the ladies manifested much interest in the bet), and finally smoking and indulging in a brandy-and-soda in the billiard-room, we felt and whispered to one another that he was a born fool and must lose his bet.

At 10.30 next morning we were all on the ground, the military competitor looking cool, collected, hard as iron, and with the con-

fidant smile of a successful winner on his face. The Barrister showed signs of a late previous night, with a mixture of concentrated scorn and pity on his countenance. They shot without dogs. The two men walked about ten yards apart, with a keeper on either side.

Whirr, and up got a covey at a reasonable distance.

'Why did you not fire, Fitzharding?'

'The sun was in my eyes, and I could not get on a single bird.'

His opponent laughed out loud.

Whirr, and another covey rose about one hundred and fifty yards off. The Barrister fired both barrels, and of course with no result; but the Colonel, without shooting, said, 'You might as well fire at the moon.' Soon after a single bird got up close under Fitzharding's feet, which he killed.

'Bah! that shot was so easy a child might have killed it,' cried the Colonel.

'Never mind,' was the answer; 'that makes me three to your none.'

Not long afterwards a brace rose about five yards off.

'Bother my eyeglass; it was twisted round my guard and I could not fire,' said Sir Lionel.

'Bother your eyeglass, too, say I!' cried the Colonel; 'I could have scored two there.'

'Could you? but you *did not*,' was the reply.

And so matters went on. Sometimes, 'An old woman the other side of the hedge;' sometimes, 'Out of shot, I think, was it not?' sometimes, 'I was looking the other way,' prevented Sir Lionel firing. On one occasion he did fire right into the *brown* of a covey, and bagged one bird by a lucky chance, while his opponent killed two in good style. Once more he fired, killing an easy shot of an easy brace, while he missed with his second barrel, and his eye was at once wiped by his adversary.

At lunch the score, counting the two birds given in, was—Fitzharding, 5; Hawkins, 3.

'Slow work, gentlemen,' remarked the host; 'but we shall go over the best ground in the afternoon.'

'I have been waiting for that,' said each competitor.

Half an hour for lunch, half an hour for the inevitable pipe, and again we started. Sir Lionel killed a bird, missing his second shot; the Colonel wiped his eye—Score, 6 to 4. A covey got up, Sir Lionel, who really could not shoot, in the proper sense of the word, fired one barrel and missed; the Colonel bagged two birds with one shot.

'How does that count?' inquired each party.

Fitzharding, with barrister arguments, proved it ought only to count as one wipe; the Colonel declared it ought to be reckoned as two to his score. Mr. Broadacres decided two. Score, 6 all; that is, six birds to each party. And now ensued a scene baffling description. We had reached the best partridge shooting ground. Right and left rose the birds, in coveys, singly, then a brace, then another

brace—all easy shots. Sir Lionel always had some excuse for not shooting, now and then bringing his gun to his shoulder, but never firing. The Colonel waxed impatient, and began to chaff him about his nerves.

‘Ah, true, perhaps that is it! Give me some sherry please, ‘Squire.’

The wine was produced and drunk, and again they started. Then, to the surprise of all, Sir Lionel deliberately put his barrels at half cock, placed his gun under his arm, and so marched over the stubbles.

‘Why what on earth is the meaning of this?’ shouted Hawkins.

‘Meaning!’ was the reply; ‘fact is I do not like to fire in this field; the shade from that wood puts me out.’ Hawkins looked glum, so did we. Presently, however, light dawned on our senses, first one and then another of the party began to smile.

‘Well, now we are out of the shade of the wood, cock your gun and come up to the scratch, like a man,’ said Colonel Hawkins.

‘No, I shall not,’ was the reply; ‘it is too much bother.’

‘Bother! why what on earth do you mean?’

‘What I mean is this. Your vanity last night led you to bet me 2,000*l.*, that by wiping my eye you would kill more birds than I did. I did not force the bet, *you* did, and you riled me and said ‘you would draw me out. Now then draw me; I shall not fire to let you win your bet.’

We all laughed heartily.

‘And you mean to say,’ cried the Colonel, ‘that those are your barrister shooting tactics.’

‘Yes, to match your military boasting,’ was the answer.

Colonel Hawkins looked white with rage, and some of us knew that he could not afford to lose 2,000*l.*, and had only made the bet for the purpose of winning the money; for his superior shooting was indisputable.

‘And you mean to persevere in your game, Sir Lionel?’

‘Yes, Colonel, I should not be surprised if I did.’

‘Then I am off,’ replied the military competitor, and away he marched. He had only however gone about four hundred yards, when a covey rose in the opposite direction, and Sir Lionel firing at random killed a bird. Back came the Guardsman.

‘What are you about?’

‘Oh, only increasing my score, so that you may not have too much to boast of at the clubs!’ Sir Lionel then threw his gun over his shoulder. Another covey got up. Hawkins eagerly raised his gun, but the Barrister smiled and moved not.

‘Sold,’ cried the Colonel, and, with gnashing teeth, he left us. When we got home we found that he had packed up and gone away. Letters of importance by second post required his immediate presence in town. How we laughed at dinner, for Colonel Hawkins was no favourite, and yet there was much pity felt for him in spite of his insolent vanity, for we knew he could not afford

that 2,000%. The ladies had left the room. Sir Lionel rose and said :—

‘Gentlemen, I did not wish to talk business before the ladies; I trust that you will each explain to them how matters stand. I know that Colonel Hawkins will pay me the bet, let it cost what it will, but I am sure he cannot afford it; so before leaving London I made arrangements with Messrs. —, the well-known bankers, that he should, without being able to guess where the money came from, find placed to his credit, at a date four or five weeks back, any amount that I should telegraph to them. This morning the bankers in question were requested by me to credit him with 2,000%. The date will put him off the scent. The bankers will assist in the operation. He will find that, with a larger amount in his pass-book than he expected, he can send me a cheque for our bet, and he is sure to send it. The next time we meet he will not be in a hurry to bully me with chaff. If, after my warning, any of you have bet against me, all I can say is, “Verdict, Serve you right,” and there will have been more than one September 1874 “Sell.”’

Roars of laughter and applause greeted the speech. In common with many others I look forward with much pleasure to September, 1875, which, alas ! will have come to an end before this story is in public circulation.

ON CLOUTSHAM BALL.

A GREAT brown hill behind us reaching in gentle slopes to the old cairn on its summit, which stands out in bold relief against the sky line. Between us and it miles of heather rising sweep after sweep as waves on the ocean; here bright and purple, there dark and sombre, throwing a weird tint on coombe and hollow in the mountainside. Before us a perfect panorama of beauty, the Bristol Channel changing its hues with every passing cloud; beyond it the hills of Wales looking so near that the mind almost refuses to believe it would take from three to four hours’ good steaming to cross that streak of silver. Hierst Point, rising rugged and bare on the near side, recalls the fate of one fine old deer, who leaped from its point to the shore below after standing, statue-like, there for more than an hour; while a mass of sea fog hangs over the North hill and shuts its brown surface from view nearly down to the Selworthy woods, where he was found. Porlock Bay, crowded with fishing-boats, glistens like a diamond between the rugged hills; the fertile valley with its meadows green as emeralds, and, here and there, a yellow cornfield not yet reaped, showing up golden between the hedge-rows, acts as a foil. Nearer still the hills of Leigh and Parsonage, their huge grey rocks and boulders narrowing into the gorge which forms Horner Green, down to which a narrow path leads from the oak-crowned Cloutsham Ball. As it were, close beneath our feet is

the coombe, whose sides are clothed with Horner Woods—a mere brake looked at from here, but dark and solemn as the Forest Primeval, where you descend to its deepest recesses, and find yourself amidst gigantic trees, and in a shade which the sun scarcely pierces at mid-day. A breeze, with just a suspicion of east in its keenness, sweeps up from the Channel, and, fanning our cheeks, whispers that exertion will be a pleasure even thus early in autumn, and, stirring the leaves on the hillside, shows where the rowan has already put forth its red berries, to break the monotony of the deep green which the livelong summer has clothed the woods, the fore-runner of those gorgeous tints which are to clothe the hillsides ere winter settles dark upon them.

Such was the scene which greeted our eyes when we last met the ‘Devon and Somerset’ at Cloutsham on a bright autumn morning. Let us try to sketch in the figures that are to fill the foreground of the picture, first divesting our minds of the idea that it is either a race meeting or monster picnic at which we are assisting, for verily, by the number of carriages filled with the beauty of Devon and Somerset which are present and the hampers that are being unpacked, we may well fancy that it is either one or the other.

All the eating and drinking, however, does not go on *al fresco*, for although, alas! we do not see the present Sir Thomas Ackland by the side of those coverts his forefathers hunted for generations in true princely style, he not only preserves the deer over the whole of his estates, but takes care that those who wish it shall find refreshment in the farmhouse at Cloutsham on hunting days and have a taste of real West-country cider. The woods are large and the tufting will probably be long, so there is much stabling of steeds, and people lay themselves out for luncheon, fun, and flirtation. It is not so with Arthur Heal, who, leaving the gallant little grey that has carried him through so many good runs in the hands of his second horseman, proceeds to draw the five couple of tufters whose mission it is to rouse the deer, chosen not, as many suppose, from the staid old hounds, the Solons of the pack, but from the two- and three-seasoned hunters, whose strength and vigour enables them to stand the tremendous strain of this work and afterwards live through the run. Having selected the requisite number, not without protests on the part of many of their companions who are left behind, Arthur mounts a wiry-looking brown, and at a signal from the Master, who has been in deep consultation with the harbourer, threads his way cautiously through the crowd and disappears amongst the oaks of Cloutsham Ball, followed by the tufters and George Fewings, whose scarlet, some few minutes later, is seen giving a bit of colour to the leafy shades of Leigh Hill, not far from that truly Alpine ascent known as the Devil’s Path.

Now let us look about us, for though the assemblage is, in the strictest sense of the word, a motley one, and more than half who are here have very little idea of sport, we shall find, leavening the mass, many a good man and true who would hold his own across any

country—ay, and more than that, who knows what hounds are doing as well as when to gallop and when to give them room.

First and foremost, of course, stands the Master, Mr. Mordaunt Fenwick Bisset, to whom the thanks of all who love true sport are due for having resuscitated wild stag-hunting when it was really and truly on its last legs. From the time the old staghounds had been sold in 1825, things went badly with the Devon and Somerset on the whole. During some seasons it was difficult to get a pack into the field at all, in others the tufting was given up and the coverts drawn with the pack, when riot of course ensued, and the right animal was not always selected, hinds and calves coming in for more attention than was at all times there due; then the spring hunting was indulged in much too freely, and though only barren hinds of course were willingly hunted, accidents sometimes happened, and mother and offspring, we fear, too often were destroyed together. If this was spared them, the teeming mothers of the herd were driven about, harassed, and disturbed at a time when they needed solitude and quiet. Mr. Bisset at once worked a reform, and established the old rules of woodcraft, by tufting for his deer, and as soon as possible discontinued the spring hunting—a thing which, apart from anything it may have to do with sport, entitles him to the gratitude of all humane and right-thinking people. The consequence has been a steady increase of deer and a renewal of sport such as the oldest stag-hunter cannot call to mind. A few years ago half a dozen stags were all they could afford to kill without endangering the next season's sport. Now they may kill as many as Arthur Heal and his pack can compass the death of; and the red deer which twenty years since, owing to poaching and mismanagement, seemed to be fast dying out on Exmoor, have increased and multiplied, so that now there is little fear of failure. Moreover, Mr. Bisset has taught the farmers and landowners to look on them as friends instead of foes, so that a man had better kill a fox at Melton Spinney or Althorp Park than a deer at Cloutsham or Dulverton. He has made stag-hunting so popular that it annually brings a large influx of money to these once poor and barren regions.

It is something to step into the breach, and in twenty years work such a reform as this; and we may well behold the man who has done it with respect as he takes his stand on the top of a bank, field-glass in hand, to watch the tufting. Does he not look a man likely to overcome difficulties and wield autocratic power in these wilds? There is no hesitation when he gives a command, no vacillating when decision is wanted. He knows he can depend on his own judgment, his men, and his hounds. He knows what stag-hunting should be and carries it out to the letter. Outsiders may suggest this, that, and the other; he keeps his own council and passes their suggestions by, often with a sarcastic humour, which must make them blush for their folly, like the man who, viewing a lot of hinds away, kept telling the Master that several deer had broken covert, and was at last stopped by the quiet intimation that he

(the Master) had never denied the fact of their having done so. He had not quite the best of it, though, when a keen son of Vulcan came up in breathless haste to announce that he had harboured a warrantable deer, and being asked if he knew what a warrantable deer was, promptly answered, 'Two upon top on both sides with 'all his rights, I calls a warrantable deer; I don't know what you 'calls 'em;' and forthwith turned on his heel, in a fit of the sulks, and left the tufters to make him out as they could. Mr. Bisset, however, must have received such an amount of false information from would-be harbourers during his Mastership, that he may well be doubtful of anything heard from an unknown source. He knows every move in the game, and when he shuts up his glasses and mounts his weight-carrier, you may be sure that a hunttable deer is gone away; and more than that, although he gets into the saddle at a weight which would keep most men out of it, that if he is not always in front, be the run long or short, hunting or racing, he will drop, as it were, from the clouds at unexpected times on them, see it all, and hear the 'mort' blown at last. Let us leave him to the anxious duties of his post and turn to other well-known characters. Ah! here comes one that it gladdens every heart to see at the covert-side, for princè and peasant have equally a welcome for 'Jack Russell;' we must give him his *nom de chasse* instead of the more clerical one of the Rev. John Russell. Note the lithe, wiry figure and clear eye as he winds his horse amongst the crowd with a cheery greeting for all, and say if time hath not dealt kindly with the best sportsman of the West, and his fourscore years do not sit lightly on him? He has ridden over thirty miles this morning, and, probably, having seen the run, will ride as far back to his quiet parsonage when all is over, and think as little of it as most men would of an exercise canter. A sportsman from youth, at one time hunting a pack of foxhounds with unparalleled success, the Rev. John Russell is such a man as you only see once in a lifetime, and we are willing to wager that, could all the hunting intelligence found at a great meet with the Queen's, the Baron's, the Surrey, or any other pack of staghounds be condensed and put into one head, that he has forgotten more about, not only deer-hunting, but sport generally, than that head could ever have contained. As a judge of the run of deer, fox, or hare, he is *nulli secundus*; and the way the decisions at the late Yorkshire Hound Shows were greeted by the outer ring of huntsmen, when he formed one of the bench, speak volumes for his and his brother judges' knowledge of hounds as well as hunting, not always synonymous terms, by-the-way. May we meet him for years to come when the heather is in bloom and the red deer in season!

Note that slight young man who has just shaken him so heartily by the hand—a rare good one, we warrant you, who comes of good old stag-hunting blood. That is Lord Ebrington; and, when Earl Fortescue is not out, he worthily represents the Castle Hill interest at the covert-side—an interest which has peopled the woods on the

north-western side once more with deer, and showed us plainly enough last season that the hospitality which reigned so bountifully there in the old days is still as strong as ever. He goes right well when hounds run, though, *entre nous*, he looks more in place here than larking over fences at a horse show, as does his hollow-backed bay mare. Chatting to him is a rare visitor with these hounds, though always a welcome one, Lord Lymington, who inherits all his father's love of hunting, and comes further afield than the Earl, who, like most Masters of Hounds, sticks pretty close to his own pack, and Charley Littleworth, merely taking a peep at the staghounds when they are on the Dulverton side, and that generally after the descendants of Nobleman, Nosegay, and Co. have made an early breakfast on cub. Nevertheless, should an outlying deer find his way to the Eggesford Woods, there is a hearty welcome and safe harbourage until he can be conveniently hunted. Mr. Whidbourne, who is accompanied by his daughter, both on rare good-looking greys, is an ex-M.F.H., and once presided over the North Devon country.

But listen: there is the note of a tufter, and half the young ones, who don't know the difficulty of getting an old stag on his legs, are already in the saddle, tightening their girths and throwing away cigars. Vain hope! for see Captain Dalton, who is too old a visitor here not to know what's what, is just pointing out to Miss Kinglake (did we not fear to offend, we should add the usual addenda of pretty Miss Kinglake) a hind stealing up Parsonage Hill with her calf; and that most enthusiastic of sportsmen and jolliest of farmers, John Joyce of Allercott, who, keen as ginger, has been assisting in the tufting on his white-legged cob, for which he has refused a good round sum, having also viewed her, has galloped up the steep hill-path to stop the hounds. Presently, if they run, we shall see him handle a hot one over the moor as few men could do, for he is a beautiful horseman. Moreover, he has some sons who promise to keep the family credit up to the mark when he resigns spur and pigskin, though he says they keep him terribly short of horses now.

We may look about us as the five couple once more gather round Arthur's horse, and he again dives into the depths of Horner, to try and rouse the 'big stag.' Sorry are we to say that some well-known faces are wanting to complete the scene. Perhaps most missed of all is Mr. Knight of Simonsbath, who so skilfully piloted us through the mysteries of Badgeworthy and across the moor in the first and best run we ever saw with these hounds. Mr. Granville Somerset is also absent, and, of course, Mrs. Somerset, who went as well here as we have seen her do at Badminton, when, in years gone by, she liked to try the mettle of Tom Clark, on Saffron or Canary, across the vale. Neither is Miss Leslie here. And we miss the easy seat of Major Whyte-Melville, who went so well on his compact chestnuts, the grey-quartered mare, and Punch, and seemed also quite at home on the leggy, irritable bay, who knew little of the business in hand, and must, as his rider said, 'have had his mane plaited not very long 'since.' We should like to see him here again, and be still better

pleased if he could persuade the Lord of Ranston to let his deep-toned hounds try conclusions with 'the King of the West,' and, due permission gained, give us a bye-day with one of those outlying stags we often hear of.

Ah ! we should know that voice 'still harping on my daughter,' or rather, as usual, giving a covert-side lecture on 'the noble science,' and rejoice to see that Mr. Froude Bellew can spare time from drilling his new pack in the wilds of Harmer Wood or Beauty's Brake, to join the stag-hunting, in which he was once such an enthusiastic adept. Would we could still see him on old Rook, the best of West-country greys ; but time has told out the old wonder at last. Hard by is his brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Simson, equally well known in the Shires, on Exmoor, or pig-sticking in India. Nor must their ladies be forgotten, for better never went to hounds ; and two or three years ago, few saw more of the sport than the daughters of the Rev. Henry Taylor. However, Mrs. Bellew and Mrs. Simson are still in the field, the former attended by the patriarch of stag-hunting, 'little Jack Babbage,' as henchman, who wears the smallest hat (save the brim) and the biggest boots of any man we ever saw on horseback. It does one good to see his little russet-red face and cheery smile again, and note that he can still ride a young one, though past the allotted threescore years and ten. He was a fine huntsman in his day, never yet was seen out of temper, and never killed a horse in his life, severe as were some of the runs he rode through. During a quick burst, Jack was once taking a judicious pull, and, as an over-eager observer thought, letting his pack run away from him.

'Ah, Jack !' he said, 'you ain't very forward.'

'No, sir,' said Babbage, smiling, 'not quite so forward as I could wish. To tell you the truth, my horse ain't so fresh as I should like.' But he nursed him to the end.

On another occasion, Jack had been to Dulverton, where a friend treated him, 'not wisely, but too well,' and his head is not of the strongest, so that John was a little unsteady when he reached home.

'Why, Jack, you are drunk,' said his then master.

'Yes, sir—very drunk,' replied Jack, smiling and good-tempered as usual.

'How came you to get like that.'

'Mr. —, sir, treated me, sir—brandy-and-water, sir. Couldn't help it, sir, please,' was the imperturbable answer.

Perhaps Jack's greatest feat was when he went to London, in order that Carter might take his portrait for Mr. Bisset's testimonial picture, and his good old wife, Jean, made him have a pair of trousers, his first and last, 'to look respectable in,' as she said. Either her vanity or his own prompted him to sport the unusual garments to church the next Sunday, on his return ; and dire was his humiliation when Mr. Bellew met him, and asked him who he was ? 'Your old servant, sir—little Jack Babbage, sir,' mildly as it was brought forth, by no means assuaged the sarcasm of the reproof on his folly in dressing himself in newfangled garments ; and Jack's trousers were

discarded from that hour. Never lived there a servant with fewer faults than Jack Babbage. A real sportsman at heart, he is simple as a child, truthful as one of his own hounds, and looks on his master's interests as he would do on his own.

Again the notes of the tufters are ringing in our ears, and this time the view holloa of Mr. Nicholas Snow of Oare, whose ancestors have been stag-hunters for generations, proclaims that the right animal is on foot, and, as they press him up the valley towards Pool Bridge, all are anxious for a view. 'Three on top one side, and two 'on the other,' says Mr. W. Halse, who has come all the way from the Molland side of the country, as, shading his eyes with his hand, he just catches a view as the deer rises on to the sky-line for a moment on Leigh Hill, and then being 'blanched' by George, returning with a couple of tufters that had gone off on a young male deer, he once more sinks the valley, and we see Arthur going best pace along the top, to head them ere they break on to the moor.

Then there is 'mounting in hot haste the steed,' and the field, hitherto spread about, concentrates round the Cloutsham homestead. We run against Mr. 'Peter' Dene,* just dropped into the saddle of his wonderful little long-maned cob, by Durham out of an Exmoor mare, that can and will go as fast and forward as anything while deer lasts and hounds run. Of course, his rider is full of chaff, as usual, and all his friends expect a shot in passing; but you may lay your life, if there is a stranger in the field, he'll do his best to put him in a good position for a start and keep him out of mischief. Next him is the Rev. Tom Hole, who, although he too often says this season that he has married a wife, and therefore cannot come, yet must perforce take an occasional look at them. It is not so long ago that, with four as good horses as any man in England, like Don Juan and Lord Chesterfield, he 'rode beyond all price,' so that Heal said of him, 'He's about the best companion I've got when hounds run;' and so taken was he with the wildness of the sport, that he fairly confessed to us that the notes of the descendants of Cromwell and the Cotswold beauties fell dead on his ears afterwards in the Cheltenham country. We were sorry to see him parting with Nimrod (gone to the jolly Master of the Berkhamstead Stag hounds) and the big bay and brown during the summer, and trust that the chestnut who once cast all his hoofs, from working when out of condition, 'retained until further orders,' is but the nucleus of another stud. The field can ill spare such a man, the beau ideal of a country gentleman, full of mirth and wit, and genial as the sun at mid-summer. We shall never forget a stranger saying to us, after a day's hunting, in which he had chatted with both the Rev. J. Russell and the Rev. T. Hole, 'Well, if these are specimens of the cloth

* * When this article was put in type the Author had not heard of the death of Mr. Henry Dene of Lee House, to whom he was indebted for many kindnesses during his trips into Devonshire, and of whom he may say, that to know him was to esteem him; for in those wild regions he was truly the stranger's friend.

‘in Devonshire, I can only say they breed a rare good sort down here.’

There is another man of mark we must by no means pass over, just changing from the neat little grey—herself a veritable wonder with hounds, though bought for a song, and the dam of another as good—to a white-legged chestnut, full of quality; and well she may be, for she is as thoroughbred as Eclipse, and owns the paternity of no less distinguished a sire than Blair Athol. She came to her present owner as a gift, and has already bred him one clipper ere feeling the hunting-saddle and snaffle. Good as she is, her rider is still more worthy of notice; for there is no keener sportsman in the West than Captain, better known as Charlie, Williams, who can ride now with one hand straighter than most men can with two, and, we believe, has never trusted to a stronger bit than a plain snaffle over this rough country in his life. At any rate, we never saw him with anything else in his horse’s mouth. He is good all round, and, before his sad accident, would do more work digging a badger than two navvies. If you doubt our word, ask that stout farmer on the white-legged bay, Mr. Lyddon, from Winsford, who can tell you all about him, and he’s no mean judge of a sportsman. You would little think it, but that good yeoman dates his lineage far back into the days of the Plantagenets, and from their time till now the land he owns has never been out of the family; so he has every right to be a sportsman, and he is. He once bred up a red-deer calf who would walk round his dining-table when a good big stag, and eat from a fork, though he was rather particular as to his viands, and always eschewed either beef or mutton, we forget which, though he would eat the other readily. He died early from some cause or was put away at last, and, as his fond mistress owned to us, ‘all for the best,’ or he would have killed some one to a certainty.’ Another good one-armed man we must not forget is Mr. Pugsley, who rides all the way from Wilveliscombe to meet these hounds, and goes well when he gets there, as you will see; for Arthur has returned for the pack, and we shall soon be up and doing. Mr. Chorley’s old dark bay mare’s switch tail is going in a way that tells she anticipates a hint or two if she cannot occupy her usual front-rank place over the moor. She’ll scarcely need it; for time falls lightly on her head, though age and a big knee do handicap them when pace is in question; and we fancy her rider, though judicious and bold as ever, is no lighter than he was a few years ago. Chatting with him, as they follow the pack closely for a start, is the Dulverton Doctor, on his grey, whose loose seat would scarcely give you the idea of his being reared by a man who wrote the history of ‘Wild Red Deer-hunting in Devon and Somerset;’ however, he can hold his own. Then we note Mr. T. Carew, a rare welter-weight, the worthy Secretary, Mr. Warren, and Mr. Hole, who has as neat a pack of beagles as any man in England. Nor must we pass over Dr. Basset, quaint as ever, and still able to run uphill, active as a boy to ease his cob. Of course there are a lot of strangers, though we have scarcely room to

notice them. Mr. Glass, from Dunster, looking happy as a school-boy himself, and busy training a youngster or two in 'the way they should go, so that when they are old they may not depart from it;' and with him a fellow sojourner at Dunster, Mr. George Brooks, well known with the Vine, looking equally happy in the possession of his lengthy, blood-like bay mare, though the olive branches are wanting; and with them Mr. Kendall, on his black. Then we have Mr. Johns, from the Anstey side, and with him the little lady who rode from Slough to Devonshire, mounted on her wonderful pony, which can go to the front either here or with the Queen's.

The signal is given. The pack, with a sweep like a hurricane and a burst of wild music, which will soon subside to a light ripple of sound, like the laughter of merry girls, as they race across the moor, throw themselves on the line. The heather blossom is crushed out and scattered by the hoofs of three hundred horses, and we are left wondering in the distance where they will take him. Ay, where will it be? The tail lengthens as the shadow of Dunkerry falls more faintly on panting horse and eager rider, and each one asks the question, 'Shall I be there to see?' It may be he will try for the sea at Lynmouth, or turn for the death-struggle amidst the roaring streams of Waters Meet. We have heard the 'mort' sounded at each place. Wherever he is killed, of one thing we are certain, which is, that all those we have endeavoured to introduce to our readers will be there to see the end. And so, wishing them a good run, we say farewell.

N.

HOW TO RESTORE COUNTY ELEVENS.

How comes it to pass, at a time when on every village green and in every public school in England you find hundreds of boys and young men who play as good cricket, *qua* batting and fielding, as a large number of those who appear in county matches, that it is a rarity to see a *real* fine county eleven in England all present at once? It is an indisputable fact that it is easier now for a county to send out four or five elevens on any day in the year than it was for a county to find one really fine eleven thirty or forty years ago. Locomotion in those days was slow, comparatively speaking; scores were seldom published; schools, universities, and clubs seldom, if ever, had a resident professional; and the promoters of matches had to make their bricks with very little straw; but rare good bricks they made.

I am not going now to declaim on the glories of the past, but to consider the question calmly how it is that, when one sees two elevens on paper nowadays, it is easy in many cases to foresee the result beforehand, for the performers are in many counties so seldom changed. Any impartial person will say that, to take them all through, Nottingham and Yorkshire are the two strongest counties in England, as a rule. How is this to be accounted for? My solution of the question is, first, because they are so well backed; and

secondly, because they have amongst their own countymen, at home and abroad, the most critical ring of spectators of any counties in England. He would be a bold man in either of those counties, before the Sheffield or Nottingham ring, who craned at a ball, or tried—at a possible catch—to drop back and take it first bound, or show *funk* in any way. Nine-tenths of those looking on know every move in the game, and everything which a man can do, and which he ought to try; and no class of spectators are more forgiving if a thing does not come off, or more demonstrative in their opinion if a player has turned ‘white-livered.’

It has often been, and, I trust, will be again, a great pleasure to me to watch the Nottingham or Yorkshire corner, as the case may be, on any of the great London grounds. It is always a bright corner; for many of the soldiers in London, horse and foot, are from the Northern and Midland Counties, and make a good show. I like to get near them, and to hear their remarks, particularly if it is at the beginning of a match. They settle themselves down quietly and almost breathlessly, and you hear the remarks occasionally, ‘Now they’re off.’ ‘Bless us! there *is* a hot un.’ ‘Jem’s on the spot.’ ‘How did you like that, Jupp?’ And then comes a deep sigh of relief and a general chorus, ‘Maiden over;’ just as, when anything comes off in their favour, you hear, ‘Didn’t I say he would hold her?’ ‘Ay, isn’t he A 1, Bill?’ And, moreover, they are very generous towards their opponents, whose collapse they are hoping for. Let a brilliant cut be made through the slips off their favourite bowler, and you can hear the buzz of admiration for the man who made it.

As a rule, Nottingham and Yorkshire seldom play amateurs, and their cricket is gate-money cricket entirely; and there is no reason why it should not be, as it is exclusively supported by the crowds who frequent public grounds, who delight in the game, and who pour forth from factory or workshop every afternoon, and follow their favourites whenever and wherever they can. To a certain extent the eleven are ruled by their own public, who would not hesitate to express their opinion in the broadest Anglo-Saxon if they suspected favouritism in making up the eleven. It does seem that in those counties the young blood comes to the front at once, and the players spare no pains to seek out young aspirants, as evidenced by the excitement caused by the Nottingham Colts’ matches twice in the year.

I remember perfectly well at the Oval, when Yorkshire played Surrey, Hill, a very young man indeed, was put on to bowl immediately, and great execution he did; and, if I remember rightly, he was fatal to Mr. Gilbert Grace oftener than most men. I remember also, as the reverse of this, that a young bowler in a southern county was taken twice (I think) out into other counties, and was never put on to bowl; and eventually, in his third match, when the bowling had broken down, and he had been hustled about all over the field, he was allowed to make his maiden effort against two very

good men, who had both made good double figures, and who were well set. I am not behind the scenes in either the Nottingham or Yorkshire camp, but it always strikes me that, when either county finds a good colt, the 'whole county side,' so to speak, seem to pat him on the back, and to say, '*Now, youngster, go in and win.*'

Take those two counties, Nottingham and Yorkshire, through, there is no tail to their elevens; and you seldom see a man in either of those counties who does not look likely to stop a straight ball. Moreover, there is another thing which I have remarked about them, which is that, when a wicket falls, and there is a break for a couple of minutes, the ball is never idle; the field are throwing and catching with one another, and you can see that their mind is never off the game.

Now for the south; looking to Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire. Gloucestershire and Middlesex are hardly counties within the meaning of county elevens, consisting of players drawn from all parts, as Gloucestershire depends on the Grace family without professionals, and eight amateurs added; and Middlesex is so merged in London that it has little county interest, and the eleven is mostly chosen from the very best of the public schools and university men who are resident in London, though I do not know a greater treat than witnessing a good Middlesex match under the captaincy of Mr. V. E. or Mr. I. D. Walker.

Diverging for a moment from the subject, the very fact of such captaincy as Middlesex has, is the key to good cricket. When you see an eleven captained as Middlesex is, and witness the confidence all have in their captain, and observe the quiet and regularity which pervade everything, no wonder that Middlesex, with little, if any, professional bowling, can attack the strongest elevens. Some few very likely are inferior to their opponents, but still the eleven work as one man, whether they win or lose; and there is always good cricket.

Now for Kent: I am going to let the lions of the past slumber quietly in their graves. What made Kent so prominent during the earlier part of the last half century down to the year 1844-5? I answer good patronage and good teaching, and no meddling by committees. Pilch was brought into the hotbed of cricket, Town Malling, to promote the game, under the auspices of noblemen and gentlemen who were supporters of it, and the matches were made and played in the county, the money was found by private backers who could afford it; and the consequence was, that one of the finest elevens which ever was seen grew up, and this went on till 1840.

In 1841 Pilch went to Canterbury; the cricket fell into the hands of a committee, and the heart went out of it. Lord Harris has been trying very hard to resuscitate Kent, but without much success at present, at Catford Bridge, though with perseverance he will succeed.

I will make a modest offer to three peers of the realm (whose estates are in Kent), and that offer is made, without prejudice, to Lord Harris, Lord Darnley, and Lord Romney, and it is this,

namely, 'If they will make over to me their three estates—Belmont, Cobham Hall, and the Mote—so as to give me their three cricket grounds and their influence over Faversham, Canterbury, Rochester, Gravesend, and Maidstone, and the districts, and also their incomes for two years, I believe that, with the aid of Willsher as bowler, and of the West Kent Club and Blackheath Club, I would get nearly as good a Kent eleven together as ever went into the field, provided that I was never interfered with by any committee.' I very much doubt if a two days' match between East and West Kent would not be worth seeing.

Now for Surrey, with her hundreds of acres of cricket green and hundreds of local supporters. Take away Jupp and Pooley, and where is she? I answer, where she ought *not* to be—nowhere. She wrings her hands and says, 'Oh! please give me a quick bowler; please give me a quick bowler.' The truth is that youngsters have no chance, and they do not care about coming up for the colts' matches. How is it that Surrey was so pre-eminently good some fifteen years ago? Simply because she used to play good two-day matches, and the Oval was supported by cricketers who had ample means and time to play cricket and promote it. True it was that the novelty of a good club on the south of the Thames attracted a number of men, ready-made cricketers, from the old Montpelier, Blackheath, Clapton, and several of the old Kent and Surrey professionals and members of the Marylebone Club; but the Club were masters of the position, and when they found a promising youngster they did as the Nottingham and Yorkshire do, and slapped the youngster on the back, and said, 'Go in and win, my boy.' Surrey matches used to draw an enormous company in those days, but unless the North men or the Messrs. Grace play they do not fill the ground now.

Perhaps I have not been attending, and, consequently, I have not been fortunate enough to see anything of this kind done within the last ten or fifteen years to any young professional. Perhaps, again, it is my imagination which induces me to believe that I have heard an oft-repeated chorus of old players of 'Keep him back; he is too young.' It is matter of history that some fifteen years ago or thereabouts, Surrey had as fine an eleven as ever was seen, and no small part of their success was always having one captain (Mr. Miller) with them during the most remarkable period of their victories; for though many used to carp at him—as they always will do against any one in position—the eleven believed in him, and he in them; and as he never lost heart, his example was contagious, and Surrey used to win, for he was always with them.

Sussex seems to be getting back into her old form, best of the southern counties. Lillywhite, Charlwood, and Phillips are admirable in their respective departments, and so are many more; and Sussex has won some good matches this year, but she has not got what Fuller Pilch used to call an eleven 'balanced all round,' and her success depends on one or two being in good form. Brighton, East-

bourne, and Horsham between them ought to provide Sussex with a first-rate team; but I suppose Sussex is in the same boat with all southern counties, and the good players are off to the provinces, and never have a chance of teaching those at home. It is the same in most home counties, and when there is a five-pound note to be got at home, they are there; otherwise, they are off somewhere else. The fact is that players are much the same as the rest of the world—just as the young barrister who takes a brief to-day springs into a big practice to-morrow, and leaves you in the lurch when your case comes on.

Hampshire seems to be out of the hunt altogether; but there was a time—thirty years ago or so—when Mr. Chamberlayne supported the cricket with great liberality, that Hampshire and Marylebone was a big match. One would think that there must be lots of public school and university men and country gentlemen who might get a good eleven together. There have been some of the best in England out of that county—the Riddings: Alfred Lowth, who bowled in Gentlemen and Players when a boy at Winchester College; the Rev. G. B. Lee, the present Warden of Winchester; the Rev. Richard Payne, now Canon Payne, and the late Mr. Seymer Terry of Dummer, Sir Frederick Bathurst, and others. The Ringwood men, too, used to be strong, and, doubtless, are so now. Surely the veterans of the past, as they *now* are, might hold a meeting and find a good eleven just as easily as Mr. Gilbert Grace finds an eleven in Gloucestershire. The men only want looking up and bringing together, especially when the university men are at home.

Now, to digress once more: What are the county players now, as a rule? I answer, that many of them are just in the same position as popular actors. Any one who lives in a cricket parish may spend as much time and money as he pleases in promoting the game; and just as he has succeeded to his heart's desire in bringing out a young player, and the boy makes a mark, and receives the first five-pound note which he ever had, *hey, presto!* my young friend is off, and possibly appears in 'motley' as a clown, or becomes a member of a peripatetic eleven, playing public-house matches, and travelling night and day. This occurs if he is a good bat and field. He need not trouble himself if he is a bowler, for he will probably not be blooded—at any rate, until he has been run about in the long field for an hour—and then, if two men are set beyond endurance, very likely he will be favoured with an over or two. Unless there is a strong amateur captain who has courage to try the new blood at first, there is no more chance for the professionals putting a young player well forward than there is of Mr. Irving or any other popular actor suggesting to the manager that he had better take an inferior part, as he knows a young man superior to himself. Well, this is human nature, just the same as the rector *will* preach in the morning and leaves his curate, who probably is the best of the two, to the maid-servant congregation in the evening.

Now, how are fallen counties to be resuscitated? I think in

these days of railways and telegraphs, when experts are enticed away for sensation matches (and I do not blame them for making the most they can), the wise course would be to try home-grown cricketers in the county, and keep them there. In the first place, never let a club committee which is not wholly or mostly composed of *bond fide* cricketers who *know the county well and live in it* have anything to do with choosing the eleven. Let the home committee manage the finance. It is absurd for a committee, who never or hardly ever set their foot in the local grounds, to sit in a back room and elect elevens by hearsay evidence. A clique is no good. You want a council of real cricketers whose heart and soul is in the county, and who are perfectly unbiassed.

Never allow any amateur to play in a county eleven who is not in real good practice, and who is not making good scores and fielding well in good matches, and who cannot devote his whole time to the match from start to finish, and—if he is a man of means—unless he supports cricket well. Abolish the system of having substitutes to field until the man arrives, except under very special circumstances. (A man who runs into the City and comes back is no good.) Make it a *sine quâ non* with every county club that at least six good two-day matches shall be played in the heart of the county, and that necessary expenses be paid for by the county club. Play fewer County *v.* County matches until you have a real good eleven. Try to get the village blacksmith and carpenter element, and especially the public school and university element into the eleven. Let your eleven feel and look as if they were out for a holiday. It is enough to make one mad melancholy sometimes to see the field go across as if they were a lot of mourners left out of the will. Make a bargain with every colt whom you first promote that if he plays a county match for that season, at any rate he must play for matches *in the county* for a certain sum, and not go about with, so to say, a ‘cricket circus,’ and give him distinctly to understand that because he plays for a match or two, he is *not* to consider his engagement permanent. Have a public meeting of all gentlemen in the county who live in cricketing districts, to consider how, when, and where first-rate county matches between county districts should be played, and do not let them think it beneath their dignity to have a public dinner or supper, and to sit down with the tradesmen and the players and hear a good old English song or two. Try to enlist the tradesmen’s and small farmers’ sons who will play for the love of the game, and who do not want pay. Offer the professional who is in the county eleven a place in the local matches at a certain price, and if he does not like it, let him stop away, and, if necessary, hire a ‘given man’ from another county if you have not one at hand; but do not do this in County *v.* County matches. In other words, go back to the good old system, and let there be mutual confidence and attachment between the gentlemen who find the money and the professionals who play. Never allow an amateur to be put into an eleven by favour. Always have a really good, well-plucked captain who

looks to the interests of the match, and who is not afraid of cliques and petty jealousies, who has courage to put a colt who can bowl on first, whether the players like it or not, and who, if possible, will play half a dozen matches running; and in a very short time you will see once again a united, efficient county eleven in every district, and the proper development of the grandest game in the world; and instead of being hard up for one eleven, you will have recruits enough for three elevens.

Cricket is a sport, not a trade. Those who make it a trade for themselves, and a vehicle for self-aggrandisement and ill-nature only, should find their own capital and friends, if their creed is 'self' first, 'county' second, and should be taught that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

Mitcham, 1875.

F. G.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—December Distractions.

THE beginning of December means to Londoners the Cattle Show, that invasion of town by the provincials which, though compared with the Epsom and Ascot one, is so small, has, or had—for we believe the past tense is more correct—such marked and distinctive features. The old times and the old men are fast vanishing, and top-boots and broad-brims are nearly as strange at Islington as they would be in the Row. Except that our winter visitors are healthy of aspect and ruddy of hue, there is not so very much difference between them and those of summer. Here and there are seniors to be met, stanch to drab shorts and gaiters, to the Adelphi and Evans's, to beefsteak-puddings at the Cheshire Cheese and similar old City haunts held in high repute in their young days—now more honoured in the breach than the observance, but still clung to with that tenacious conservatism so characteristic of English yeomen. But the present generation—the young and comparatively young men with two or three hunters in their stable, who have their boots from Peal and their breeches from Hammond—who, where their fathers' ideas were bounded by the Green Dragon in Bishopsgate Within, plume their flights for the Westminster or the Grosvenor—they belong to the new order of men and things. They can talk chemistry as well as the musical glasses; they thoroughly know their profession and business; they sit in the stalls and put on evening dress to go to the Argyle. As in other and more important matters, a quarter of a century has wrought a wonderful change.

And the bulls of Bashan have changed too. We hear that fat is no longer the grand essential, and that judges look to symmetry, shape, and bone, and not to that manufactory of tallow which in old Baker Street days did such a lively business. The prize-takers do not weigh what they did, or, at all events, this year the weight was below the average—a good thing, we take it, for the butchers, and we hope, as a consequence, for the consumers. The Show, as far as cattle was concerned, was considered to exhibit a falling off in quality, and it certainly was not so crowded as we have seen it. But everybody went into raptures over the sheep and the pigs—the latter, who had an apartment to themselves, being wonderfully good; and a Dorsetshire farmer—Mr. Horner by name—has, like his celebrated namesake, and, we trust, ancestor, taken the plum from an unusually excellent pie. The white Dorsets

eclipsed everything there, even when such noted 'piggeries' as the Shaw Farm, those of Lord Radnor, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Ellesmere, Messrs. Howards, &c., were among the exhibitors. The short-horns took the honours of the Hall, and Mr. Willis's 'Bride of Windsor' was white and beautiful, as a bride should be. A rumour that she was destined for Cremona had an unpleasant sound in it, but we trust the rumour was not true, and that she ended her days in some more fitting locality. We had the advantage of inspecting some of the beasts on the first day, in company with a certain 'squire' who is a good judge of many things, from a hound to a handicap, and can look at a fat beast without desiring to punch him, which we consider astonishing self-denial. Whether we were qualified to pass a stiffish examination on the merits of the animals after our inspection, we doubt; but there were some things that any fellow could understand, and among them were some Welsh oxen—about the finest and biggest of their class we ever saw—and the Duke of Sutherland's West Highlander, the latter a splendid-looking gentleman, with a milder physiognomy than is generally possessed by his brethren.

But the excellent Chairman of the Agricultural Hall Company, Mr. Robert Leeds, hails us with cheery voice, and we are borne off to the luncheon-room, where we find many a yeoman bold hard at it; and if he and his fellows only do half as well at the future Battle of Dorking as they did as trenchermen here, not a single German, Russian, or Frenchman will return home to tell the tale. We need scarcely say that Mr. Sidney, the Secretary of the Company, was also very much in front, for he knows everybody and everybody knows him, and he manages to find time for a kind nod and courteous recognition for all. His acquaintance must grow upon him at Cattle and Horse Show times, we should think, considerably, and the hare with many friends would be a joke to it. He, too, takes us into an inner sanctum devoted to business and sherry, and we learn of the future prospects of the Agricultural Hall, which we shall, probably, refer to in another place. And from some of our country friends we hear a complaint—and that an important one—that the refreshments and the barmaids are neither of the quality of previous years. As we had no occasion to partake of the former, and, not having attended Mr. Holland's shows, are very poor judges of the latter, we can only mention what was told us. The weather was of a nature that called for the consumption both of solids and liquids to any amount, and it seemed hard that our country cousins should not get both as good as in the days of Messrs. Spiers and Pond. We presume that with this celebrated firm the much-admired breed of yellow-haired Hebes has been lost to Islington. Who are now the contractors we are ignorant.

Our visitors are popularly supposed to lead fast and furious lives, and to crowd into a week such an amount of riotous living as fairly to astonish virtuous cockneys. We believe the former are grossly belied, and that they enjoy London soberly and rationally—at least as far as becomes us to judge, they do. The various places of amusement, of course, are crowded; but it is not alone to the Alhambra and its legs, or to the theatres specially devoted to burlesque, that the bucolic mind turns. Large audiences—upper boxes and pit ones—hung on Mr. Irving's utterances at the Lyceum; the Haymarket was crowded to laugh with 'Mr. Gibson Green,' and sympathise with 'Ethel Grainger,' while the hearty roar of applause that greeted 'Rip Van Winkle,' as he came on the stage at the Princess's, showed there were old friends among the audience who had appreciated 'Rip' ten years ago, and were only too glad

to welcome him again. And what a wonderful and exquisite creation is that of Mr. Jefferson's. Time seems to have added to its beauties—to have ripened and mellowed them. Such delicate refinements; such cabinet touches, so to speak, requiring on the part of the audience the most watchful attention, so that not one shall be lost. And certainly it is gratifying to see that, though we were once—as many of us still are—led astray into the paths of tights and tinsel, we can yet enjoy such an intellectual treat as Mr. Jefferson gives us. One of the most remarkable things about the performance is its freshness. When we think that the actor has now for some twelve or fifteen years been, with brief intervals necessitated by illness, playing no other character but this; that all through the States, in his various tours, the cry of the managers has been 'Give us Rip Van Winkle, and nothing else;' and that now, after ten years of absence, he has returned to this country to find a young generation as eager to see as an older one is to renew their acquaintance with him, we can only wonder at and admire the art that gives us still the careless, good-for-nothing, lovable Rip that we remembered so long ago. We have, to be sure, an almost similar instance in Mr. Sothorn, whose Dundreary has not been impaired by time; but then, here the actor has made changes in the part, and the eccentric nobleman has been cut up into many phases. Rip, however, is the same joyous ne'er-do-weel, mellowed a little by time, that we remember ten years ago; and a great treat is it to watch him through his curious adventures; to laugh at and be half angry with him in the first two acts, and to try to laugh in the concluding one, though that laughter may seek to hide a deeper feeling. Few more touching spectacles than the return of the old man, after twenty years' absence, to his native village, to find himself disowned and forgotten, an object of contempt or jeering pity. The laughter that now and then resounds through the house seems strongly out of place; but, as we have just said, it may be accounted for in another way. We are terribly afraid of showing emotion; and if a quaint expression here and there enables us to get rid of a choking feeling about the throat and a dimness in the eyes, why we hail it as a relief. No one, however, who sees Mr. Jefferson—and who has not done so by this time?—can leave the theatre without feeling that, though they may live to be very old men and women, in all human probability they will not look upon his like again.

In 'Broken Hearts,' Mr. Gilbert has ventured on rather dangerous ground, and that it has not broken through with him is owing to the skill of the artists who are the interpreters of his rather far-fetched idea. That women crossed in love and weary of the world should seek a retreat where no man—save an utterly repulsive one—should enter, and that, being there, each should select some inanimate object on which to lavish her pent-up affection, looks very much like milk for babes, and not the strong food required by a stall audience, such as crowds the Court Theatre. More especially is this marked in the child-like character of the Lady Vavir, the only one of the recluses who has not suffered from love's pains and penalties, until Prince Florian, the hero amusing himself by trifling with her affections, stirs up a passionate love. This is the one hazardous rôle in the play, needing the most delicate and refined treatment to preserve it from something approaching inanity, and fortunate indeed has Mr. Gilbert been in having Miss Hollingshead as its interpreter. Seldom has anything so pure and innocent as the actress's rendering of this character been seen on the stage. The child-like simplicity—the loving nature which, when repelled, could only find rest in death—was most touchingly depicted: 'On ne badine pas avec l'amour!' and so Vavir dies, with

words of affection on her lips for those she leaves behind. Her own sister is her unintentional rival ; but there is no tinge of jealousy—nothing but love in her heart. This beautiful interpretation of, it must be added in justice to Mr. Gilbert, a poetic idea stamped the piece. Lady Hilda's is a fine character, played with alternate fire and pathos in Mrs. Kendal's best style. Her indignant denunciation of the dwarf, Mousta, who has entrapped her by a base stratagem into plighting him her troth, was finely given ; but in the closing scene, when the house listens in breathless silence to her beautiful prayer to Death, to take the old and weary, and spare the young, and while Vavir's broken sentences are making many an eye dim, Mrs. Kendal nearly spoils everything by a scream. It may be right for her to scream at her sister's death ; but certain it is that the cry jars on the audience. Silent grief would have been much more impressive. Mr. Kendal has only to look chivalrous and manly, wear a magnificent dress, and be a perfect contrast to the dwarf. By-the-way, this is the only piece of satire that the author indulges in. The four recluses on the Island of Broken Hearts admit no men there, save one servant, and he is of such repulsive aspect that no danger can be apprehended ! Mr. Gilbert, we are ashamed of you !

The principal steeplechasing of last month came off at Sandown Park, for Croydon was much interfered with by the weather. There have been alterations at Sandown since the last meeting, and the steeplechase course has lost a field or two, in consequence of the Club very properly refusing to pay the exorbitant sum (15,000*l.*, we believe) demanded for the land. Fortunately, however, the result of the late meeting shows that they can do very well without it, and the owner may find that he has a little overshot his mark. The course is now, it is true, more artificial than it was ; but it is far from being 'a Metropolitan one,' in the usual sense of that term. The fences are good hunting fences—too good, indeed, some people said ; and there was a cry of their being big raised on the first day. They are exceedingly well made, and reflect much credit on Mr. Whitaker Bushe and his workmen ; and if there is any fault in them, they are a little too upright, and that is one which can easily be remedied. We trust there will be no cutting down. Our steeplechase fences have, we think, reached their limits ; and we happen to know that in Ireland Lord Drogheda, Colonel Foster, and other members of the Irish Grand National are anxious to do what they can to check that lowering of the fences for which everywhere a plea has been raised, under the pretence of their being 'unfair.' There is only one steeplechase course in Ireland now, and that is at Punchestown, where the fences are what we will call hunting ones ; and even Punchestown is not what it was. There has been a mania for 'cutting down' on both sides St. George's Channel, which, as we have just observed, has reached its limits ; at least, we hope it has. Lord Drogheda and those who are acting with him in Ireland will, we trust, succeed in their endeavour to restore a steeplechase course to something like what it was fifteen or twenty years ago. We must look to our own G.N.H. to do the same here.

But to return to the sport at Sandown. The first day opened badly, for frost had come back the previous night, and the sandy soil of the Park, particularly in the upper ground, was as hard as a stone. There were great consultations and debates, in which the opinions were as various as the speakers. As a rule, those who had not to ride took a cheerful, those who had to ride a rather gloomy, view of matters. Mr. George Payne was, however, an exception in the first class, and Mr. Garret Moore in the second. The former good

sportsman shook his head over the hard soil into which he was endeavouring to force his stick, and said they might bring off the hurdlers; and if they liked to risk their necks by running the steeplechases, they could do so, but they would not have his sanction. Mr. G. Moore, on the other hand, was ready to ride *Revenge* in the *Prince of Wales's*, there and then, which opened our eyes to what a very good thing that same *Revenge* must be. The upshot of the discussion was the postponement of the races for an hour; and then the one flat and the two hurdles were taken first; *Dicky Bird*, with only three runners, being as great a moral for the *Hunters'*, as *Chandos* was for the *Maiden Hurdle Plate*. That splendid jumper played with his horses, and won as he liked; but when half an hour afterwards he came to the post for the *Grand Hurdle Race*, carrying 13 st. 5 lb., it was a different affair. We should doubt if Captain *Machell* thought he could do it; but the public made him favourite, and a very good horse he ran, looking formidable just before he came to the last hurdle. There, however, the weight told, and *Melitta* and *Ropedancer* had the finish to themselves, the Irish mare with the lead, which *Ropedancer* deprived her of near home, and won cleverly. We were all very glad, by-the-way, to see 'Mr. St. James' again, and would have been gladder still if he and *Melitta* had won. He was looking rather pulled down, walked with a stick, and was still unable to ride; but that he was as cheery and full of spirits as ever, we need scarcely say. We hope to see him at *Punchestown* in April, coming to the front round the turn. It will not be *Punchestown*, somehow, if we do not.

It became too dark to bring off that good thing *Revenge* on Tuesday, so, after a *Selling Steeplechase*, in which Lord *Marcus Beresford*, on *Breach of Promise*, got a bad fall, and had something like a slight concussion; the other events were postponed until Wednesday. Then did the good Irish horse settle his field, and our Irish friends, we have reason to believe, had a good day, for there is no doubt the money was down; and if a certain 'Rufus' did not drink the winner's health that night, why 'twas a pity. Mr. *Arthur Yates* had a charming mount on *Crawler* in the *Hunters' Silver Cup*, and we can only say that if he likes to ride him, he is quite welcome. Nothing under pounds of beeswax—and not that, perhaps—would induce us to mount the beast. The lucky Mr. *Gomm* did a stroke of business with *Neptune* in the *Selling Hurdle Race*; and after *Lucy* had run a good race with a good-looking grey mare—*Sultana*, by name—in the *Hunt Steeplechase*, the big event (the *Great Sandown Steeplechase*) came on for decision. After *Coureuse de Nuit's* running at *Croydon* it was, we suppose, only reasonable that she should be favourite here, though the performance was hardly reliable. However, they took 9 to 4 about her, and *Regal* looked so well in the paddock that he was second favourite with *Shifnal*. It was asking the four-year-old to do a great thing; but 'the Captain' was evidently rather fond of his chance, and, with *Chandos* in the stable, what might he not know? *Chimney Sweep* was well in, and *Victoire* and *Little Tom* were backed, but it seemed a rather open race. It turned out nearly as big a chapter of refusals as the *Croydon* one was of accidents, for *Coureuse de Nuit*—beginning the game at a post and rails fence, with gorse on the landing side, after they had gone about a mile and a half—threw out *Spectre*, *Patrick*, *Shifnal*, *Victoire*, and *Little Tom*, and as none of the lot could be got over by fair means or foul, the race was left to *Defence*, *Scots Grey*, *Chimney Sweep*, and *Regal*. The pace was bad from here and up to the Stand, and Mr. *Baltazzi*, going out on the course as they passed, called to Marsh to 'go on,' under the idea of cutting down *Regal*,

but as it was, Marsh only cut down himself. He went to the front, according to orders, and forced a pace, but he was done with half a mile from home, and Regal, easily shaking off Chimney Sweep, won in a canter—a very good performance, indeed; and a very fortunate man is Captain Machell. After a Disturbance and a Reugny, to find a Chandos and a Regal in your stable is not given to every one. Moreover, there are Oxonian and Peeping Tom—popularly supposed to be rods 'in pickle—so the jumping division at Bedford Cottage promises to be strong indeed.

In the 'Van' for March 1872, at page 307, writing of Frank Goodall's then recent appointment as Royal huntsman we said, 'Everybody is glad of 'Frank Goodall's promotion to the Royal pack, but he will be sadly missed in 'Leicestershire, and we fancy Frank will miss the Leicestershire gentlemen 'too. He is one himself—one of nature's own make—and it may be in consequence that he will not be appreciated by the old and young Towlers who 'unt with the staggers.' Our words are prophetic, and Frank is *not* appreciated by these gentry. In the columns of 'Land and Water,' during the past month, 'young Towler' has been 'snapping and snarling' at Goodall, accusing him of incapacity and insolence. Now both of these accusations to all who know Frank must sound almost ludicrous. The incapacity we dismiss at once, and for a man who, while in Leicestershire, was so noted for his respectful and courteous manners, and carried away with him when he left that country the good wishes and respect of everybody who had come in contact with him, to be called insolent by a cockney sportsman is rather too much. No doubt Goodall is highly tried by the fields, so different from Leicestershire, that hunt with the Royal Hounds, such a mob of horse and foot as even Job might have resented. We fancy one great cause of Goodall's unpopularity with Towler and Co. is that he will not be familiar with them. He has scant sympathy with men whose notion of a good day is a champagne breakfast to begin with, and a luncheon with ditto to follow. With such a class he has never associated, and the genus is, we should say, new and disagreeable to him. We wish, at the same time, Lord Hardwicke would see to keeping order, and not leave it all to Goodall. If the Master would only once or twice order the hounds back to the kennels, we should not find 'Towler' throwing his tongue so often.

Sir Robert Harvey's handsome pack of harriers has enjoyed as good sport as the nature of the weather would permit, and on the 24th a deer from Langley Park afforded plenty of fun in a run from Horton, by Ditton and Datchet, over the Thames, and then by Darney Common to the neighbourhood of Surley Hall, where it was captured. This pack is almost invariably welcomed by the surrounding landholders, and it is a great pity that the two exceptions to this rule should exist in the case of Ditton Park, owned by the Duke of Buccleuch, and of the Shaw Farm, owned by Her Majesty. Considering that the Duke is himself a Master of Foxhounds elsewhere, it is rather hard that his park at Ditton should be closed on the few occasions when Sir Robert visits the country; while in the case of the Shaw Farm, one would think that the prestige which this pack acquired, when owned by the Prince of Wales, should secure to them, under their present Master, a welcome in every part of the Royal property. We take leave to recommend the subject to the notice of the Duke, and to that of Mr. Tait, who is, we believe, omnipotent in the neighbourhood of the Shaw Farm.

We have been requested by the editor of 'Country Quarters'—that series of articles which, when they appeared in 'Baily,' we knew gave not only amuse-

ment, but valuable information to many a hunting man—to mention that he wishes, as a supplement to his Hampshire notes, to call the attention of every one making Winchester his headquarters, to the comfort, cleanliness, and really good *cuisine* to be found at the Royal Hotel in that ancient city. Having in his wanderings about the county given a trial more or less high to many hotels, he is able to handicap the Royal very fairly, and from what we know of the handicapper, we think he may be trusted. He mentions the female attendance as being remarkably good. In that department, too, he may be relied on.

Let us here, while talking of Hants, record the fact that Asheton Smith's old huntsman, George Carter, entered on his eighty-fourth year on the 29th of November last, and sung a hunting song in the evening. Despite a cutting easterly wind, and frost enough in the ground to make it very doubtful going, the old man put in an appearance at Savernake Station with the Tedworth on the following morning, and was pretty conspicuous in the run over the vale afterwards. He has already hunted in four different counties this season, and seen a fox killed in each.

The H.H. did not hunt until Wednesday, December the 15th, when they, had a good day's sport from the Anchor Inn, Ropley. On Saturday, the 18th, they met at Five Lanes, Hollybourne, killed the first fox in Speakem; found again near Fielders, but could not run at first; got on the line going to Vinney, ran fast through Easters and Garstens, leaving Upton Gray on the left, by Sturts to Green's Copse, which he skirted, through Little Park, Humbly Grove, Weston Common, near Herriard village, where they run to ground.—December the 21st, met at Beauworth Cross Roads; found in Shorley directly, went away close to him to Blackhouse, and killed in a hedgerow just outside: one quarter of an hour; the pace so good that the fox was blown and laid down in the hedgerow. Found again immediately in Lord's Copse, took a ring round two fields, through Blackhouse and Jones Acre, over Brookwood Park, through Brookwood coverts to Shuts Copse (here was a short check), hit him off, went by Woodlands Farm through Wolfhanger to Bramdean Common, where they changed: a capital three quarters of an hour. Found again in Old Park, but could do nothing.

The Hambledon met on November the 26th, at Upham. Found two good foxes: the first was found in Peak Copse, run fast over two or three fields, then got to slow hunting, and at last hounds could not hold on the line. They trotted on to Durwood, and a fox went away about twenty minutes before the hounds, and they never could get on terms with him; so the scent being bad they gave him up and went home. The frost was then beginning. It is strange that on this day the Hursley had an extraordinary run of forty minutes, really without a check—hounds running from scent to view, and killed him; they found at Norwood, away by Henry Goater's training stables, never touched a covert, and the kill was at Mr. Aller's, at Little Somborne. The characteristic all this season has been that, if you do not get away with your fox almost on his back, you cannot run him; and if you come to a check for a very few minutes, you may be sure your run is over. The Hambledon did not go out from November 29th till December the 13th—a long time to be in the kennels at this time of the year: they have, however, killed 14½ brace of foxes. On December the 17th they met at Corhampton House, the seat of Mr. King Wyndham, who has always a good supply of foxes. Found in a plantation adjoining the Park; he was headed in every direction, and was killed at Corhampton Mill, where Mandeville, the first

whip, went into the river to get the fox out, when he slipped, and nothing was to be seen but his back; luckily, the bottom was gravelly, or his head might have remained there if it had been muddy. Found another fox in Bottom Copse, went away directly, a good pace to Swanmore House, where there was a check; slow hunting afterwards, and lost near Midlington. Found again in Hazleholt, went through Bottom Copse, Littleton, Exton Woods, and Lower Copse, over Stephen's Castle Down, Hazards, and Priestwood (to this point it was slow hunting), then away from Priestwood by Lower Preshaw Farm to Lomers Copse and Sailors Wood, and, at the end of two hours and a quarter, they pulled him down in the high beeches at Preshaw. Well did Mr. W. Long and his hounds deserve him a good day's sport.

And, by-the-way, what little Hampshire bird was it told us a story about a pug-dog and a foxhound that seems to have amused the people much in the diggings where it happened? How

'Mr. P—— he was an Auctioneer
And Agent of renown,
Who thought himself no small beer
In Hambledon's small town.

'Mrs. I—— lived close around;
A sporting dame was she;
Her favourite dog, an old foxhound,
With P——'s pug did not agree.'

The whole ballad, we are sorry to say, we cannot find space for, but the upshot of it was, that as dogs delight to bark and bite, their owners get sometimes infected too, and the hound having given pug what, in the language of the ring, used to be called 'a belly-full,' the auctioneer got irate and summoned the 'sporting dame' for damage done. We trust Hampshire 'beaks' are above the influences of 'charming woman,' but they decided that poor pug had no *locus standi*, and dismissed the summons, with costs against the auctioneer, who turned *scarlet*, it is stated, with rage and vexation.

Mr. Tailby's hounds have had a very successful cub-hunting, and up to this time have done well in the open, finding some good straight foxes, and making good points.—November 4th. After killing a brace of foxes in the morning, they had a good gallop from Gaulby Spinnies, by Houghton, Inganby, Scraptoft, Keyham, back to Inganby.—Eleventh. Good run from Slawston Gorse, by Fallow Closes and Hallaton, between Belton and Loddington, and on for Launde Wood. Found again at Vowe's Gorse, ran quick for twenty minutes, and killed. Found again in Hallaton Spinnies, and killed him at Keythorpe.—Eighteenth. A good fox from Stanton Wood; ran by Noseley and New Inn up to Friaby, when he got to ground. Another from Shangton Holt gave a quick twenty minutes, and killed him.—Twenty-fifth. A good fox from Sheepahorns, ran by Shangton Holt, Noseley and Rollerton up to Ingly to ground; very fast thirty minutes, and a six mile point.—December 11th. They found a straight fox in Norton Gorse; ran by Gaulby and Friaby over the Leicester road in Billendon, left the Coplow on the left, Lord Muston's covert on the left, by Tilton Mill, down almost to John o' Gaunt, which was on the left, up to Halstead and close to Tilton Wood: a very good run, no doubt. They changed foxes at the last.—Sixteenth. Found a good fox at Slawston; ran almost to Welham, back by Fallow Closes and Hallaton almost to Allerton Wood; middling scent, and slow, but a good line. Another good fox from Langton Caudle; ran by Welham Lodge and Slawston up to the Medbourne road, where they were holloaed to a fresh fox and lost.—

Eighteenth. A good woodland run from Allerton Wood, through Wardley, Stoke End, Merivale Hole, and Stockerton Woods, and they rolled him over in the open opposite Stockerton Hall, after a good fifty minutes. Found again in Stockerton Wood; ran by Hanninghold up to Keythorp Spinnies and Ram's Head, through Loddington Reddish, and up to the village, where they were stopped in the dark. Killed up to December 18th, forty-five foxes.

Among the numerous contributions to the sale of poultry bills comes one from Cheltenham, which bears the *imprimatur* of strict truth. John P—— was, in 1850, a farmer in a small way and a haulier in a large way on the Cotswold Hills. He dealt in stones, and could have given a stone either to Goliath, in the way of fighting, and even more weight to Ananias, in his peculiar arena. He was one day in Cheltenham regaling himself at the Crown, and happened to tell the landlord of his having had two lambs killed by a fox, bewailing his inability to put his loss into the shape of a bill. Mine host of the Crown volunteered his services as scribe; and when the items were discussed, 'It's no good sending in such a paltry claim as two lambs,' says the penman. 'I'll put a few items together for you.' Accordingly, Lord Fitzhardinge received in due course a long and heavy bill for the damage done by foxes. Reading his letters at breakfast, as was his wont, his Lordship came upon the claim by John P——. The first item caused the noble M.F.H. no surprise. 1. *Killed by foxes, two lambs.* Then came—2. *Do. Seventeen fowls.* (Elevation of eyebrows.) 3. *Do. A three-year-old colt.* (Berkeley expletive.) 4. *Do. A yearling bull.* (Ditto.) 5. *An acre of vetches.* '——!' said the noble owner of Berkeley Castle. 'I could stand the lambs and the poultry, but a colt, a bull, and an acre of vetches! By 'George! he shan't have a blank farthing.' And he didn't.

The Hunt Servants' Benefit Society is going on first-rate. The Secretary has received donations from all parts of the country, sent up by gentlemen in different hunts, who have kindly undertaken to collect; but, well as many of them have done, they have all been eclipsed by Mrs. Boughey, the wife of the Master of the Albrighton, who has sent up 163*l.* 5*s.*, collected by her in that country. If other ladies who are honorary members would follow Mrs. Boughey's lead, the Society would soon be in a very flourishing condition.

Hampshire men who have attained to middle age will remember that in the days of their hot youth, when their sole ambition was to do and dare in the hunting field, there were two men who, let them ride as hard as they may, could always be with them without an effort, and beat them when they pleased—two men who had apparently acquired the very rare secret of conveying their own thoughts and wishes to the horses beneath them through the medium of the mouth, and having those wishes carried out without sign or show of opposition. They were quiet, good riders, always with hounds, without bustle or fluster; their manner was not as that of the present day, when if a man does not jump to be looked at, he is nothing. They rode to hounds and to see hunting, not to exhibit themselves and their last purchase in horseflesh. These men were the two Colonels Greenwood of Brookwood House; we believe known not only in their own woodland shire, but throughout England as two of the finest horsemen this country could produce. Colonel William passed away some few years ago, and now his brother, Colonel George, has followed to the unknown land. With him goes another of the old landmarks, another who could recollect the Hampshire Hunt in its Augustan era, when country gentlemen were gentlemen, and the City, like a huge volcano, had not as yet opened forth its streams of dollar-worshipping

sons, like lava to cover the face of the earth. Happily for Brookwood there is an heir, who in all sports promises to uphold its ancient fame and rival his relations' deeds in the saddle. Still be the young ones good as they may, and although we know it is in the fulness of time and ripeness of years, all good sportsmen must hear with regret that one of the first amongst them (albeit, perhaps the latter generation scarcely knew him) has passed away. Hampshire will not quickly look upon his like again. For many years he commanded the 2nd Life Guards. He wrote the best book on horsemanship that has ever been published, and we may fairly say turned out more lady pupils in the art than any man in England, a professional Brighton riding-master excepted.

To the regret of numerous friends, and more especially of Hertfordshire sportsmen, Mr. Frederick Peter Delmé-Radcliffe died at his seat, Hitchin Priory, on the last day of November. His portrait and biography having recently appeared in the pages of 'Baily,' it were needless to go over the same ground again. Suffice it to say that he was a man of considerable talent. He was a fluent speaker; he had the pen of a ready writer, and was equally at home in knocking off a roystering hunting song or in composing a sonnet for a lady's album. Some of our readers may remember the pretty lines written by him commencing with the words,

'Some love to ride on the ocean tide,
There are charms in the dark blue sea.'

The Old Squire, as he was affectionately called by his friends, was a good judge of hunting and everything appertaining to it. He had passed his apprenticeship with the Oakley, in the palmy days of Lord Tavistock. As a game shot he was far above the average until an untoward accident, when shooting with some neighbours, deprived him of the use of his right eye. On that occasion he barely escaped with his life; but his first words, upon regaining consciousness, were, 'I call you all to witness that it was my own fault.' Given to hospitality, gifted with considerable powers of conversation and a rich fund of sporting anecdotes, the Old Squire, for many years made the Priory one of the most agreeable houses in the country.

A gentleman largely interested in one of the staple trades of the West Riding, and who has lately (thanks to his wife's influence and his own impudence) been admitted a member of a county club not one hundred miles from his own dunghill, was present at and 'overheard' a conversation in the club on the indifferent character of the season for game. A certain gallant baronet remarking that on his own estate he had hardly a bird, was gratified and consoled by receiving the very next day, with Mr. ——'s kind regards and compliments, a brace of partridge and a hare, purchased in —— Street.

The scene is somewhere in Gloucestershire. 'Come off them seeds,' roared an irate farmer to a hunting lawyer who was serenely trotting over the forbidden ground alluded to. 'Come off 'em. You ought to know better.' 'What seeds do you mean?' asked the six-and-eightpenny man, with great naïveté. 'The bist a pretty feller for a lawyer, and not know what seeds 'be,' replied the agriculturist, with a contemptuous grin. 'Stop a minute,' gently urged the lawyer. 'Do you know all about the Supreme Court of 'Judicature?' 'No, darned if I do!' said the other. 'Then you're a pretty 'fellow for a farmer,' was the rejoinder; which, perhaps, was about as fair a *repart*, under the circumstances, as could well have been framed, inasmuch as

the quill-driver was as innocent in the matter of seeds as the chawbacon was on the points of law.

We hear that the Duke of Beaufort's hounds have been doing very well, considering the noble Master has not been out with them so often as he wished, his Grace having, in the beginning of the past month, had, for the first time in his life, we believe, to succumb to a heavy cold. September and October were fair scenting months in that country, but November was very bad. However, there has been a great improvement since the frost. The Duke has lately imported two of the celebrated Poitou donkeys, one for himself, the other for his son-in-law, the Marquis of Waterford, and the price—140*l.* each—sounds enormous. We fancy they were cheaper some years back. There was a sketch in the 'Field' lately of one of these gentlemen, and an ugly-looking brute he was; but they have great power, and the two the Duke has imported have as much bone as a large carthorse, ears 12 inches long, and with pedigrees considerably longer.

All the weatherwise folk, all the old women foretold an early and a severe winter; the bushes were covered with berries, woodcocks were earlier and more plentiful than usual, wild birds were seen in the Thames, and everything portended such a result. When, therefore, a heavy fall of snow came in the first week of December, we made up our minds that we were in for it. Without a murmur we paid two-and-sixpence per mile for 'a growler,' with two horses abreast, rather than trust ourselves to a hansom, whose driver was studying the first elements of tandem-driving. Our philosophy was not long put to the test, for the wind veering round to the west, Favonius, without much aid from the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, soon dispelled all appearance of an inclement season.

A valued friend of ours sends us the following good anecdotes of the late Lord Henry Bentinck, which he says he has long had 'bottled up' for the 'Van.' Lord Henry, one day out with his hounds, saw a certain gentleman whom he had 'mounted' decidedly 'funking' a big fence during a good run, which he tried to get out of by saying he had lost a shoe. 'Ah!' said Lord Henry, 'if you are not afraid of losing your mettle, I am not of mine.' This same gentleman was, very shortly after his marriage, staying for some shooting at a friend's house, and while there he received a letter from Lord Henry offering him a mount if he turned up at a certain meet. Having no hunting toggery, he appeared in shooting costume, and Lord Henry, looking him well over as he got on his horse, said, smiling, 'Does Mrs. — *already* wear the 'breeches'?

'Judex' has sent us his annual little Derby Analysis, and a capital digest it is, most correct and painstaking. He goes for Petrarch and the Mineral colt, and few will gainsay him in his selection. He does not take the favourable view of Skylark's pretensions which some of his brother analysts do; and we confess we expected to find Lord Falmouth's horse as his third string. He prefers, however, All Heart and Forerunner, and we have too great a respect for his judgment to offer any opposition. All racing students who want to keep up their racing lore should keep 'Judex' in their pockets.

Truth is often stranger than fiction, but we can vouch for the accuracy of the following horse-dealing story:—A foreign gentleman with lots of money, and fond of letting people know it, whom we will call Monsieur Giglamps, went, some few years ago, to stay at a favourite hunting quarter, to hunt in Gorsehamptonshire, and he was (or pretended to be) always in want of a horse. Having noticed a good-looking hunter belonging to a very hard-riding heavy-

weight farmer, he said, 'Dat is a nice horse, Mr. Newland; will you sell 'him?' 'Oh yes, sir; he is for sale.' 'Vat do you vant for him?' next asked Monsieur Giglamps. 'Two hundred guineas,' was, we believe, the answer. 'Vell, I will give it you, if you will let me ride him with the 'hounds.' 'Oh, certainly,' said the farmer. 'They will meet at the Wind-mill next Friday; so you had better come over, and if I am not at home 'you can see my wife, ride the horse, and tell her what you think of him.' Accordingly Monsieur Giglamps rode over, told Mrs. Newland the object of his visit, had his ride, and on his return, as her husband was still absent, said: 'Mrs. Newland, you know vat black satin is?' 'Oh yes, sir,' said the lady, perhaps fancying this rich man was going to give her a nice new dress. 'And 'I daresay you know also vat bombazine is?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I know what 'that is.' 'Well,' said Monsieur Giglamps, 'this horse is not black satin, 'but is bombazine!' Spring came; the London season followed, and in due course of time hunting recommenced. Down again to Gorsehamptonshire he went, and one of the first persons he met was Mr. Newland, on a very fine horse, which at once attracted his attention. After the usual greeting he said, 'Ah, Mr. Newland! dat is vat I call a real nice horse; is he for 'sale?' 'Yes, sir, he is; but I want a very long price for this one.' 'How 'much?' 'Well, I can't take less than three hundred.' 'Very good; I 'will give it you.' The bargain was concluded. About three weeks afterwards Mr. Newland saw the gentleman on his old horse, and, with a peculiar smile, said, 'Well, sir, and pray what do you think of old Bombazine now?' The foreign gentleman, who thought himself so knowing, utterly collapsed, soon after left Gorsehamptonshire, and is said to have taken to yachting in the summer, and passes his winters playing at Monaco.

Lord Coventry made some very sensible remarks at a recent meeting of the Worcestershire Agricultural Society, which we wish we could reproduce in full. He spoke very plainly on the deterioration of horses, both in quantity and quality, and he attributed the latter to the increasing number of short races, 'which made people careless as to whether they bred from sound horses 'or not.' He passed some severe remarks on the presence of Prince Charlie, great horse as he was, at Hampton Court, and said that Worcestershire had specially suffered from sires who were roakers, namely, Peppermint, Voivode, and Liddington, who had stamped the defect on all their stock. We trust the noble Lord's words sank deep into the hearts of the farmers who listened to him.

The wit of the schoolboy at Pumpington, so facetiously recorded in last month's 'Van,' was fairly equalled on one of the wettest of the recent November days. A well-known coroner had to make a late start to find the —shire hounds, and after an hour's stern chase and several interviews with mother-earth, he arrived, drenched to the skin, just as the first fox was being broken up, and with that very field he got a cropper, to the mutilation of his Lincoln and Bennett, and at the expense of a perfect volley of jokes.

No. 1. Hallo! Here's the *Crowner* at last.

No. 2. Why he's been *sitting on his own body* (as his breeches attested).

No. 3. (Schoolboy, of course). Yes, and the verdict must have been, '*Found drowned.*'

A friend of ours was asked what was the legal definition of matrimony? He replied that he knew the parliamentary one, viz., a select committee of two, with, of course, power to add to their number.

It is clear that the School Board has not yet fully accomplished its work.

A little girl was asked, 'What is faith?' but the answer, more prompt than correct, was, 'Please, sir, *sinful desires*.'

In, alas! a sadly too numerous record of the victims to the great bearer of the scythe which our 'Van' of this period last year contained, one among the roll, and one only, was mentioned by us as leaving behind him a widow and orphans; and now, quoting the words written, 'They, unhappily, were left in such indifferent circumstances as to necessitate an appeal for help from the hundreds to whom poor "Hotspur" and "Augur" was so well known, or who might have profited by his judgment and information,' it now gives us very great pleasure to announce that this appeal was not made in vain, for, in addition to the handsome public subscription collected, Mrs. Feist received last month a presentation to Christ's Hospital for her third son, Lydston Frith Feist, the donor, a stranger to her and the family, being Mr. Hine Haycock, a personal friend of Mr. Baily and the 'Van' driver—a disinterested and generous gift, for the donor only knew Mr. Feist as a public writer, and, hearing his family were unprovided for, hastened to do what, happily for them, laid in his power.

That we live in an age of testimonials is a trite observation, but there are testimonials and testimonials, and the one that has been set on foot to Mr. Clare Reed, M.P., the late Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board, in recognition of his eminent public services to agriculture, is surely deserved. His brother farmers and stock-owners have long felt the debt of gratitude they owed to Mr. Reed, and recent circumstances, to which we need not in these pages more particularly allude, have determined them to give expression to that feeling. At a meeting held on the 20th of last month at the Salisbury Hotel, Fleet Street, attended by gentlemen belonging to both sides of politics, a committee was formed to carry out their views, and liberal subscriptions being at once proffered, the movement is already well afloat. It has been thought desirable to close the subscription list on the 31st of January, and intending subscribers are therefore requested to communicate their decision without delay. The bank is the London and County, 21, Lombard Street, and the Hon. Secretary Mr. John Algernon Clarke's address is the Salisbury Hotel.

In the concluding lines of 'Our Van' last month we used some *strong* expressions about the running of Palm at Warwick. This running has since been satisfactorily explained, and we learn that there is no foundation for any such impressions. We frankly offer to Mr. G. Brown, the owner of the horse, our apologies, and tender our regrets to that gentleman for the error into which, in common with other writers, we were led on that occasion, and we feel confident that he will receive this retraction in the same spirit in which it is tendered.



BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE LORD MUNCASTER, M.P.

DESCENDED from an old Norman family the head of which fixed his abode at Penitone, in Lancashire, on property that is to this day in the possession of his descendants, the Penningtons—the modern improvement on the name—have long borne an honoured name among our north country magnates; and when the head of the house was added to the Irish peerage in the latter part of the last century by the title of Lord Muncaster, the distinction was but a small tribute to high worth and ancient possessions. The family had been held in great esteem by more than one of our Plantagenet kings, and Henry VI. gave to Sir John de Pennington—a faithful and attached servant—a curiously-wrought glass cup, ‘with a prayer ‘that the family should never want a male heir so long as the glass ‘was unbroken.’ Whether the cup is in existence we are ignorant; but so runs the legend.

Josslyn Francis Pennington, fifth Baron Muncaster and M.P. for West Cumberland, the subject of our present sketch, was born in 1834, and succeeded his brother in 1862. The army was his profession, and his first regiment the 90th Light Infantry, in which he was gazetted to his company in 1856. He served in the Crimea for nearly two years, was with the storming party in the attack on the Redan on the 8th of September, ’55, when out of twenty-one officers of his regiment only four came out from action unwounded. Captain Pennington subsequently exchanged into the Rifle Brigade, and left the army shortly before his succession to the title. Since then—his Lordship having married, in 1863, Constance Ann, a daughter of Mr. Edmund L’Estrange and a niece of the seventh Earl of Scarborough—he has resided at Water Priory, in Yorkshire, and latterly at Muncaster Castle, in Cumberland, for a division of which county he was elected member without opposition on the present Lord Lonsdale succeeding to the peerage. Lord Muncaster’s life is that of a country gentleman in the full sense of the term. He hunts a little and shoots a good deal, is an enthusiastic fisherman,

and is well acquainted with the Norway rivers. He is best known to Londoners, perhaps, as a member of the Four-in-Hand Club, and his team of browns and bays is generally to be seen at the meets of the Club, and is a sure find at Ascot. It is, however, among the mountains of his native county (Cumberland) and the associations of his home that Lord Muncaster's name is a household word; and to say that he is loved and respected there is the best description we can give, and the highest tribute we can pay, to his character.

A CHARACTER.

HOWEVER difficult it may be to enumerate the various inducements through which men are led to embark upon the troubled waters of the Turf, the chief among them may be readily set forth, and the different classes engaged in the great game marshalled under their respective heads. First and foremost, we believe and trust, may be placed that innate love of the horse and his belongings which animates the vast majority of the wealthy landed proprietors and capitalists of England, and which develops into a not unnatural desire to share in the pleasures and glories popularly supposed to attend the possession of a large racing stud. These born enthusiasts in the cause of sport naturally attract a large following of imitators—men possessed of adequate means, but lacking that knowledge which proceeds from love of their hobby, and content to be borne along on the stream without any certain aim or object except their accomplished desire of being 'in the fashion.' Others, again, are led to register colours through mere vanity and the love of a little transient notoriety, coming like shadows and so departing, but leaving no recollections of their racing career behind them, save occasionally a bare and unprofitable record of their names in the volumes of the Ring, which they 'went in' to break. Another division sees pleasant opportunities for gambling associated with the possession of a training stable, which is carried on solely for that purpose, its component members being no more objects of interest or regard than the soiled pack cast one side after the rubber has been played out. Descending still lower in the scale, we encounter the 'long firm,' whose prey is their fellow-men, the outcasts, perhaps, of respectable society, but endued with a fine natural taste for the concoction of robberies; fallen angels converted at last into devils; the 'legs' of highly-spiced sensational novels, and 'nobbler' of so-called sporting dramas—types of turfites from a 'Tom Brown' point of view, and veritable 'cankers of civilisation' in the eyes of universal reformers.

The 'character' we shall attempt to delineate belonged to none of these schools. Inborn love and knowledge of horseflesh, senseless craving after fashion, vain desire of notoriety, insatiate thirst for gambling—none of these could be said to have weighed with him in determining to cast in his lot with the men of a period well described as 'high fever tide' upon the Turf. It is almost needless

to add that we have excluded altogether from consideration in his class the 'vampyre' class, with which we brought to a conclusion our instances of the motives which we hold to be most powerful in making 'racing men.'

Mr. Graham probably betook himself at a somewhat late period of life to Turf pursuits in the dearth of any other amusement involving so little trouble. In one respect racing has an advantage over its sister sports, in that it involves no personal exertion such as that required in hunting, shooting, yachting, or half a score of other recreations dear to muscular Christianity. You may be paralysed or bedridden, and yet enjoy the sport to an extent fully as great as it is appreciated by half the attendants at Ascot or Goodwood. Mr. Graham's, of course, was not such an extreme case, but it could not be said of him that he was a bustling enthusiast or a prominent member of the racing community. Judged by his actions, he knew and cared very little about the animals his many friends recommended him to invest in; and though some of his expensive purchases turned out well, a vast deal of rubbish was 'put down' to him during his brief career. This fate he experienced in common with all buyers of high-priced yearlings, and we are not insinuating for one moment that the advice of his counsellors was otherwise than disinterested. To see Mr. Graham going the rounds at Middle Park or Hampton Court, you might imagine him to be entering a lion's den each time a box-door was opened; and beyond a feeble signal made now and then with his stick, he might have been supposed to take no interest whatever in the 'official inspection.'

By no stretch of imagination could Mr. Graham be described as a votary of fashion, or be accused of any desire to follow in the wake of those ephemeral moths whose gaudy wings were soon singed by the flame to which the glare of notoriety had attracted them. Neither in dress nor manners was he an imitator of that golden band. His black go-to-meeting coat, antiquated satin stock, weather-beaten hat, cotton gloves, cloth boots, and gingham umbrella contrasted strangely with the gorgeous full dress or dapper mufti of those who 'ran old Graham up' round the sale ring, or rubbed shoulders with him as he took a nervous peep at the toilet of some favourite upon which the chubby-faced Henry Woolcott and George Fordham were putting the finishing touches, the latter with a streak of green silk just showing above his overcoat, as he took one last look round before having his leg up on Formosa or Gamos. Mr. Graham was probably the only man who, under an assumed name, achieved the height of a sportsman's ambition in carrying off the Ascot Gold Cup; nor is it upon record that any successful competitor for that brilliant trophy has, before or since, had the questionable taste to rebuff the congratulatory advances of a Prince of the Blood Royal, and to request the Mountain to come to Mahomet. It might be, and probably was, owing to the independence of thought and action which so often characterises the self-made man, that he showed himself intolerant of notice or patronage by

his superiors in rank, but it cannot be doubted that, at the bottom of all these traits lurked that shrinking from publicity and aversion to notoriety which was his ruling passion, and formed the key to many actions of his racing career which men have endeavoured to account for by theories in many cases most erroneously promulgated, and have attributed to a totally different set of motives.

It was this curious admixture of ambition for the highest distinctions of the Turf, and morbid dread of identification with the instruments by means of which he accomplished his ends, that prompted Mr. Graham to take refuge under the ægis of assumed names, and, ostrich-like, to imagine that his connection with certain horses would not be suspected by the public. Hence the stock phrase of his 'name being identified' with many winners could never be applied to the man whose unaccountable desire for mystification led him to put on one disguise after another of the flimsiest description, and to glory in ringing the changes on half a dozen mythical names. The Liberal precept of 'register, register, register,' must be held to apply to him in his constant changes of *alias* at Messrs. Weatherby's; and he was like the circus-rider, who, during his career in the arena, dons half a score of different costumes without changing his individuality. It was a sort of infatuation which led him to race under half a dozen titles *at once*, with his real name thrown in occasionally by way of variety; and thus his three Oaks winners are described in 'Ruff' as belonging, Regalia to Harlock, and Formosa and Gamos to Mr. 'Jones.' Sabinus did all his good things under the 'stars' of Mr. 'Hessey,' and his owner sailed also under the colours of Brown, Keswick, Fisher, Winchester, and others, an incongruous mixture of real personages with mythical beings. The public attributed these constant changes of position to the same motives which induce the predatory section of mankind to adopt a fresh alias as often as occasion requires; and put down all these senseless attempts at mystification to a desire to throw dust in their eyes. Accordingly it came to pass that both stables patronised by Mr. Graham (who did not limit his love of plurality to names alone) were held in mistrust and suspicion, and the name of the great unknown was associated with anything but a satisfactory savour. The in-and-out running of various horses belonging to the 'brethren' gave a colour to the many ill-natured hints and inuendoes thrown out, though we firmly believe that no owner ever started, carried through, or ended his Turf career with better individual intentions than Mr. Graham. A man who played so equivocal a game should have been endowed with the hard, obstinate temperament enabling him to hold his way with determination, and thus to divide or to defy public opinion; but the exceedingly sensitive temperament of Mr. Graham compelled him violently to resent the ridicule and abuse which his own course of action not unnaturally brought down upon his devoted head; and he would querulously complain that the public misjudged him, and gave him no credit for the straightforwardness with which he guided his ways.

He did not want for apologists in the sporting press and among his large circle of acquaintances, but even these could not but lament a policy harmless in itself, but calculated to set their friend wrong with the public. The latter should have remembered that the 'green jacket and black belt,' with which their favourite Fordham was so constantly associated, had done backers many a good turn in important races; and few men could boast with the subject of this notice of having swept off the board, during one brief decade, all the great races of the year, barring the Derby (for which three Oaks winners was surely no inadequate recompense), a long succession of handicap honours at 'Epsom Springs,' and a fair share of those good things elsewhere which enable the sportsman to look at his trainer's bill without apprehension.

Though Mr. Graham speculated habitually, and upon occasions heavily, betting could not be said to be his ruling passion; and he was mostly content, with the proverbial shrewdness of his countrymen, to limit speculation to matters within his knowledge, not caring to plunge on other people's horses, nor to place any solid reliance in flying rumours and reports. By some unfortunate dispensation his horses frequently went as unsatisfactorily in the market as they did in their races; but this was more owing to the finessing of his many commissioners than to any 'wire-pulling' on the part of their principal, who only wished for a fair amount invested at a fair price. Entering upon a totally unexplored arena late in life and with ample resources, he was, perhaps, well advised to rely entirely upon the public market for his animals, and not to undertake the care of a breeding establishment, a pursuit hardly likely to be congenial to the tastes of one of mere superficial sporting proclivities. Through different agents, which he varied as frequently as his racing disguises, he was a liberal purchaser; and the hearts of masters and managers leaped within them when the well-known landau and its pair of greys were descried bowling up the Middle Park Avenue or turning into the Royal domains at Hampton Court. Luck, as a rule, attended his bargains, and he secured prizes from the sale rings of both North and South, drawing Formosa (fair as her name) from the Neasham lucky-bag, and carrying off Gamos from under the elms at Eltham. Upon one occasion, to the surprise of Mr. Blenkiron, he contented himself by merely fidgetting about the outskirts of the ring and making no sign; but he was merely 'kidding,' like his favourite jockey, and the heavy purchases made in Mr. Bertram's name were duly 'put down' to the 'Brotherhood.'

Mr. Graham has been well described as a fast and faithful friend, but a most uncompromising foe; and he was perhaps too ready to take offence at trifles, and to allow paltry differences to break up good understandings. Nothing 'riled' him more than the criticisms of certain writers directed against his little weaknesses and foibles; and it is reported that he would at times resort to the sanctum of a certain friendly editor in the Strand, there to unbosom his woes and pour his griefs into a sympathising ear. He always considered himself rather an injured individual over the Gladiateur business at

Doncaster, when his requisition for the examination of the French horse's dental system was not complied with ; and he was wont to compare his case with that 'leading' one which preluded the final tussle between Voltigeur and Russborough. All who served him in the capacity of trainers, jockeys, commissioners, and agents had a good word to say for him ; and want of liberality certainly could not be reckoned as one of his failings. The same perseverance which placed him at the top of the tree as a wrestler, and helped him to reach the highest rung of the ladder of commercial prosperity, followed Mr. Graham in the occupation which he had selected to amuse his leisure in middle age, and he always came up smiling after reverses, though Fortune did not desert him for long. He did not possess the winning tongue and silver speech which characterised more than one of his contemporaries ; but there was a thorough ring of truth in his somewhat uncouth utterances, and he might justly boast to have flattered no man in his life. Nominally (if, indeed, the word be not a misnomer) he had quitted the Turf for some years before his decease ; but he is generally understood to have been interested in some late winners of importance, though he had long since ceased personally to take any interest in the scenes in which he had been so prominent an actor.

We should not have lengthened out our description of traits appertaining to such a 'character' as that of Mr. Graham, did we not dream that they might serve to point a moral as well as to adorn a tale. We have the almost unique spectacle of a self-made man of business taking up in maturer years with a pursuit which mostly commends itself to the fiery aspirations of youth, and throwing himself into it (up to a certain point) with the ardour characteristic more of the inborn sportsman than of the trader of confirmed principles and habits. His career is also remarkable for the success which uniformly attended his ventures ; for with a comparatively small stable he contrived, year after year, to show a bold front, and made his green jacket known and respected upon every racecourse in England. Had he taken a higher line, and assumed a larger personal share in controlling the affairs of his racing establishment, mingling more with men of his own calibre in respect of wealth, he might have been followed with all that wild enthusiasm which animated the clansmen of Merry, Hawley, or Rothschild. As it was, he sedulously avoided the society of what he contemptuously designated the 'swell division,' and, as a natural consequence, found his level among a class which may be said to have its habitation on the debateable ground which lies between the realms of pleasure and business in racing. The supersensitiveness of his nature made him recoil from popularity, and caused him to acquire habits of secrecy and to cultivate the love of mystery and concealment. Still, he must be considered and recorded as a 'man of mark' upon the Turf, and as such we could not permit him to steal away from among us without some slight memorial to the 'character' we have attempted to delineate.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE town clock of Buckbury had already struck twelve when Frank, mounted on Casket, the thin-skinned, broken-down racer, whose bare knees and shivered fore-legs had apparently quite enough to do to carry her own weight, picked his way very gingerly over the hard stones till he had fairly cleared the precincts of the town. Impatiently and almost thoughtlessly he then stuck both spurs into the mare's ribs, an outrage the game old beast instantly resented by a succession of plunges and kicks which, if not secure in his saddle, would have certainly exacted speedy retribution from the offending rider. However, finding it not repeated, she just cleared her pipes with an angry snort or two, and then, throwing up her deer-like head high in the air, away she went at a pace so sewent and so rapid that the very hedges appeared to Frank's eyes to be running a race in an opposite direction, till his brain almost reeled at the sight.

The road, like most roads in Devonshire, was an up-and-down-hill one the whole way to Buddleford; yet never for one second did the old mare attempt either to slacken her speed or even change a leg till Frank pulled her up within a few yards of the blacksmith's forge on the outskirts of that village.

'Never threw my leg over a better animal in my life,' said he, dismounting from her back, and addressing a moor farmer who, leading a young unshod colt in a halter, had arrived at the same moment near the smithy door.

'Her com'th of a gude havage, I zee,' replied the farmer, running his eye, with the air of a connoisseur, from her thin, dilated nostrils down to the long quarters and fine featherlocks of her hind-legs; 'but her's one o' the has-beens, I zim—a bit long in the tooth; and ef the Squire mean'th breeding from her, the zoonder he do'th it the better. Leastways, that's my opinion, thoff I may be wrong. But cri-massy, Master Frank! the tail of her shak'th like a dishwasher's.'

'No wonder!' said Frank, referring to his watch. 'She seemed to fly over the road, and has brought me from Buckbury toll-bar to this place in something under twelve minutes. The mare really belongs to Mr. Host; but he has promised to give her to Tom Franks for next season; so he'll be splendidly mounted, won't he? But where's the groom? and what on earth has become of the blacksmith?' exclaimed Frank, aghast on discovering, as he entered the smithy, that neither of the twain were present; nor, by the scarcely perceptible thread of smoke issuing from the dying embers, could the latter have been at work for at least an hour. There, indeed, stood the colt, hitched up to a crook in the penthouse; but he was still unshod, and consequently not available for immediate use.

Here, then, was a fresh quandary, and again he was at his wits' end what next to do. The delay of even a few minutes would be fatal to him. His father would not fail to discover his absence, as well as that of the colt, and then a row would follow, the result of which, as affecting Joe Langworthy, filled him with the utmost concern and apprehension. He had promised that groom to be back at Watercombe before luncheon; but it was now half-past twelve o'clock, and, although his father rarely returned from the magistrates' meeting before two, it was next to impossible that he could reach home by that time, unless, indeed, he could mount his horse and start off at that instant.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, and Farmer Wakeham had confessed his utter inability to account for the absence of the blacksmith, the sound of a rough horn, followed by harsh and discordant music, suddenly attracted their attention. Then there was the shout of a mob, men's, women's, and children's voices commingling with the din as it rose, with peals of laughter, from the village green in the vale below.

'Begorz!' exclaimed Wakeham, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'there's a Skymaton down to Buddleford, if ever I heered one; and that's where the blacksmith's a go. Us must go tew, Maester Frank; 'tis a faine meg, sure enow, and I widn't lost zeeing o't, 'nit for a crown.'

'As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb,' thought Frank, as he resigned himself to the inevitable fate that seemed to follow and frustrate every scheme of his in connection with his visits to Heathercot. 'I fear 'tis no use waiting for the blacksmith,' he said hesitatingly, 'while that uproar is going on in the village?'

'Nit a farden o' use. Dick Trant blow'th the horn at Skymaton 'most times, and tell'th up who's to blame and what they've a doed 'to arn sitch a lectur'. Bless'ee! Dick's Cap'n to the comp'ny, 'spak'th out like a stage-actor, and widn't go to work now, naw, 'nit for a guinea a nail.'

This information dispelling all doubt from Frank's mind, he at once agreed to accompany Wakeham and see the fun, which, although enacted occasionally in the surrounding villages, was a novelty that as yet he had never witnessed. So, securing their respective steeds to two of the many crooks that studded the walls of the smithy, they totted off together and quickly joined the motley crowd.

Painfully grating and discordant was the concert that now assailed their ears. In the front of the throng appeared Dick Trant, mounted on a donkey, but with his face grotesquely turned towards the animal's tail. In his right fist, which was big and heavy as a sledge-hammer, he grasped a rough cow-horn, and ever and anon applying it to his lips, produced so vile a blast that Frank declared his teeth were set as much on edge by it as if he had eaten a crab-apple.

Then came the proclamation of the culprit's crime, which the blacksmith, as herald, yelled out with the lungs of a Stentor; and fol-

lowing it uprose the din and laughter of the crowd in a wild chorus, supported by instruments consisting chiefly of tin kettles, fire-shovels and tongs, saucepans, frying-pans, and coal-scuttles, drummed on by pokers and pincers imported from the blacksmith's forge.

A shrewish-looking woman representing the culprit, being thus escorted, was quaintly bedizened with ribbons of every hue. Her cheeks, painted blood-red, betokened her fiery nature; while, gesticulating furiously with her arms, she was borne in a chair, fitted with poles, aloft in the centre of the crowd.

Passing on to the end of the village, the whole party entered thecombe leading up to John Mumford's house; and now it was that Frank first discovered who the real victim was and what had been the delinquency that gave rise to this public exposure. A serious matrimonial squabble, ending in a fight, had taken place at Honeycombe between Mrs. Mumford and the long-suffering, henpecked man designated by courtesy as her 'maister,' but whose claim to that title the neighbours knew to be mere moonshine.

The old feud about the foxes had broken out with fresh rancour between the pair; and the high-spirited little virago, having lost a whole brood of full-grown turkeys, had not only exhausted her long vocabulary of vile epithets on John Mumford's head, but had resorted to revenge, in the shape of poison, with which she hoped to destroy every fox on that side of the moor.

The foxes, however, were far too cunning to be caught by her; they escaped with their lives; 'the dog it was that died'—the faithful 'Shepherd,' companion, friend, and real helpmate to John Mumford—picked up the poisoned meat, and, before a remedy could be administered, shivered and fell dead in the field at his master's feet. This was more than even he could bear; the last straw that broke down the domestic tyranny under which he had so long groaned. He lifted the dog tenderly in his arms, carried him home and deposited him on the floor in front of a table at which his wife sat making dumplings for the day's dinner.

'There,' he said, bitterly, 'that's your work; you've a murdered 'that dog, you have; and if you'd a tookt it yoursel' (meaning the poison), 'I shouldn't 'a found the want of ee, nit half zo mitch.'

At this insult the little fury's eyes absolutely flashed fire; her utterance was choked, and, instead of fulminating forth her usual charge of hard words, she hurled the rolling-pin with all her force straight at Mumford's head; protected by his hat, however, and a tolerably thick skull of his own, the weapon glanced off and did little or no damage beyond leaving a trifling mark on the bruised skin.

'Awh! that's your game, is it?' he said, very deliberately; 'well, tew can play at that, and I'll zee if I can't larn ee better 'manners avore I've a done with thee.'

He then seized her firmly round the waist, carried her to the porch-door, as a dog would carry a struggling rat, and, dropping her

beyond the lintel, thrust her out, but without violence, into the midst of a lot of pigs, which, at that moment, were squealing for their food in the farmyard. 'There, 'bide 'long wi' they, ef yeu've 'a lost yeur raison; that be the right comp'ny vor sitch as yeu be to 'kip.' Having said this he re-entered the door, slammed it behind him, and turned the key.

Loud and piercing were the shrieks the little spitfire uttered at this treatment; nor did she cease for an instant from banging the door with a heavy pike-handle and upbraiding her husband in the most vituperative terms, till an Irish packman, with his bundle of handkerchiefs and linen on his back, appeared at her side and expressed his immediate readiness to lend her any help that lay in his power.

He was a sturdy, thick-set fellow was Dennis O'Hagan, and, like many a Milesian, possessing the spirit of a true knight-errant, would rather have gone without his dinner for a whole year than fail to succour a woman in distress, whether invoked or not to espouse her cause.

'Open this door for me,' she said, piteously, 'and let me into my 'own house, do ee, sir, that's a dear man.'

'Be the powers, my lady, if 'tis Dinnis can do it, you'll not be 'long on the outside of it!' responded the Irishman, thrusting the pike-handle under the door and making it heave and creak with the leverage.

Inside, however, stood John Mumford, the fiend waxing within him, as he heard the man's voice and saw the hinges of his castle-door all but yielding to the strain. He was by no means a pugnacious character, nor under any amount of provocation could have been induced to strike a woman, his nature being far too manly for so cowardly an act; but the harsh, guttural tones of the pedlar's tongue converted him, as if by magic, into a very Gladiator. He threw open the door with a jerk, and, without giving the aggressor time even to put up his guard, his clenched fist fell with a smashing sound on the bridge of the Irishman's nose, drawing a crimson torrent from that organ and hurling him back, half-stunned, against the fragile form of his termagant wife.

Down they both went reeling together, the pedlar on his back, and Mrs. Mumford under him, in all the filth of the miry farmyard; the latter, however, was on her feet again in an instant, and had she not lost one of her shoes in the fall, would probably have beaten a hasty retreat and escaped into the house. 'Call yourself a man, 'John Mumford!' she gasped out hysterically, as she groped about for the missing slipper; 'I call ee nort but a cussed mongrel!'

By this time O'Hagan too had sprung upon his legs, and, undaunted by the tremendous blow that had just felled him to the earth, he rushed headforemost at his opponent, and catching him by the handkerchief of his throat, twisted it instantaneously so tightly that, in a few seconds more, suffocation must have been the inevitable result. Help, however, at that critical moment, came from a most unexpected

source: Mrs. Mumford, seeing her husband's face growing livid under the vice-like grip of the pedlar, and forgetting her wrongs, seized the pike-handle, and with two or three smart strokes over his head compelled him to relax his hold and liberate her husband.

'Be-dad!' exclaimed O'Hagan, 'I'm kilt outright;' as finding two to one against him, he reeled back and declined to continue the unequal fight; 'but I'll have the law av'ee both, ef I spend my last copper.'

The poor fellow then picked up his pack, and although his frontispiece exhibited a frightful mass of contusion, both the eyes being all but closed, and a stream of blood still trickling over his chin, his locomotion appeared none the worse for the encounter, as he made the best of his way for Buddleford, the nearest village in the vale below.

Taking refuge in the little wayside inn, where he and his pack were as well known as the country postman, the horrifying account of his damaged and blood-stained visage spread like wildfire through the hamlet; and when it was known by whom and for what offence he had been so cruelly treated, the indignation of the villagers knew no bounds. Long had the termagant conduct of Mrs. Mumford been a scandal in the neighbourhood, and now that this outrage had been perpetrated on a quiet and kind-hearted pedlar, whose sole object it was, however indiscreet, to help her, the black catalogue of her offences appeared to be complete.

Accordingly, with one voice, a Skymaton was called for by the whole community, and Dick Trant, the blacksmith, being appointed herald, was deputed at once to organise the concert and proclaim its object; that object being to expose the woman to public ridicule, and, if possible, to shame her into better ways.

The stocks, the pillory, and the cucking-stool, with other punishments for minor offences, have given way to the enlightenment of the age; but this equally ancient custom bids fair still to linger among us and to defy the advancing tide of modern civilisation for many a year to come. Up to the present day instances of its vitality are occasionally witnessed, both in the North and West of England; but the term Skymaton, or Skimmington, is chiefly, if not exclusively, confined to the latter country, whereas, in the North, the custom is called 'Riding the Stang,' i.e., riding the pole, the leader of the hubbub being mounted in a chair carried by poles, from which he proclaims the delinquency of the offender.

Butler, in the seventeenth century, describes the scene minutely in his 'Hudibras':—

'And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approached so near,
They might distinguish different noise
Of horns and pans, of dogs and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub;
And followed with a world of tall-lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads;

Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double base ;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.'

In France the ceremony is still practised commonly in the provinces, under the name of 'Charivari,' and is conducted with rough music in much the same fashion as in our own country. In Germany, too, the concert is called cat-music—a very appropriate term, both for the clamour and the cause of it.

In Somersetshire, not far from Yeovil, a bas-relief representing the custom of 'riding the Skimmety,' as the country people there call it, decorates the hall of old Montacute House, that beautiful mediæval structure built by Sir Edward Phelips, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Elizabeth. A short description of this bas-relief which, besides a singing-gallery and screen, occupies the upper end of that stately apartment, may not be uninteresting to those who, probably, have heard of this ancient punishment now for the first time. The scene, then, is thus depicted by the artist : On the left of the bas-relief a man is seen stooping over a beer-barrel ; in one arm he is holding a baby, which has evidently been intrusted to his charge by his absent wife. In the meantime he has been drinking the beer, and, apparently in a state of intoxication, is about to draw more, as the hand of his other arm is extended towards the tap, and a cup to receive it stands underneath. But the wife returns, and finding him in this condition, rates him soundly ; then, while an altercation ensues between them, and she is whacking him with an old shoe, a third person, supposed to be the schoolmaster, from a scroll of paper in his hand, overhears the quarrel and reports it to the village. Then follows the procession, composed of men and women, nine of whom are carrying an effigy of the delinquent on a pole and proclaiming the matrimonial scandal to the surrounding crowd.

The date of this grotesque and unique bas-relief is probably coeval with that of the grand old mansion in which it is found ; and very similar in its object and characteristics was the scene witnessed by Frank on the present occasion. But the ludicrous part played by the actors, and the boisterous din produced by the pots and pans, commingling with rustic wit and uproarious mirth, soon lost their charm of novelty when he bethought him of the pain it would inflict on John Mumford himself, his late liberal host, and, as a tenant farmer, the best friend to foxes on that side of the moor. So, hustling his way as he best could through the crowd, and placing himself alongside Dick Trant and his donkey, he determined to do his utmost to save Mumford from the humiliation of being serenaded at his own door by this motley and tumultuous assemblage. He had not, however, forgotten the vicious kick in the ribs administered by Mrs. Mumford to the poor sheep-dog, whose untimely end had now brought their matrimonial life to so painful a crisis. So far then as it affected her, Frank would have little recked if the

mob had tossed her in a blanket and then ducked her in a green horsepond—a punishment, in his opinion, not a whit too severe for so vile a termagant.

‘John Mumford,’ he said, edging up close to the herald, ‘is a great friend of the Squire’s, and I know he will feel very much vexed if you lead this Skymaton on to Honeycombe; and I’ll gladly give you a guinea out of my own pocket if you’ll stop short and shoe my horse instead.’

‘Couldn’t du it, Maester Frank, nit anyhow. Us a got a job in hand now, and must put he aside fust. ’Tis an old score, yeu zee, and ’tis time ’twas settled. Ef Betty Mumford dothn’t know her duty, us must larn it her—leastwise as the passon can’t.’

So saying, he applied the cow-horn to his lips, and inflating it with mighty effort, blew a blast so long and so harsh that it was almost a wonder his cheeks did not burst with the strain. Then, after some ribald and coarse allusion to the nether-garments befitting the costume of Betty Mumford, the crowd roared amain with laughter, and shouted to him to lead on up to the very doors of the delinquent.

Before, however, the procession had proceeded a hundred yards farther in the direction of Honeycombe, a farm-labourer of Mumford’s brought word that his master and mistress had been summoned to appear before a full bench of magistrates at the George Inn, to answer for the brutal assault perpetrated on the packman; and, moreover, that they were not expected to return to Honeycombe before nightfall. So Dick Trant again blew his horn, and, after explaining the inutility of serenading the mere walls of the house while the object of their visit was absent, he added: ‘But what us can’t do to-day, us’ll du to-morrow, and then gie her a full band and a proper tow-row.’

The whole party appeared to coincide at once with this arrangement, implying as it did a continuation of the ceremony on the following day at least, if not for a longer period. With an eye to business, however, as well as pleasure, the blacksmith, while turning his donkey round, took the opportunity of saying to Frank, in a subdued tone, ‘I’ll vit a shoe on that hoss o’ yourn, Maister Frank, avore an hour’s over; and then, I zim, yeu’ll zay, “Dick Trant, “you’ve a arned that guinea fairly.”’

‘Not a bit of it,’ replied Frank, indignantly. ‘If you don’t mean to let John Mumford off altogether, you won’t see a farthing of my money beyond the value of the shoe. You’d make him suffer for his wife’s sins.’

‘Well, zo did Adam, as I’ve a heered tell; and if Betty wear’th the breeches, whose fault’s that but John Mumford’s, I should like to know?’

Seeing it was utterly useless to argue further with the man, whose sentiments appeared to give such unbounded satisfaction to those around him, Frank very discreetly held his tongue, hoping when his horse was being shod to prevail on him not to carry out the present programme to its bitter end. But, as he afterwards heard, his effort

was useless. Honeycombe was invaded by the village mob for three days in succession, and the consequence was that, owing to the excitement caused by those visits on the brain of Mrs. Mumford, it was found necessary to remove her to a lunatic asylum, where she was detained for the remainder of her short life, during which she never ceased to be for one moment the most unmanageable maniac that had ever entered its dark portals.

With his four shoes on, his head towards home, and his ribs occasionally touched up with a dig of the new rowels, the colt made short work of it between the blacksmith's forge and the stables at Watercombe. Over the broad waste of the mossy moor, sloping away seawards from the bogs above, and presenting a fine elastic turf for many a mile of ground, Frank felt as if Ganymedes himself, borne by Jupiter's eagle, had never been carried in better form. Then again, as the well-bred and sure-footed beast, scarcely slackening his pace, but dashing boldly into the depths of some hollow combe, now carpeted with fallen leaves, and studded on every side with ferns of exquisite form and verdure, uprose again to bound over the steep declivity of the opposite hill, no porpoise glancing over the ocean-waves could have surmounted the ups and downs of his liquid element with more delightful ease.

But joyous and exhilarating as the gallop was, Frank's quicksilver dropped to zero for some seconds when he remembered that this would probably be the last time he should cross his back for many a long day. Suddenly, however, a ray of hope broke in and again quickly restored it to its wonted high level: the thought occurred to him that, probably, he might be able to persuade his father to let him take the colt with him to Oxford; and, as the hope grew stronger and stronger at every stride, onward he sped with wild delight up to the very gates of Watercombe.

So full was he of this anticipation, and so utterly had he forgotten the time to which he was bound, that when Joe Langworthy made his appearance at the stable-door Frank was fairly startled by the anxious and alarmed expression of the man's countenance. 'Lor! 'Maester Frank,' ejaculated the groom, brightening up as he spoke, 'yeu be come at last, then; vor tew mortal hours I've a looked vor ee every minute in the hour! But there, yeu'm in gude time arter all; the Squire beant come yet.'

'Hurrah, Joe! that's a bit of good news I did not expect—a turn of luck for once in my favour——'

'And mine, tew, I reckon,' interrupted the groom, feeling the danger was over of which he stood so much in dread. 'Postman brought word, zo Mathiss says, that Farmer Mumford and hes wife to Honeycombe be tookt up for murder and robbery, and be now standing their trial to the George Inn avore the bench; and zo far as he know'th, they'm likely to swing vor it, tew; zo us shan't zee the maester home, leastways avore they've a zettled that job one way or t'other.'

'The postman's a fool and so's Matthews, for believing them,'

said Frank, curtly. 'John Mumford has only well thrashed an Irish pedlar for interfering in a quarrel between him and his wife; and served the fellow quite right, too, in my opinion. But look sharp, Joe, and get that colt straight as quickly as ever you can; for my father may return now at any moment: there, catch! that's the crown I promised you.'

Such was the fine condition of the colt, however, that, although the sweat ran off him like rain, not a speck of lather appeared on his skin; his tail, indeed, gave unmistakable token of the pace at which he had been travelling, while his flanks quivered convulsively, as if agitated by an electric battery. All those symptoms, however, would soon pass off, and, under Joe's manipulation, not a trace of them be seen in the short space of half an hour, if only the Squire would delay his coming to that time.

But the fates were against it; Joe had scarcely deposited the crown-piece in his leathern pouch when, hearing a gate that opened on a bridle-path leading directly for the stables fall heavily against its post, he looked round and spied the Squire jogging along on King Cole at his usual hound-trot; but as he approached a stone watering-trough that always stood brimming over with the softest moor water, he paused a minute or so to indulge the old horse with a long and refreshing draught. Then, to Joe's unspeakable relief, he turned short and trotted briskly up the stately oak avenue, which, with its gnarled and moss-clad branches overlapping the road, formed a continuous Gothic arch from that point to the front of the house. The groom then knew that King Cole would be led to the stables, and that he should now have plenty of time to dress the colt and restore his skin to that glossy hue, which would render detection of the fatigue he had undergone impossible, even to the master's eye.

In the meantime Frank had rushed up to meet his father; and as the latter expatiated on the tedious business of the day, which, after all, ended in the dismissal of the case against the Mumfords, Lady Susan, seeing them enter together, happily made no inquiries as to Frank's absence during the rest of the day.

That night Mr. Raleigh, very contrary to his usual custom, sat up to a late hour over his jug of punch, which, to Matthews' serious discomfiture, he was called on to replenish more than once with a fresh and more potent brew. Hitherto Frank's migrations from home had been limited to the neighbouring town of Buckbury, an accessible distance at which, if need be, he could easily be visited by his father, or summoned to Watercombe at brief notice. But now it was altogether a different matter; the boy was going forth to assume the *toga virilis* and start on life's journey, subject to no control beyond that of his own good sense and right feeling to save him from debt and the many temptations incidental to a college career.

So the Squire, pondering anxiously on these things, and loving his son as the very apple of his eye, sat up hour after hour in his easy-

chair, sipping the insidious mixture and devising all manner of schemes for the boy's protection; but, alas! without being able to choose one on which he could confidently rely. At length, in a state of semi-maudlin somnolency, in which his grief at parting with Frank was expressed by many a deep-drawn sigh and not a few tears, Matthews, who had brought in and lighted his bed-candle for the third time, overheard him saying aloud to himself, 'He shall have the colt then, as he so much wishes it; and if hunting won't keep the boy out of mischief, nothing on earth will.'

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

'THIS country,' said our friend, 'is bounded by the Oakley, the Fitzwilliam, the Puckeridge, and the late Mr. Gerard Leigh's, and they hunt over part of Bedfordshire, in which they have several meets, and also some large woods in Huntingdonshire, which are lent to Lord Fitzwilliam for cub-hunting. They go as far as Morghanger on the west to Kimbolton Castle, round by St. Ives to Cottenham; on the south they go as far as Royston, where they join the Puckeridge, and so round to Biggleswade. As a ploughed country it is very good; but there is little or no grass. There is a great deal of open country. From St. Neots to Cambridge it was so open that you could see the road before you for miles.

'The Gilrags country is about the best, and foxes are now well taken care of. The Warden country belongs to the Oakley, but is lent to the Cambridgeshire, and another portion to the Hertfordshire.

'Potton, Haley, Gransden, Weavely, Waresley, Gamlingay, are all large woods.

'There is a fine line of good scenting coverts for cub and spring hunting, namely, Paxton, Diddington, Brampton, Lymage and Calfer Woods; these are all in Huntingdonshire, and from them they often get a fox to run over the cream of the Fitzwilliam country. On the present Monday side they have some capital coverts; Paxton Wood is a sure find, and Megre and Perry woods are good for foxes. Then there is Grafham, where there is generally an old fox, but rarely any cubs. The river shuts this side off from the rest as the foxes never cross it. They hunt it once a fortnight. It joins the Fitzwilliam and Oakley on this side, and there is always a good show of foxes.

'On the other Monday they go to the Warden side, and then they draw a great deal of Mr. Whitbread's property, where there are always plenty of foxes, and also the good coverts Palmer's Wood and Shear Hatch. On the Friday they have Lord Hardwicke's at Wimpole Park, Eversden Wood, and Kingston Wood,

‘one of the best in the country, in which they have plenty of foxes ;
‘and there is also Haley Wood, a capital covert belonging to Major
‘Vernon. Potton Wood, with good rides, is also a sure find.
‘Hatley Wood is good, as are Buff Wood and Gilrags, and there is
‘a capital osier-bed at Morden.

‘On the Friday there is a good meet called Childerley Gate,
‘about six miles from Cambridge. Hardwicke Wood is a nice
‘covert ; so is one at Long Stanton. There is a good gorse at West-
‘wick, and nice spinneys at Boxworth and Madingley. As in
‘many other countries, before foxhounds were regularly established,
‘hounds were kept here which hunted both fox and hare ; and
‘amongst those were Sir Thomas Hatton’s of Long Stanton ; Sir
‘Charles Nightingale’s of Kneesworth House, and Mr. Wortham’s.

‘About the year 1790 General Barnett of Stratton Park and his
‘brother Mr. James Barnett had a pack of foxhounds, which they
‘kept at Stratton, and hunted part of Cambridgeshire and part of
‘Beds, even going as far as Clapham Park, near Bedford, and round
‘Putnoe ; and there exists a story of their finding a fox, supposed
‘to be the same, on seven successive Mondays at Gilrags. The
‘brothers were huntsman and whip, assisted by one John, who was
‘their groom and valet, and who appeared in the field as a sort of
‘second whip.

‘After them came Mr. Robert Denne of Tempsford Hall, who
‘was very fond of coursing, and had some first-rate greyhounds,
‘which always distinguished themselves at the Cardington Coursing
‘Meetings. He hunted the country between Huntingdon and Cam-
‘bridge ; and Tom Sebright (rather a heavy man) was his hunts-
‘man. His kennels were at Tempsford. Hunting at this period
‘were Mr. George Thornhill of Diddington House, Mr. F. Pem-
‘berton of Trumpington, Mr. Nathaniel Wedd of Trumpington,
‘Sir Charles Cotton of Madingley, father of Sir St. Vincent Cotton,
‘who drove the Brighton “Age ;” Mr. F. Cockayne of Ickleford
‘House, Mr. Charles M. Cheere of Papworth House, Mr. J.
‘Campbell of Burnham Grove, Mr. John Foster of Royston, and
‘Sir Charles Nightingale of Kneesworth.

‘After Mr. Denne there was a long interregnum, when there were
‘no regular foxhounds, but the country was partially hunted in the
‘old style by harriers. This state of things continued until the
‘country was taken and duly established in December 1818, when
‘an agreement was entered into between Sir George Leeds and the
‘subscribers, who found twenty-five couple of hounds, in which he
‘undertook, in consideration of an annual subscription of 700 guineas,
‘and two horses, the price of which was 105*l*. (which were to be
‘considered his own), to hunt the country twice a week—on
‘Tuesdays and Fridays. The original subscribers were Mr. King
‘John Haggerston of Cambridge, Mr. Edward Humphreys Green
‘of Hinxston, Mr. William Hurrell of Foxton, Mr. William Beau-
‘mont of Whaddon, Mr. William Hurrell, jun., of Newton, Mr.
‘Thomas Nash of Whittlesford, Mr. Charles Finch of Cambridge,

‘ Mr. Salisbury Dunn of Whitleford, Mr. George Dobson of Eversden, Mr. John Trigg of Melbourne, Mr. H. Thurnall, of Whitleford, Mr. R. Comings of Cambridge, Mr. G. Wallace of Meldreth, and Mr. Thomas Mitchell, who kept the Eagle at Cambridge; but in spite of the legal document, when Sir George Leeds gave up, there was a great dispute as to whom the hounds belonged, and the opinion of the then Serjeant Talsourd was taken on the construction of the agreement. Sir George had been Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, and was created a baronet in 1812, and this pack was called the Croxton; but he had previously had a pack of foxhounds for a short time, which he gave up for harriers for two years, and after that he took to hunting fox again regularly for three seasons. His huntsman was Will Butler, from the Pytchley, whose father lived with John Warde. He came in 1818, and his last place was with Lord Henry Bentinck when he was quite an old man; and when they did not get on well in the field he used to say, “I shall have a long letter all about this from my lord to-night, but I shan’t read it; I never do.”

‘ At this period Cambridgeshire was not nearly so much enclosed as it is now, and each field was divided by large *balks*, the headlands were never ploughed, and it was a great trial of nerve to ride over them; for if a horse had not good shoulders he was sure to come down in the grips. Joe Leeds, the son of the Master, was also very well known with the Oakley as a capital rider, and I have heard that it was he who sold the celebrated Clinker, ridden by Captain Ross in the Clinker and Radical match from Barkby Holt to The Coplow, to Mr. Frank Holyoake for 500 guineas. A leading man also with them was Sir St. Vincent Cotton of Madingley, Lord Ludlow of Cople, who had only one arm, was also a very fine sportsman; so were the Hon. Samuel Ongley of Sandy Place, and Mr. Monk; Sir Peter Payne of Blunham House, father-in-law of Mr. Charles Barnett, was a most particular man about his weight, and would not carry letters to be franked because, he said, they made him heavy; Mr. Oriel Barker of Peter House, and Mr. Alington of Barford were good sportsmen; the Lindsells and Hoggs of Biggleswade, the Hurrells of Foxton and Newton, and H. Thurnall of Whitleford were regular leading men; and John Cross, a livery-stable keeper, could find his way across country; as could also Mr. Williams, an undergraduate of Trinity; Sir Peter Soame of Heydon House, who had a famous Vivaldi mare, and was far in advance of others in the country in point of condition; old Tom Mitchell of the Eagle, George Gotobed of the Black Bull, and Dr. Stanley, all of Cambridge, and Mr. William Beaumont of Whaddon were generally to be seen in the field; Mr. Pat Beales, who went well on a long, low pony, and was not to be beaten; and Fletcher, who kept the Leeds Arms, and was Sir George’s factotum.

‘ To Sir George succeeded, in 1826, Mr. William Hurrell of Newton, and his cousin Mr. W. Hurrell of Foxton. For one or two seasons John Arber was their huntsman; after that Mr. Swan

‘ Hurrell of Foxton took the horn, he was a fine horseman and hard to follow, as he made his horses wonderfully handy; Jack Ward, who, later, went with the hounds to Stratton, was whip. This Ward’s father was a woodman to Lord Fitzwilliam at Milton; he commenced his career in the stables and kennels, and was then set to whip-in to Tom Sebright.

‘ In 1829 Mr. Charles Barnett of Stratton Park, who had previously, in 1823, kept harriers for three seasons, assumed the management. Of course during his long reign as Master of these hounds he had many servants. His first huntsman in the season of 1829 and ’30 was Jack Ward, Mr. Barnett himself working hard in the field, backed up by Rook the boiler, and, after Mr. Osbaldeston’s plan, they often split the pack, and each made his own cast. The subscription was a small one, 800*l.*, and they only professed to hunt twice a week.

‘ On the 6th of the following October Jem Morgan, who had been engaged as huntsman, came out for the first time, and the following month nine and a half couple of hounds came from Lord Southampton; but in the following season (1830–1) Mr. Barnett was obliged to part with Morgan, and was once more at work with Jack Ward and the boiler until Laker came as whip, and then Ward was regularly installed as huntsman. These two went on well together through the next season, when they were a good deal stopped by frost, and also through the two succeeding ones.

‘ In 1834 Mr. Barnett gave up the Warden country, and Laker left to go as first whip to Mr. Dansey, then Master of the Oakley; and Harry Darlowe, a very slow man, who was drafted at the end of the season, came in his place. In 1835–6 John Ward was assisted by Dick Smith, a sharp, light lad, son of Lord Middleton’s old huntsman. In the following year Charles Ward, commonly known as Bob, and who so signed himself once, we believe, to Lord Dacre’s astonishment, and who was no relation to John before mentioned, came to Mr. Barnett from Mr. Harvey Combe, having been whip to Will Todd. He was a native of Brixworth. When quite a lad he got hung up by a hook in a plum-tree, and he is, we should think, the only huntsman who ever hunted and killed a bull, which he did with Mr. Wood’s harriers. As a whip he was exceedingly active, and was called “Ubiquity Bob,” and as a huntsman both in field and kennel he has proved himself *nulli secundus*. In 1838 Mr. Barnett took to the Warden country again. For several seasons there was no change in the establishment; but in 1842 Mr. George Race acted as whip in the place of Bob Ward, who slipped into the copper and was badly scalded. In 1843 a draft of old and young hounds was sent to the Cape of Good Hope to Major Hogge and the officers of the 7th Dragoon Guards, to hunt jackals. The season of 1844–5 is recorded as very bad in Cambridgeshire, owing to want of scent and a long frost in February. At this time also the subscriptions began to fall off, and a meeting

' was held. Lord Hardwicke gave a dinner, when a committee was appointed, and they were once more in spirits until 1848, when foxes were rather scarce in some places. Jack Ward also began to get slow, and the following season, from his sight becoming bad, he left; so that in 1850 Bob Ward was put forward as huntsman, and pleased the field. He was assisted by Will Drayton, who came from the Wheatland, but he did not stay long, going to the Isle of Wight, and being succeeded by Powell, who was recommended by Mr. Drake and Mr. Henley Greaves. The season of 1850-1 was a shocking bad one. February and March were frosty, scent bad, and foxes short, having five blank days; and there was something wrong at Wimpole, Waresley, and Stow. Then Powell left because he could not work amicably with Bob Ward; and he was succeeded by Jem Cockayne, from the Vale of White House. About this time some hounds died in a very mysterious manner; it was supposed they were poisoned by the feeder, out of spite, who left and went to the Potteries.

' In 1853 Bob Ward left, and went first to Lord Southampton, and then to Lord Dacre. They had a miserable season; and it is related how the Master once said, a fatal mistake having just taken place, "If we miss this fox I will cut my throat and go home!" Now came Richard Morris, formerly a whip with the Puckeridge, and afterwards well known with the Pytchley and other packs, of whom many extraordinary stories are related; amongst others, that he once killed a woodcock with his whip. He, however, did not remain long, as the following year he was discharged for being quite the reverse of a Good Templar; and the horn was given to Cockayne, who was assisted for a short time by Dick Martin, from the F.B.H. in Cornwall; he also was soon drafted, and succeeded by Will Boxall, son of Lord Dacre's old huntsman, who went to the Craven.

' In 1857 came Humphrey Pearce, from the Ledbury, Boxall still continuing as whip; but he did not turn out well, being noisy: moreover, he had no perseverance, and did not get on well with Boxall. This unpleasant state of things lasted but a short time, as the next year, 1858, Pearce went to the West Kent; and Boxall, with whom Mr. Barnett was sorry to part, went to Lord Dacre, to better himself.

' Pearce was succeeded by John Press, from Mr. Farquharson, for whom he had been first whip, having previously to this hunted the Crawley and Horsham for seven seasons; and his whip was George Jones, from the Albrighton.

' Things now went on pleasantly; the meeting at the end of the previous season worked well, and there was a better show of foxes. Press gave great satisfaction; but Jones left, as he was not strong enough for a single-handed place, and was succeeded in 1860 by George Castleman, from the Honourable George Fitzwilliam, who afterwards hunted the Rufford, and is now with the Atherstone. It

' was during this season that the Prince of Wales was at Cambridge.

' In 1861 the Master decided to leave off capping, and, to meet the deficiency, the subscriptions were increased. In 1862-3 Press left at the end of the season, went to the Craven, and was succeeded by Harry Ayris, jun., who only stayed that season, going to Lord Fitzwilliam. He was followed by John Fox, in 1864, who came from Lord Yarborough's, and who had been well known as whip to the Pytchley when Lord Hopetown was Master; but he took to drinking awfully, and was drafted in the month of December, when George Castleman was promoted to the horn, after having been whip for five seasons, and his assistant was Joe Turpin, from the Cottesmore; but they only worked together that season, Castleman leaving, and being succeeded by Jem Stracey, from the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire, and now huntsman to the Vine.

' The season of 1866-7 was Mr. Barnett's thirty-eighth and last. There is an excellent picture of him on his favourite mare, Moll-coom, with Gladsome, General, Splendour, Handicap, and Glory, all favourite hounds; and the way the last is represented, looking up at the Squire is much admired.

' Hunting with him during his long career were, of course, many good sportsmen, and of those who came out regularly—The Honourable Sam Ongley, Mr. Allen Hurrell of Kingston Pasture, Mr. Jack Race, who knew as much about hunting as a man well could do; "Parson" Barker of Hildersham, the Rev. Alexander Cotton of Girton, a liberal supporter and fine sportsman of the old school, who had hunted in the time of Sir George Leeds; the Rev. William Smith of Dry Drayton, was one of the same sort, and rode well, and was a real good judge of hunting. They were both highly valued friends of the Master. Mr. John Gully, who hunted regularly in the Thurlow country when he lived at Branches Park, was out on December 14th, 1829, the darkest day the Master ever remembered with hounds, and said he liked the hounds and the system. Mr. Thomas Lindsell of St. Ives staked a favourite mare on December 18th, 1829, a bad snowy day preceding a long frost; Mr. Henry Thurnall of Royston, now and for many years Secretary to the Hunt, having succeeded Mr. David King, was an ardent supporter; Ben Jordan of Cambridge, and Ned Rawlings of the same place, who was as deaf as a post, used to let out horses, and could ride.

' Coming down to the period of 1841 were Mr. John King of Tadlow, a very good man to hounds; Mr. John Walker of Eaton hunted occasionally with the Cambridgeshire. He was a first-rate man over a country, and the only one who was with the hounds for the last half-hour in the great run with Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds from Hunts Closes nearly to Tempsford Bridge, where he stopped them, and it was more than ten minutes before any one appeared, then Tom Sebright came up on a

‘ farmer’s cob which he had borrowed, having beaten his own
‘ two horses and one of the whip’s also; Mr. Henry Walker, who
‘ kept the Cock at Eaton; Mr. F. Cheere of Papworth Hall and
‘ his brothers were useful men; Mr. John Phillips of Royston, who
‘ came from Lincolnshire, was a heavy man who liked a good start,
‘ and, if he got it, would ride capitally; Mr. Thomas St. Quintin
‘ of Hatley Park, a most gentlemanly, good-looking man, whom the
‘ Queen singled out as a partner at a ball at Lord Hardwicke’s, has
‘ always had foxes at Haley Wood. Mr. Parkhouse, a veterinary
‘ surgeon at Cambridge, it is said was a great man over the mahogany,
‘ where he could stay well; Mr. James Meyers, who kept the Hard-
‘ wicke Arms at Arrington, was a good supporter and very fond of
‘ hunting; the Rev. D. Sampson, the Rector of Kingston; the Rev.
‘ Charles Blyth, the Rector of Sutton, near Potton, was a good
‘ sportsman and very fond of game fowls; Mr. George Race of
‘ Biggleswade, the present Master of the Harriers; Mr. James
‘ Carrington, an auctioneer of Potton, who rode races at Biggleswade
‘ and other places; Mr. Foster of Biggleswade, Mr. Osborne of
‘ St. Ives, who hunted occasionally; Mr. Fred. Hogge of Girtford
‘ also went well, understood hunting, and has been a rare supporter
‘ of the hounds; also Mr. Wm. Hogg, the banker, who was for
‘ a long time Treasurer, and Major Hogge, afterwards Master of
‘ the Oakley, who died at the Cape in 1852, where he had gone to
‘ settle the Caffre war; Mr. Robert Lindsell of Fairfield, a won-
‘ derfully quick and good man for a burst; and Colonel Lindsell,
‘ who then went exceedingly well, as did Alfred Leete, a farmer of
‘ Kingston, a great ally of Jack Ward, the huntsman.

‘ At this time Mr. W. Westwood Chafy of Connington House,
‘ of whom I have so often spoken in other countries, went very hard
‘ here on the Rusher, who, on April 8th, 1843, with Mr. Ned
‘ Reynolds and John Ward, after a very fine run, were the only
‘ three who attempted to swim the Ouse, in the middle of which
‘ Ward said to Mr. Chafy, “I hope we shan’t be drowned, for I
‘ “can’t swim.” They got safe out, and, after going four miles to
‘ near Toseland, up came Tom Percival on Sangaree, and Billy
‘ Hopkinson, and saw the fox killed at Offord.

‘ The late Lord Hardwicke, who also came out occasionally with
‘ the Puckeridge and rode a stallion, but a badish fall or two pretty
‘ well shut him up; and his brother, the Hon. Eliot Yorke, also
‘ from Wimpole, a capital sportsman all round, good at anything,
‘ and a famous amateur actor; he went very well as a young man, and
‘ once rode over the boarded gates at the end of Kingston Wood
‘ on a little thoroughbred chestnut mare. A little later Lord Royston (the present Earl) went well, and with him his friend
‘ Mr. Anthony Hammond, Master of the West Norfolk, then an
‘ undergraduate.

‘ Mr. John Dickason of Abington Piggots was a great fox-pre-
‘ server, and he and his successor, that good fellow George

‘ Mickley, now of Buntingford, generally had a litter or two of
‘ cubs. But there was Mr. “Bill” Pryme, who always overrode
‘ the hounds and got blown up; and Billy Beaumont of Whaddon,
‘ a deaf man, who used to lead his famous grey horse over curious
‘ places; Mr. Christopher Pemberton of Bourn Hall, which he
‘ rented of Lord Delaware; Mr. W. B. Caldwell of Trumpington
‘ Hall went well and still subscribes, but does not hunt; Mr. Charles
‘ Bevill, who hunted from Cambridge, where he then lived; Mr.
‘ William Hurrell of Newton, and his brother Henry of Harston;
‘ Mr. Biscoe Wortham of Kneesworth House, a nephew of Mr.
‘ Wortham, who formerly kept the harriers for so many years, and
‘ who lives in the same house that Sir Charles Nightingale formerly
‘ occupied; Miss Reynolds, afterwards Mrs. Sullivan, from Ware,
‘ went wonderfully, and once, on old Charley, jumped between Will
‘ Hurrell and Bob Ward over the Wrestlingworth Brook. She was
‘ very strong on a horse, rode to hounds quite independently, and
‘ never wanted a leader. She went in fine form on February 11,
‘ 1848, in a great run from Harlton Wheatsheaf.

‘ Coming down to later times, towards the end of Mr. Barnett’s
‘ Mastership, or the reign of Charles I., as he was called, were
‘ Colonel Lindsell of Biggleswade, brother of the present Master,
‘ who was very fond of it; and the Master himself, Mr. Charles
‘ Lindsell, quite a first-rate man, whom I have heard would ride
‘ to St. Ives, a distance of twenty-two miles, to meet the hounds
‘ at 10.30. Messrs. Charles, Frederick, and George Power, three
‘ brothers at the Mill, were regular attendants and good supporters,
‘ rode well to hounds, and still show at the covert-side; Mr. W.
‘ Pope, at the Wharf, and his nephew, who used to keep his stud
‘ at the Oak; Mr. W. H. Whiteley of Holme, Mr. Chapman and
‘ Mr. J. T. Hooper, both lawyers, of Biggleswade; the Rev. J.
‘ Taddy of Caldicott Grange, also fond of the sport; Mr. Harvey
‘ Baily, afterwards Master of the Rufford, then lived at Ickwell
‘ House, and was one of the best preservers in the county, and a real
‘ good friend to fox-hunting. Lord Ongley preserved well at Old
‘ Warden, and the Hon. George Ongley always had a litter of cubs
‘ at Palmer’s Wood; and Mr. Sam Whitbread of Southill, was for-
‘ merly a very good rider, and Secretary to the Oakley; Mr. F.
‘ Dawkins of Morhanger House, a son-in-law of Mr. Barnett, and
‘ Mrs. Dawkins, who is a capital horsewoman, and knows more
‘ about hunting than most of the men; Colonel Pearson of the
‘ Hasells Sandy, the owner of Achievement, was a good preserver
‘ and subscriber, and as fond of a fox as he was of a racehorse;
‘ Mr. Arthur W. Peel of Sandy Warren preserved the animal, but
‘ cared nothing at all about hunting him; while Sir John Burgoyne
‘ of Sutton Park was very fond of game, but left them Potton
‘ Wood, one of the best coverts in the country; Mr. Newton of
‘ Croxton always had game and foxes also; Mr. Mortlock always
‘ had a fox ready for them on the opening day, and it was an under-
‘ stood thing for Mr. Barnett to meet at Caxton on the first Monday

‘ in November ; Mr. John Linton of Westwick Hall kept a good stud and rode very hard—too much so, perhaps, sometimes, to please the Master, but he was a good preserver and supporter, and has a nice gorse covert, and has now settled down into a good sportsman ; Mr. Charles King of Long Stanton was one of the best farmers in the county, who used to sit and smoke his pipe at his door and watch the cubs playing about in his covert.

‘ Foxes were always found at Madingley, although the coverts were small ; and from Hardwick Wood, the property of Mr. Hurrell of Newton, more good runs were seen than from any other wood in the county ; and the late Lord Hardwicke, although fond of game, always took good care to preserve foxes.

‘ In 1867–8 Mr. Charles Newton of Croxton Park succeeded Mr. Barnett in the Mastership. He built new kennels at the Downs, and spared no expense during the time he was Master ; and we may say that the country is most deeply indebted to him for the way he did everything. That this was felt to be the case the testimonial of a handsome silver dessert service, which was given him on his resignation of the Mastership, is ample proof. His first huntsman was George Southwell, from the Vine, who was assisted by Robert Jennings ; but the following year Southwell left and went as first whip to the Herefordshire, and was succeeded by Tom Champion, from the Hambleton.

‘ In 1871 Mr. Charles Lindsell, than whom nobody had gone better with the hounds for the last eighteen years, assumed the helm, and his huntsman was Harry Hardy, from the Louth, followed in 1873 by James Bailey, from the Atherstone.

‘ During the present management and that of Mr. Newton the following have hunted with these hounds :—The present Duke of Manchester, from Kimbolton Castle ; the Earl of Hardwicke occasionally, from Wimpole ; Lord Wodehouse, when an undergraduate, from Cambridge ; Lord Sandwich, from Hinchbrook ; Major Pemberton, Colonel Lindsell and his sons, Rev. W. Smith of Drayton, Mr. Joseph Phillips, Mr. G. Nash, and Mr. W. T. Nash, all of Royston ; Major Campbell of Trumpington, and Captain Douglas, Mr. G. O. Newton of Croxton Park, who subscribes 100*l.* a year ; Mr. F. Pym of Radwell, Mr. J. Thornhill of Diddington, Mr. F. Archdall of Baldock, the son of Mr. William Hogge, who took that name ; Mr. Patrick Beales of Cambridge, Mr. H. Thurnall of Royston, the Secretary, and a well-known judge at horse shows ; Colonel Wade of Shelford, Mr. E. J. Mortlock of Cambridge, Mr. Sidney Stanley of Stow Hall, Mr. C. Marshall of Huntingdon, Mr. C. F. Julius Allington of Barford, St. Neots, Mr. Wm. S. Mitchell and Mr. R. Headley of Cambridge, Mr. J. H. Astell of Woodbury Hall, Mr. R. C. F. Merry of Morden, and his brother, Mr. John Merry, are good young ones ; Mr. H. Hurrell of Harston, owner of the Madingley estate, where the Prince of Wales resided when at Cambridge ; Mr. William Hurrell of Newton, son of Mr. Wil-

‘ liam Hurrell, a former Master, is a good fox-preserved and a “ bad
 ‘ “ un to beat ” for a heavy man ; and Mr. Toogood of Sawston,
 ‘ another welter-weight, fond of the sport as well as of having a
 ‘ race with Mr. Hurrell ; Mr. John Linton of Westwick House,
 ‘ near Cambridge, rides very forward, and is a capital supporter in
 ‘ every way, having made a covert on his own farm ; Mr. S. Linton
 ‘ of Long Stanton, Mr. Thornhill of Diddington Hall, a capital pre-
 ‘ server ; and Mr. Thornhill of Boxworth, who does not hunt, but
 ‘ looks well after Boxworth and Knapnell Grove ; Captain Duberley ;
 ‘ Mr. J. Perkins of Downing College is a good preserver ; Mr.
 ‘ Briscoe Wortham of Kneesworth Hall also preserves foxes, and
 ‘ aids the good cause with his purse as well ; Mr. H. Toogood of
 ‘ Thelford, Doctor Dennis Adams of Cambridge can take his own
 ‘ part when hounds run ; the Rev. A. G. Day, Mr. E. H. Adcock
 ‘ of Trumpington House, Mr. Morgan of Brampton, Mr. Evans
 ‘ of Sawston, who walks a lot of puppies ; Mr. F. Safford of Girt-
 ‘ ford, a good sportsman and rare man over a country.

‘ The farmers here are also a capital lot : Mr. King of Tadlow,
 ‘ Mr. Slater of Trumpington, Mr. George Fuller of Abbotsley, Mr.
 ‘ George Ladds of Paxton, Mr. King of Long Stanton, and King of
 ‘ Wrestlingworth, and Mr. Coles of Oakington, Mr. Baker of Barton,
 ‘ Mr. S. Jonas of Duxford, Mr. Marshall of Buckden, Messrs. Baker
 ‘ and Woodward of Warden.

‘ Of course many undergraduates come out and go as if they
 ‘ were riding to a drag.

‘ As regards quarters at Cambridge, there are the Lion, and the
 ‘ Bull, kept by Messrs. Moyes, father and son ; the Hoops, and the
 ‘ University Arms, built near the old Greyhound.

‘ At Huntingdon, the George and Fountain.

‘ Royston is good for both the Cambridgeshire and the Puckeridge.
 ‘ At both the Bull and the Crown good stabling can be found. One
 ‘ half of Royston is in Cambridgeshire, the other in Hertfordshire,
 ‘ the counties being divided by the Baldock Road. From here a
 ‘ man can hunt four days a week without going very far.

‘ At St. Neots, the Cross Keys, the only inn of any size, is the
 ‘ best.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING.

WE hear of fast parsons who ride over hounds,
 In dog-slaughter Tollemache transgresses all bounds ;
 Though a horse with four legs be denied to his son,
 Still the chase he pursues with a two-barrelled gun ;
 Would you know what it costs the two sports to combine,
 At five pound a shot you may reckon the fine.
 Parson Tollemache, to prove that his creed orthodox is,
 First reads Fox’s ‘ Martyrs ’ and then martyrs foxes.

EXPERIENCES OF MR. THOMAS COLEMAN.

II.

' I FOUND myself 237½. out of pocket by the No Man's Land races.
' As I told you before, Lord Verulam said, "If they let you lose, it's
' "a great shame."

' I replied, "If you will allow me to form a racecourse in Gor-
' "hambury Park, it won't interfere with the house, and it will
' "enable me to get my money back, by having a toll for carriages
' "and horses."

' "Well," said Lord Verulam, "but I should have to open my
' "house, like the Duke of Richmond. I must sleep over it, Cole-
' "man, and I'll write to you to meet me in the Park."

' I went there early, because I wanted to see him before his
' steward came. I knew he would be against it, and I told his
' Lordship so. Presently Purat came up, and looked as black as
' thunder to see us together; but his Lordship said, "How wide do
' "you want it, Coleman?" I told him, and he inquired, "Can
' "you step a yard, Purat?"

' "Yes, my Lord."

' "Then just stick in a plug here, and step off so many." There
' was a big oak-tree, and he said, "You will want that down, and it
' "will cause me many a sleepless night."

' I told him we could just miss it, and not interfere with the
' course at all; so I laid it out, and made one of the best racecourses
' in England. You see that picture of myself, with the horses at
' work, where we stand, was the start for the two-mile course;
' and where you see others galloping in the distance is the run in.
' It was a rare good two miles. I won the biggest stake ever run for
' there with Calmuck, the bay horse in the picture. I bought him of
' the Duke of Grafton without ever seeing him. It was worth any
' three races ever run for at Gorhambury. We were in the park at
' exercise the day before the races, when Lord Verulam came up,
' and said, "We shall have a good field for the Gorhambury Stakes."

' "Yes," I answered, "my horse is sure to win. I want you to
' "back him for a hundred at your own dinner-table."

' "I daren't do it, Coleman; he can't win."

' "Then will you back him for fifty? You will get twenty
' "fifties."

' "I daren't. Colonel Peel will beat you, and so will Lord
' "Exeter."

' "Barring accidents, my horse is sure to win."

' I got them all off the first go, like a flock of pigeons; and when
' they had run a mile (halfway), Bill Sadler, who was on Combat,
' holloed to the jockeys, "I'll lay a sovereign to a penny old Tommy
' "has got us all." My nephew was on Calmuck, and he won in
' a canter, never having turned a hair. Mervyn was second, with

‘ Nat up; and after the race Lord George Bentinck said to Nat,
‘ “ I’d complain. Did not Coleman’s horse press you on to the ropes ? ”
‘ He answered, “ Oh no, my Lord ! I was running on sufferance
‘ “ a long time, and he was drawing his back to me. He had won
‘ “ a long way from home.”

‘ Lord Verulam got hold of me in the weighing-place by the
‘ collar, and said, “ Oh, you old rogue, you did try all you could
‘ “ to make me back him ! How could I have been such an ass as
‘ “ not to do it ! ”

‘ “ I know, my Lord, why it was. Your trainer, Cotton, told
‘ “ you he was not good enough.”

‘ Of course you know all about my getting up the steeplechases at
‘ St. Albans, as it has been often in print in the papers as well as
‘ “ Baily ; ” but you may not have heard of the fight with Deaf
‘ Burke and Paddy Byrne, which came off at No Man’s Land on the
‘ 2nd of June, 1833. The latter was backed by Jem Ward, Tom
‘ Spring, and Ned Neale ; and Tom Cannon and Dick Curtis
‘ seconded Burke, who played all sorts of antics on the way to the
‘ ground and after he was in the ring settling matters for the fight.
‘ Mr. Dowling was then head man at “ Bell’s Life,” and he wrote
‘ to me and said, “ Dear Coleman, we have had applications for the
‘ “ fight to be held at different places, and, amongst the rest, from a
‘ “ Mr. Page, an auctioneer of St. Albans, of whom we know nothing ;
‘ “ but if you will write a letter to say you will be answerable
‘ “ for 30/., it shall be there, because your place will suit us better
‘ “ than the others. This you must get by subscription.”

‘ I went to work, and got every magistrate to give me a sovereign.
‘ The coroner, Mr. Osbaldeston (no relation to “ the Squire ”),
‘ included. When I spoke to Mr. John Hawkins of Bylands, the
‘ first I asked, he said, “ Oh, have it, Tom ; I’ll give you a
‘ “ sovereign.” And Job Lomax of Childwick, he gave me another ;
‘ in fact, all of them subscribed.

‘ Deaf Burke was a regular coward, and put Byrne so that he had
‘ the sun on his head all day, he having won the toss for choice of
‘ corners ; and he (Burke) fell down ever so many times without a
‘ blow, and rolled about like a toad. That was what killed Byrne,
‘ who was so exhausted that he had to be carried to his vehicle at the
‘ end of the fight, and was taken back and put to bed, where he died
‘ on the next Sunday evening.

‘ I went to see Byrne after the fight, and noticed that he kept
‘ catching hold of the bedclothes ; so I went down to Tom Spring,
‘ who had seconded him, and was sitting eating a lamb chop
‘ and green-peas in the Woolpack, and said to him, “ This man
‘ “ will die ; I will lay 10 to 1 he does.” Tom turned very white,
‘ finished up his chop as quick as he could, and bolted off to London.
‘ They had an inquest on Byrne on the Monday, before Mr. Osbal-
‘ deston, and I stood on a ladder and looked over the coachhouse door
‘ where they were holding the *post-mortem* examination, and saw
‘ them cut open his head. A doctor named Lipscomb was very

' busy, and Mr. Kington, who attended him, was there also, not that they could tell much or do any good. As I was on the ladder, old Lacy, a man who served writs and summonses, came and said, "Here, Mr. Coleman, I have got a summons for you."

"Where did you bring it from?"

"Mr. Blagg."

' I said, "Take it back, and tell Mr. Blagg I am gone out."

' I was in the yeomanry then; so I put on my soldier's clothes, jumped on my horse, and galloped off down the Hatfield road while the meeting was held at the Town Hall, and had messengers backwards and forwards until it was all over. One Geard, an ironmonger and a preacher, was at the meeting. He said, "Coleman is the main key, and we must put it off until he comes home." However, the magistrates would not do that, and Mr. Lomax said to me afterwards, "That old beggar Geard, Tom, wanted to have it put off; but we insisted on having it. Could you not get a dead body sent up to the old beggar from Birmingham? I'll stand 20*l*." They were all frightened. Mr. House of the Grove was High Constable. Warrants were issued against Spring, Cannon, and others. Mr. House said, "Give me the warrant, and I will take a post-chaise and catch Spring;" but instead of that, he went to him, and sent him over the water. He was a fine, good fellow. He had the warrant in his pocket all the time.

' At that period I had Hampton Races also. I took them up and set them going, and had them for six years. Tom Cannon, the bargeman, was there. I had been weighing the jockeys, and, seeing him as I came out of the door, I said, "Hullo! what do you do here, Tommy? What a fool you must be! I've got two con-stables here to take you. Don't talk; get away up to that quick hedge till I come to you when I start the horses. He laid down there, and I told him to "lay still until I see it's all safe for you;" and I kept him there all day. He holloed to me every time I came up, "Here, Mr. Coleman." I said, "Lie still, you fool, and keep your head down." And there he stayed until the last race was over.

' Well, in the evening I walked down to opposite the Bell, and I saw Cannon strolling down by the side of the water. He came to me and said, "I have a good mind to chuck you into the Thames, by God I have! I like a joke, you know, but you came it too strong by half. I should have won two hundred, but you kept me there behind that hedge all day."

' I said, "You are an ungrateful fellow. I have got them here now at that little public-house opposite Coombe's, the fisherman's, where my horses always stand, waiting. They shall have you now, hanged if they shan't."

' "But, Mr. Coleman, they have been roasting and jeering me so in the house, till I could not stand it any longer. They said it was one of your larks."

' "They shall have you now. You are such an ungrateful beggar." Then he begged hard, and I said, "Come in and

“ have a glass of brandy-and-water. Go to bed directly ; don’t go amongst the people any more.” So I sent him off as quiet as a lamb, and he went to bed ; but there were no constables. We used to have such fun about it.

“ The steeplechases did a great deal of good to the town. People came days before, and stayed weeks after them. Dick Arnold, from Leicester, stayed there six weeks. Old Lord Frederick Beauclerc won one with The Poet, with Jem Mason up ; and as he rode back into the town, he kept asking what has won. “ Lord Frederick,” said they. I cantered on to him, and he said, “ Is it all right ? ” I said, “ Yes, I have weighed them ; ” and he came after me into the yard.

“ I give you joy, Lord Frederick,” said Lord Clanricarde.

“ Oh, thank you, Clanricarde ! you are very good. Come and have some mutton with me.”

“ No, thank you. I must be in London. Coleman, I have won 20*l.* of a man with a shawl round his neck. Will you go and see after it ? ”

“ The next day Lord Frederick said to me, “ I wish those newspaper blackguards would leave me alone ; they keep hitting me.” I said, “ Why ? ” “ Don’t you see ? Because I’m a parson.” He and I used to play at billiards for hours together for half a sovereign a game, and he won five of my patent elastic rollers. I told him I would pick them out to match his horse-clothes ; but he said, “ No ; I will pick them out and take them home myself, and then “ I shall be sure of them ; ” and he did so. I saw him just before he died, and I sat for an hour with him, but he could not speak ; and my Lady asked me to stay as long as I could. He looked up as if he wished to speak, and my Lady said, “ I know “ by his eyes he wants you to have a glass of wine and a biscuit.”

“ During one of the steeplechases, at the Woolpack Tavern, kept by J. Page, afterwards the auctioneer, they took 87*l.* in one day. There was such a rush upon all the public-houses that many of them had to draw the beer in pails, and dip the pots in to serve the people fast enough. A guinea a night was charged for sleeping ; but I never had any gate-money, as they do now, and I never called on the townspeople to subscribe a sovereign to the steeplechases ; thus they got all their business brought to them as well as the pleasure and sport ; and I had to satisfy the farmers for running over their land by sending them dozens of wine and spirits.

“ The only thing I had given me to be run for at a steeplechase was a hundred-guinea gold cup by Prince Paul Esterhazy, who called on me one day and said, “ I hope, Coleman, you will have one “ of your steeplechases before I leave England.” I told the Prince I was going to give up the steeplechases, as I was out of pocket by them. He said he should very much like to see one ; so I said, “ If you will allow Prince Nicholas to give a cup to be run for, I “ will get up a good field for a steeplechase.” Then he patted me on the shoulder, and answered, “ I will go and order one at Storr “ and Mortimer’s,” which he did, and sent me.

‘It was a splendid cup, and was won by Mr. Joseph Anderson of Piccadilly, with his horse Splendour, when sixteen started. After the race Prince Paul and Prince Nicholas stayed to take some luncheon, and I said I should like them to have the owner of the winner in to present the cup to him. “A good thought, Coleman.” “We will have him in, but we must have some champagne and tumblers.” I had it brought up, and then Mr. Anderson was introduced and congratulated on having such a good horse, after which he (Mr. Anderson), when he came out, put down a five-pound note for others to drink his health. For twenty years I had a deal to do with the Prince in the horse line, and the last time he was in England I called on him after he had been staying with the Queen in the Isle of Wight. He said, “Here I am, old Coleman. I am now seventy-four years old, but as fond of horses, and ride as well as ever.” I said, “How is Prince Nicholas, your Highness?” He said he is quite well, and has a pack of hounds, and there is a painting of him and his little boy and hounds at Lady Jersey’s house in Berkeley Square, and that I must go and see it, which I promised to do, and, of course, I went. Prince Nicholas is still alive; he married Lady Jersey’s daughter.

‘After Lord Verulam died in 1845, and the Park became closed against racing and training, I bought Lilly Hoo, a freehold farm, of Mr. Bates, when he lived in Stagenhoe Bottom, 142 acres of land, and the roadside house between Luton and Hitchin, and sold it in 1869, with my right of training on Lilly Hoo, for more than double what I gave for it; and since then have lived in a snug freehold house (as you see), which I call Bentinck Lodge, after the late Lord George. I lived at Lilly Hoo for nineteen years, and I should have sold it to the Duke of Hamilton but for some little misunderstanding as to the right of training. The first racehorse that ran in my name was in 1815, and the last I owned I ran for the Royal Hunt Cup won by See-Saw, and I sold him to Mr. Macdonald for 800 guineas; so I had some years of it.

‘I put up Captain Beecher on his first horse, Reubin Butler, at Hounslow, which belonged to old Sheriff Perkins, a well-known character. He (Beecher) used to ride my horses for me, and lived in my house, on and off, at St. Albans for twenty years.

‘I also set Tom Oliver going across country. He lived with Tyrwhitt Jones. I first put him on a mare and said, “Let me see you take her over those three fields straight. I don’t see why you should not ride steeplechases.” Then Frisby was another; for I have started a lot of jockeys. I picked him up driving sheep down the road near Ipswich, and brought him out. We called him “The Drover.” He lived with me eleven years, and was a nice, quiet lad, and could ride better than any of them. He afterwards lived at or near Rugby, and had a public-house there. I picked up another little boy named Francis, who was also known as “The Drover,” as he was with sheep when I first saw him. He was afterwards

' John Scott's light-weight, and at one time saved 10,000*l.* I ' also put Jem Mason on *The Poet* for his first ride in public, ' which he won, as you know, for Lord Frederick Beauclerc. I ' have trained for numbers of gentlemen, amongst others General ' Grosvenor, from whom I can now show you letters franked in the ' old style.

' I had a horse called *Smuggler*, and ran him for the City ' Hundred at Canterbury. *Smuggler* used to be a favourite name ' in Kent at that time of day, as there was a deal of smuggling ' carried on, and a good many kegs left about in the country. Old ' Tom Brown of Lewes, the great-great-grandfather of the present ' trainer, had a mare called *Maid of Kent* running; both she and ' *Smuggler* were of a size and colour, and it was a near race with ' them, so that many people shouted out, "*Smuggler wins! Smug-* ' "*gler wins!*" but the mare beat him at last by about three-quarters ' of a length. I ran up to the box where Lord Maidstone, father of ' the present Earl of Winchilsea, was judging, and said, "What's won, ' "my Lord?" "*Smuggler.*" "Did he win easy?" "No; a very good ' "race." Of course *Smuggler* was back and weighed as soon as possible, ' and when the mare returned to weigh in, Brown with her and the ' crowd round, as is usual with the winner, some one said, "*Smuggler's* ' "won." "What?" holloed Brown. "Who's won, my Lord?" ' "*Smuggler.*" Tom looked up at him and said, "What game do ' "you call this?—what game are you at now?" I said to Lord ' Maidstone, quietly, "Poor old fellow! he always thinks he wins ' "if he's anywhere near." After the races, when he came across ' the course, his Lordship said to me, "We have had a very good ' "day's sport, Mr. Coleman. I hope I made no mistake over that ' "race." I said, "No, my Lord, and, besides, the horse was ' "back and weighed in. You can't have a second decision."

' I had a curious thing at Egham when I ran *Devil* among the ' Tailors for the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes. It will show what a ' fine character Lord George Bentinck was. I said to him, "I think I ' "can win if I have your little boy *Abdale* to ride." He answered, ' "I told you you could always have any of my boys, Coleman." On ' the day of the race when we came to Egham Lord George was there, ' and I said, "My Lord, just come and look over my horse. He is as ' "clean as a smelt, and as ripe as a pear." Count Batthyany had a ' chestnut mare called *Purgalari* in the race, and *Pineapple* was favourite. ' I told him, "I know my horse will stay longer than *Pineapple*," and ' as he backed him, said, "You give the boy orders how to ride him." ' "He's a game devil, ain't he, Coleman? I shall tell him to go from ' "end to end at hard as he can go." I said, "Yes; but you must ' "not let him extend himself too far from home, as he's a great ' "striding horse, but reserve a run on the post." *Pineapple* and he ' ran head and head to the distance, where *Pineapple* declined, beaten, ' when up came the Count's mare, and raced *Devil* amongst the ' Tailors home; and it was such a near thing that Lord George, ' who was up in the stand, laid a hundred that he had won. Chapple,

' who had just won on Purgalari, as they came back to weigh, jumped off some distance from the post. Mr. Ramsbottom, one of the stewards, who was standing by me, said, "Hullo! what an old jockey make such a mistake as that! You will come in and stop his weighing, of course?" As we went to the door, which was bolted, up came Lord George, and I said, "We have won now, my Lord; Chapple jumped off." He looked me in the face, and, sucking in his cheeks, as was his custom, answered, "Hardly worth your while, Coleman; the little fellow so seldom wins." Thus, you see, he lost his 100*l.*, besides what he had backed the horse for before. I took my stake back, and let the thing go.

' I had a good deal to do with Lord George in my time, and once there was a man regularly employed to watch when I went into Harcourt House. Lord George was as bold as a lion, and very liberal. Blood will always tell in Christians as well as horses. He used to say whenever you had anything particular to say, you should get right in the open, where you could see all round, as you never knew who may be near a wall or hedge. Once after he had remarked this to me—we had been trying horses all the morning on Molecomb Downs—he said we would walk down to the Duke's paddocks and see the young things. As we were going, up came young Baily, the steward's son, suddenly, when he turned to me and said, "Do you observe what I said—'You never know who is behind a wall or hedge?'"

' He had me over Refraction's trial for the Oaks. My horse, Young Eclipse, went down to gallop with her and several more. I called at Harcourt House, as I used to do of a morning, and the porter said, "Lord George went down to Goodwood yesterday, and left word that if you called, you should make the best of your way after him." It was not so easy to go in those days, when there was no rail from Farnham to Chichester, and I did not reach there until eight o'clock at night. He was staying at Chichester then, instead of Goodwood, as the family was not there. I asked, "Is Lord George in?" And, going up to his room, found him sitting on the sofa drinking some port wine, and I stayed with him until twelve o'clock. When I saw him getting a little tired, I said, "What time shall we be out in the morning, my Lord?" He said, "I'll be on Molecomb Hills at seven o'clock." He thought I was going to Waterbeach that night; but I went and had a pipe and glass with his valet, and got up and hired a trap in the morning; and, over there, bustled them about, and got the horses out. I said, "Never mind the Duke of Richmond's horses; his Lordship will be waiting for us on the hill;" and there he was to his time. He had walked over. Part of the trial ground was cut through a wood towards the finish, and when they were all saddled he said to me, "Here, Coleman, I think this will be the best elevation for you to take. I want you to observe how they come up the hill." Then I kept looking for him, but could see him nowhere. He was up in a tree further on, where I pre-

'sently just caught sight of his arm. He had bits of wood nailed, 'so that he could get up and see it all. I might as well have been 'in London, for I could not see the finish. Refraction won the 'trial, and the Oaks afterwards. Then he said to me, "I think it ' "would be as well if you would drink your glass of grog at ' "Waterbeach to-night, and you will observe all those fellows come ' "down to post their letters. There will be the Duke's gardener ' "writing to Glen, the baker, in Regent Street." He was down 'to everybody. Another of his maxims was that if you wanted to 'get money, you must take the broad scope, as a contracted mind 'never accumulated. He was a great man.

' Old Mr. Champion, the great vinegar man, and the owner of ' Robin Roughhead, who won the Goodwood Stakes in 1834, and ' the Brighton Stakes, was a great character. I used to train for him. ' He walked from London one wet Saturday, with his little round ' portmanteau under his arm and his umbrella, and came into the ' bar. I looked at him and said, "You are wet, Mr. Champion. ' "How did you come?"

' "I walked. I like independence."

' "God bless me! you are very wet. Have some dry things."

' "No; I'll manage that." And he went into the kitchen, took ' off his stockings one at a time, wrapped his handkerchief round his ' foot, and dried them.

' I told him I was going fishing that afternoon, and he said, "I'll ' "go with you." We walked down the yard, and my old man ' (old Silly Sam, we used to call him) was there. He was a rare ' old fellow, and could go into the North, or anywhere, with horses, ' and take care of them. Champion said, "That's a good fellow. ' "I have a great mind to give him something." I answered, ' "Do; it encourages them." And I thought at least he would ' give him a sovereign; but he put his hand in his pocket, ' saying, "You are a very good fellow," and gave him a shilling. ' The old man looked up in his face and said, "A shilling! You ' "mean a sovereign." Then he was in a rage, and said, "What ' "do you mean by keeping such a blackguard about the place? ' "Kick him off; give him pell-mell."

' In the evening my children had a geographical puzzle, which ' they could not put together; so I asked Mr. Champion to come ' in and see if he could do it. There was a corn-chandler named ' Lewin sitting in the bar, who had taken a pint of wine; and when ' Champion touched the puzzle, he asked him what he meant by ' touching it. "Who are you talking to?" said Champion. Then ' the other knocked his wig off. He shouted, "Hold him! hold ' "him! give him pell-mell!" and bolted into another room, and ' shut the door and locked it.

' I went to him, and he was dreadfully upset. I said, "I could ' "not help laughing; but if you had hit him, you would have killed ' "him." He said, "Yes; I shut myself up and said, 'Shall I? or ' " 'shall I not?' But ain't I got it here," feeling his back? "I

“ would not, as your wife was there. I did not like to begin, or else
“ I’d have sent him through the window.”

‘ I said to him one day, “ What do you say to a drive over to the
“ Bull at Gerrard’s Cross, to have a bit of dinner ? ” “ Yes,” he
‘ said, “ we will go.” There he smelt everything, put his nose
‘ to the tablecloth, and declared it smelt of soap. The servant told
‘ him it was clean. “ Never mind, take it away, take it away ;
‘ “ it stinks. Put a clean cloth on.” He smelt the forks, spoons,
‘ and glasses, and rubbed them all with his pocket-handkerchief ;
‘ not only his own, that would not have mattered, but mine
‘ as well. He was a queer man. He gave 500 guineas for a
‘ fiddle, and would walk to St. Albans to save coach hire. He
‘ had several horses, and some good ones amongst them. Lord
‘ Clanricarde was a good one. I could always get him as umpire ;
‘ but the old Squire was my man. I rode a good part of the
‘ great match with him. He rode some of my horses. I had one
‘ of Gully’s, and we raced in together for the different heats. He
‘ had wonderful stamina, but Rough Robin was too much for him.
‘ He was often going to pitch into me.’

Space compels us to cut the recollections of the veteran father of steeplechasing short, or we could add many more anecdotes of bygone heroes ; however, we hope ere long to give our readers the result of Mr. Coleman’s long experience with regard to training and breeding.

STORMS IN BUTTER-BOATS.

Too much muscular Christianity and over-amusement are curious subjects to take up in a periodical which is devoted to sports of all kind, particularly as they come from the pen of one whose creed is thoroughly orthodox on the subject of boys doing everything which requires quickness of hand and eye and courage, and of enjoying life thoroughly ; but the question arises now, ‘ Do boys go to school to ‘ train their minds or their bodies ? ’ Paterfamilias, however much he loves his boy, cannot help sighing sometimes when he looks at his cheque-book three times a year, when the holidays are over, and thinking whether he is getting the value of his money and what his boy is going to be. Out-of-door sports are the making of English boys ; and the Duke of Wellington was not far out when he said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-grounds of the great schools ; but when sports occupy all the thoughts of many boys at home and at schools, the natural consequence is that when they arrive at eighteen years of age they are only fit for Lillie Bridge, the Thames, or one of the metropolitan cricket grounds. If we of middle age look back to our schooldays of say thirty or forty years ago, how different they were from those of the present. We, speaking for Winchester, went back to school at the end of January and stayed till the middle of July without any break, and did nearly

six months' hard work ; and again from the end of August till Christmas, getting two holidays of six weeks each. Our sports were cricket and football principally, with, perhaps, one or two matches a year against the garrison or an Oxford eleven, and against Eton and Harrow at Lord's. A pony in the holidays, and the gardener's gun in the winter, was all the amusement we wanted ; and we no more dreamt of seeing our names in the papers than we should now expect to see Mr. Gladstone, Quaker Bright, and the Archbishop of Canterbury dancing a nigger breakdown. Before me, at this moment, are some papers from different schools and some of the weekly sporting papers, and it certainly does seem to me that the first idea of a boy now is to live in print, and the masters seem to encourage it, as in one bill before me, at this moment, is a charge—'Subscription to school newspaper for the term, 'five shillings.' Heaven knows I do not grudge five shillings, or five pounds either, for a boy's good, but I do grudge five pence for a thing which does a boy harm ; and I do firmly believe that this thirst for publicity is ruining English boys. Taking up papers haphazard, I find the glories of, let us say, Smith, in cricket, football, running, rowing, racquet, fives, soldiering, athletics, swimming, singing, acting, reading Shakspeare, debating, natural history (to coin a word), and many other things too numerous to mention. It stands to reason that Smith trumps Brown's cards and Brown trumps Smith's ; and we shall have a generation of prigs springing up, and each one will expect his 'Boswell' if he makes any mark in the world, just as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have theirs, one of whom, a short time since, gave the world the startling information that the former had cut down a tree at Hawarden, which he commenced on Wednesday and felled on Thursday, and that on the Sunday following the right honourable gentleman received the Holy Communion at the parish church ; and the other that Mr. Bright had been out salmon-fishing.

Now, let any one turn to his school bills and see what he has to pay. Even passing by the school extras, which are, I very nearly said—and, yes, by 'the living Jingo !' (I quote Oliver Goldsmith) I will say it—robberies, many of them, and he will find a few interesting memoranda for flannels, cricket shoes, racquet shoes, racquets, cricket bats, running shoes, fives gloves, uniform cap, &c., *ad libitum*.

Now, as we who have reached maturer life all know that in country homes, from which many public school boys come, when the parson, the squire, and their merry men mean to have a cricket club, the costs are counted up first, and well-bred and well-educated gentlemen are not the least above combining for furnishing all cricket paraphernalia, and reducing the cost *per capita* to a minimum. This is much beneath the dignity of modern schools : a boy fancies half a dozen sports, and rigs himself out for all, as per pattern card, and poor old paterfamilias, in happy ignorance, is working away for the daily bread, and says to himself, 'Well, Jack is a

‘good boy and not extravagant; but his expenses come heavier every year.’ And the poor old simpleton is charmed when he reads in the school paper, ‘that Jack, having kept himself well back in the second lap, and, to all appearance, being nothing but a roarer, put on a tremendous spurt in the third lap, and landed the first prize of a set of gold studs.’ Poor old buffer! Paterfamilias runs in and shows the paper to his wife, who is in ecstasies about Jack, and Jack’s sisters are in ecstasies too, and the out-of-door man, who is gardener, coachman, footman, groom, and who possibly sings in the choir as well, borrows the paper and takes it down to the Crown and Cushion and reads it to the assembled village, and the general opinion is that Jack is the finest fellow in England, and the finest runner in the world. And ‘pity ’tis, ’tis true,’ the masters who countenance these running matches, and who bring swarms of ladies to see them, and the papers who report them, and the printer who prints them, and paterfamilias who—through the nose—has paid for his son’s prize studs, are all helping to send Jack to the dogs as hard as they possibly can. For—a long pause for that word ‘for’—a time will come when Mr. Jack, with a fine broad back and a large appetite, is expected by his enthusiastic relations to take himself off their hands, but Jack has no intention of doing so; and it is found out too late that he does not possess any qualification for employment which requires application of mind. True, there are Australia, Canada, and New Zealand; but reports from those colonies show that the sturdy backwoodsman-game is nearly played out, and that the good-natured athletic giant of the past has sons of his own who have been brought up to the business of a colony, and there are as many cats to catch mice as are wanted, and manual labour at labourers’ prices is almost the only thing demanded.

Reverting to the origin of the present system of mob adulation, it certainly has sprung up wholly since the railway mania and the days of railways and telegraphs, which have created the new order of the *nouveaux riches*. The enormous increase of large schools in England—which are all called public schools now—is no doubt a good thing for the country, and the massing of boys together is good for them, provided that a high tone prevails; but there is no doubt of the fact that many rich, vulgar men send their sons to the time-honoured old schools which have a history of several centuries under the idea that money makes the gentleman; and it is under these circumstances that boys seek what may fairly be called vulgar notoriety. A dreadful man, who is supposed to be able to pave the square in which he lives with gold, proved my case admirably last season.

The circumstance was related to me by a friend, who is high in the literary world, much in these words:—

‘After dinner cigars were handed round, and very beautiful cigars they were; the old cad, on being complimented on them, quietly said, “Yes, my boy, I got the last forty pounds worth of the “brand at a *very high figure*, and I sent two boxes to my boy at

“*Heton*,” and then he winked approvingly and chuckled; “the young scamp was switched twice for smoking last term.”

These are the men, and their name is legion, who send boys back with pockets full of gold to school and encourage them in all expensive pleasures, and who are ruining English boys. The mothers and sisters of these stuck-up boys are those who are so violently *prononcées* at University and public school matches, and who go *en masse* in carriages filled with people blazing in dark or light blue dresses, gloves, and bonnets—people, too, who are very doubtful about their H’s. Paterfamilias, with ‘shoddy’ written in his face, has a large rosette of ‘Heton’ or ‘Arrer’ colours. Turn round for a moment and look at a Duchess’s party whose family have been at one of the great schools for centuries past, and you will find that a piece of ribbon on the coachman’s whip, or some trimming on the ladies’ bonnets, are the only denoting colours. The new but vulgar slang word, the ‘Varsity,’ has crept in since the days of millionaires, and every evil attendant on the exaggerated sports of their sons.

When I was a boy at school, we had plenty of sports and plenty of fun at a very small cost. All boys who could play of course had their bat, but we never thought of uniforms; a pair of flannel trousers and a jersey were all we wanted, and cricket utensils were furnished by subscription for the first, second, and third clubs. It is true that, in those days, an attendant professional player was unknown, though no one can doubt the policy of having one in these days.

We generally had two steeplechases in the year, one in the spring and one in the autumn; but no fuss was made about them, and all ran who were not afraid of running half a mile or so down a precipitous hill and a mile across water meadows intersected by two rivers which had to be crossed; but now a schoolboy’s head is full of handicaps of his own and other schools, and many have an ugly knack of adapting all the slang of the London public running grounds to their sport. Nothing crops up much about betting; but it would be very curious if young England can touch pitch without some of it coming off, as very few men are really good at running and similar sports who do not back their opinion somewhat.

Now, this question of school sports brings one round naturally to the discontinuance of the public school matches at Lord’s which existed between three schools from 1825 till 1854, both inclusive, though Harrow and Eton had begun earlier. Just let us think what those matches were and how they were played. In the first place, the London season was over, and the Marylebone Club was broken up, and the Canterbury week was on, so the Pavilion was given up to the boys and old members of Eton, Harrow, and Winchester. Harrow left for their holidays about the end of July or beginning of August, and came to Lord’s first to meet Winchester, who always laboured under one disadvantage, as they separated a fortnight before Harrow, and the eleven were scattered in different parts of England, and some, on account of expense or other disability, were unable to take their part in the eleven.]

There was plenty of time before them to have a quietly conducted match, and plenty of people to see the match without a crowd. Possibly three thousand people might assemble, composed mostly of the boys' friends and relatives and old public school men, and, amidst some considerable good-humoured chaff, three good matches were played. Harrow and Winchester, first; Eton and Harrow, second; and Winchester and Eton, third. Every boy had the opportunity of playing two matches, and gained confidence in making his *début*; and the result was that some of the best gentlemen players in England owed their position to their introduction at Lord's.

In 1854, in an evil hour, the heads of Eton and Winchester, of their own accord, determined to stop the matches. The Provost of Eton did so, on the ground that the boys all threw themselves on their friends in London or went to hotels, and refused to go home until the matches were over.

The late Warden of Winchester, Warden Barter, of athletic fame and immortal memory, and the authorities urged the temptations of London as one reason, but pressed more strongly the point that the 'Lord's eleven' *occupied all the boys' time and thought during the summer!* The compromise, therefore, was made that Winchester and Eton should visit each other's schools alternately and play a home-and-home match. Harrow was not consulted, or, being consulted, very wisely declined to interfere with the boys' amusements in the holidays, and so remained out in the cold for a year or two.

We all know the present fashion and its result, which is to pack Lord's as full as a cherry sieve with coaches, carriages, and pedestrians, and that the Eton and Harrow match is *the* sensation of the London season.

Now, does any one who has a single grain of sense believe that Eton or Winchester gets regular work done during the week of the annual visit to either school of the rival eleven and their friends? or that Eton or Harrow gets regular work between the Monday and Saturday of the match at Lord's? It was in vain that peers, members of Parliament, judges, and the most eminent men in England tried to persuade the Winchester authorities that the new system was bad. It was useless to point out that some of the best of the school who carried off scholarships, gold and silver medals, and honours of all kind, were always represented in the eleven. It was in vain that those who remonstrated offered to take in the eleven and all their friends, even should the whole school wish to come as their guests. No, it was no good; for when a College don has said 'No' once, he means to stick to it through thick and thin, and nothing will ever shake him. Most of us, probably, remember the story of the head master (of Westminster, *I think*) who craved leave, in showing the king over his school, to keep his hat on, for fear the boys should think the king a greater man than the master if he uncovered to royalty. The same spirit exists in school authorities as ever. They are Tritons amongst minnows in their own little kingdom.

There is no doubt that the sensational cricket matches at Lord's, Eton, or Winchester, as the case may be, in the half year, or rather term (for half years no longer exist), unsettles the boy more than all the old-fashioned sports. The boys are made too much of, and the name of Tomkins, or Jenkins, or Brown (or as possibly one of them may like to call himself, according to a novel vulgar 'fashion,' Jenkins-Tomkins or Tomkins-Jenkins) is in everybody's mouth in London, if he happens to make a fine hit or good running catch. It was not so formerly; those who wanted to see the cricket saw it, and those who did not stopped away, and the matches were played quietly and with great advantage to boys and spectators; and, speaking for Winchester, the only two excitements about the Lord's matches were when the names of the eleven were posted up in the schoolroom six weeks before the school matches, and when, on two other occasions, either the Eton or Harrow challenge or the Eton or Harrow answer (as the case might be) to the Winchester challenge were treated with similar honour, and, unless my memory is very imperfect, three cheers used to be given for the elevens which might have brought William of Wykeham out of his tomb.

The joys of summer amusements of all kind, long days, long evenings, bathing, the coming holidays, and all things which make life pleasant when youth is to the fore, occupied the boys' minds much more than a match which was coming off a fortnight after the holidays, which few of them would ever see. The Winchester argument that the Lord's matches unsettled the school was absolutely futile beyond futility, if there is such an expression allowable. The question of unsettling boys' minds falls to the ground when public school boys go to Wimbledon to shoot, and to Prince's to play racquets against other schools; though woe be to them if in the holidays Winchester boys attempt to play cricket against Harrow or Prince's Club in their representative capacity as a Winchester eleven, for which offence, committed in the August of last year, *crede* the 'World' newspaper of November, two boys have had to leave.

The great evil of the present movement is this, that the heads of the great schools identify themselves directly and indirectly with the boys' sports, and allow them to be made so much part and parcel of the system in this way—that committees of schoolboys invent a uniform for all sorts of sports under the guidance of the school tradesmen, subscriptions to sports are included in bills, the school papers which report them are made a school charge, and it is whispered pretty currently that, to vulgar-minded men, this great proficiency in school athletics and the notoriety connected with them is a very good draw for a school. In one school paper I noticed a letter from a correspondent complaining that day boys were not taxed for cricket, whereas boarders were. In fact, the truth is so strongly impressed on my mind, that the new principle of *leaning on the contributions of others for school glory* is a new and

dangerous outgrowth of a bad system. In my time, after many hours, and possibly days, of consultation between the members of 'Lord's eleven,' the question was mooted how it was possible to hint to Jones's, or Brown's, or Tompkin's father (a poor country curate, perhaps with a large family, and whose son of course was the best bowler or wicket-keeper), who refused permission for his son to come to Lord's, that Lord Blank or Mr. Cash, the banker, would invite him to stay with him in London for the benefit of his companionship to his son, and would pay travelling expenses; but we always found it impossible to moot the question in any way, as boys were too proud to accept pecuniary assistance for their expenses.

There was a kind of chivalrous jealousy about being subsidised in any way by outsiders in our sports.

Now comes the question, 'Is it or is it not true that the importance given publicly to school sports demoralises a boy's aptitude for steady life afterwards?' Young Jones, or Brown, or Robinson comes to London with his fame preceding him, and if—as he probably does in these days—he lives in the suburbs of London, he is snapped up by captains of cricket clubs, rowing clubs, athletic and football clubs, whose glory is celebrated in all the sporting papers, and young Jones, or Brown, or Robinson re-appears in print week after week as before.

Now, with due deference to the athletic world in general, vulgarly speaking, the pot is boiled over, and sport takes the place of working life.

There is a very serious rock ahead which gentlemen's sons must consider sooner or later, which is, that the sons of small tradesmen, in these days, are being educated to a useful standard, quite equal to the public schools. Any one may see gangs of smart little fellows running up by the railways of a morning to London grammar schools, where education, as regards efficiency of masters and high standard of teaching, are unquestionable. The boys arrive in the morning, and are well worked, under careful supervision; they have their dinner-hour and go at it again, and come home in the afternoon with work to prepare. There is little to distract their attention, and they are *well* taught. Their success in the Oxford and Cambridge examinations prove how efficient this class of boys is becoming; and the result must be that this class will 'push from their stools' gentlemen's sons in the competitive examinations. They are qualifying themselves for all professions. Mr. Figs, the local grocer, who buys a little property from time to time, and probably grumbles at his lawyer's bill, sees no reason why his son should not be articled to Mr. Six-and-eight, his solicitor, and do his and his friends' business. Mr. Six-and-eight is sharp enough to see that a willing, industrious young fellow, as an articled clerk, will save him paying another clerk's salary, and young Figs starts for the race of life carrying half the weight which most gentlemen's sons have to bear.

Granting readily, and a hundred times over, the great advantage of public school life and public school prestige—the fact of living in

a little world which has a public opinion of its own—I firmly believe now that this mania for newspaper glory is so great an evil that it will ruin hundreds of boys. It is the curse of the day that no one can live in private. An American paper is reported to have offered an account of a grand wedding in New York with a description of the bride's *trousseau*, from her chignon to her garters. Mr. Gladstone, as I said before, cuts down a tree at Hawarden, and it is put in the papers; Mr. Bright goes out fishing, and it is gravely reported that the right hon. gentleman has done so; Miss Brown is married, and a list of the wedding presents—by-the-way, a new mode of cadging—and a list of the names of the donors are set forth in the papers; Mr. Gladstone has a son married, and entertains his friends once or twice, or even more, and on each occasion his speech is reported in the papers; Mrs. Brown, Miss Johnson, the Rev. Mr. Smirke, and Captain Dangle play a game of croquet for a new silver-mounted mallet, and it is in the papers; Lord Centrefire, Mr. Stokes, and Mr. Leathers, the keeper, killed thirty-five brace of partridges, fifteen hares, two wild ducks, and a snipe, and it appears in the papers. It is really becoming sickening. I know for a certainty that this notoriety drives very many good cricketers away from public grounds, and, doubtless, from many other public sports. It is right and proper that all special feats in flood and field should be recorded, but surely not *all* second or third rate matches.

The head masters of public schools hold annual conferences, and if they would be good enough, once for all, to take up these grievances and stamp them out, they would do great good.

The grievances are twofold: one being the extravagance of boys' sports, and the other is the vulgar desire for fame. In Heaven's name let boys play cricket, football, run, jump, swim, do volunteering, and everything else which is manly and true, but let them do it like boys; for if they do not, they must become like a character which was treated of in this magazine a short time back, 'sporting gents.' There is another thing young England has to look after, which is the danger of being dependent during the next half century on our friend, 'the working man.' The title by which the artisans style themselves, 'the working men,' is quite enough to prove their ignorance and conceit. They were smartly reproved for it by ex-Chancellor Lord Selborne, on the occasion of his opening a museum of art called 'The Working Men's Museum,' as his Lordship claimed quite as much a right to the title as they did. At present the rights of the working men are short hours, big pay, and more beer. As a body they have not risen in anything but conceit; but the time may come when the employment of handicraftsmen will be a luxury for the rich only. Mr. Ruskin enlisted a gang of volunteer navvies amongst the undergraduates at Oxford to make a road. The move was popular, and the work was well done. Suppose for a moment that in all public schools the opportunity was given to boys to learn a useful trade. I do not mean making hats and clothing, which will always be cheap enough, as our friend the working man

will take care of that, but carpentering, brick-making, building, blacksmith's work, and the like; so that half a dozen boys could fell the trees in the backwoods, and build their own house, and make their own carts and wheelbarrows. Only fancy, if they built their own pavilion and chairs for the ladies at school, what a triumph it would be for them. Above all things, if they wish it, let them learn printing. All these things would do for the wet winter days, and evenings too. It is a matter of history that a Baronet's family, especially the young lady portion thereof, have not only established their own private printing press, but have carried the art of printing into its very highest branches.

Now, to show that I am not talking like a fool, I will relate how I once, and only once, gave a guinea to the missionaries. I do not 'hold with them blacks,' or rather their cause, as conducted in England, for the simple reason that there is too much platform oratory, newspaper laudation, buttering one another up, paying for secretaries (frequently Low Church parsons), who love brother Sambo's soul, and their quarterly salary also.

I was in a smoking carriage, with a short pipe in my mouth, as it might be now, for that article is between my teeth as I write this, when I jumped a Bishop, just as the train was moving. Now, I never saw a Bishop with a short pipe in his mouth, so I remarked, 'This is a smoking carriage, my lord.'

'Oh, never mind!' he said, 'I am quite accustomed to smoke.'

I was talking to a friend, who had been in the colonies, on the very subject which I am now writing about, the uselessness of present education and the want of practical teaching, when the Bishop struck in, and apologized for so doing. He said, 'You are quite right, sir; if I had been taught building and printing when I was a boy, it would have brought me plenty of money, and would have saved me hours and years of study. I have built my own houses in many places, and many other peoples too, and printed my own books and other people's books, and bound them too, and had principally to teach myself.'

I 'stared a stare,' as poor Artemus Ward would say, and the Bishop gratified my curiosity by telling me very modestly his own story, which was as follows:—He left England some thirty or thirty-five years ago, and had gone on a mission into the wildest part of North America, as a youth, for catechising and reading, for which he had a taste. In due course he was ordained; and living in the wilderness amongst the Indians, he found that he had to do everything for himself, and acquired all necessary trades and arts, and, as he said, to his great delight and in honest pride, 'I came home about my mission, and they have sent me back a Bishop, and I was consecrated a week or two ago.'

When I got to my chambers I wrote to a friend who has 'niggers on the brain,' and who brings down sad men to preach sad sermons for the India-rubber brothers, and I sent him a guinea for the Bishop who could build his house and bind his books, on con-

dition that the subscription was put down 'An English Cricketer, 14. 1s.'

I had a beautiful letter from the Bishop, full of fun, in which he said, 'Possibly you will not be sorry to hear that Mr. ——' (naming one of the finest gentlemen players in England, who went to Canada with Mr. Fitzgerald's eleven), 'when ordained, is going to 'join my mission.'

This is the right thing for your Englishmen to do: to go out and face the realities of life. Let boys have sport in abundance as sport, and as a relaxation from hard work, but do let the masters stamp out, once and for ever, what I called before, and still call, the love of vulgar notoriety for harmless amusements.

As you know, Mr. Baily, I always sign my article by name or initials, but I will not do so now, as I am well known to very many public school boys, and have a boy who is at one; and should any of them be discovered as being related to or as friends of mine, possibly the sons of some rich, vulgar snobs might render their lives unbearable. One fact I do know, which is this, that very many of the best sportsmen in England who love their sons and promote their amusements, agree with me in every word which I have written. Although my name is not to this, you are quite at liberty to communicate it to any one you please.

'ABOUT SEVERAL MEN WHO WENT A-ANGLING.'

ON Valentine's Day hundreds of housemaids will look up the area palings expecting a missive from Policeman X, and many a boarding-school miss will try to square the servants so as to prevent the old lady abbess of the boarding-school from cutting off some amatory correspondence from lovesick boys.

Fancy, you ardent readers of 'Baily,' who have the run of trout streams in the warmest parts of the West of England, a sou'-west wind, a keeper waiting for you with all fishing paraphernalia, so as to enable you to welcome your first trout as your valentine on February the 14th.

You have to wait for thirteen days from the day you read this until you feel the top of your rod bend down almost to your knuckles with exactly the same delightful sensation as a cricketer feels when he meets the first ball of the season, and knowing that it is six inches off his wickets, he makes '*the cut*' which he has dreamt of all through the winter, and feels that the hit has come well off.

Fancy again, Lady fisheresses (I appeal to good *old* Tory *young* ladies who land big salmon every autumn in or about the Gordon-Richmond estates in Scotland), how much jollier it is to see the monarch of the stream on the grass than to 'rink' at Prince's, or to be carried round Belgravian drawing-rooms, half dead and quite

168 'ABOUT SEVERAL MEN WHO WENT A-ANGLING.' [February, knocked up, in the mazy waltz. Not that Prince's is a bad place by any means, nor ballrooms either.

Now, is not this a romantic opening? I am going to talk about cockney fishing twenty years ago.

Dramatis personæ. Myself No. 1. An overworked official in those days; and I only wish my friend 'the working man' could be induced to do what I did then at my pay, and would put his soul into it as I did, at the risk of health and brains.

No. 2. A poor Clerkenwell watchmaker, accompanied by a sickly-looking little boy on a crutch and a kitten in a basket. The poor little fellow loved the fresh air much, but he loved his kitten more.

No. 3. Three jolly young farmers who took it into their heads to study the gentle art.

No. 4. A sour, bumptious fellow, who knew every art of live-bait fishing for jack, which only means 'ledgering,' with a detective to watch the float and to haul it in when the jack has gorged the bait, after ten minutes. These coves are not within the pale of the 'Fishing Church.'

Twenty years ago work was harder, and no Saturday half-holiday existed, and those who worked with their brains had to work a fair six days, from nine o'clock till six or seven, and very often till two or three in the morning, Saturdays included; and many, like myself, who had been born and bred in the country, and knew and loved most sports, would be as pleased, for want of better sport, to cut out a mouse on a hillside, or catch minnows or gudgeons, than do nothing. Hence it occurred to me that it was better to run down to a place twenty miles from London, more or less, which Izaak Walton once trod, for the purpose of quiet and enjoyment in meadows which were sacred to those who paid for privacy and seclusion, than to do nothing.

According to the accounts direct from the fishery, the fishing was A 1. The real truth was that, under very special seasons, and at special times, a ten or even a fifteen pound pike *might* be caught, but in ordinary times a few little perch and roach and small jack ruled the market.

Well, I went a-fishing; and, having the run of the back waters and by working all day, I had a little incidental sport of no great moment, but every bit of which lifted a ton weight off my mind; and I spent more time chatting with those who were fishing than I spent in my own sport; so exit No. 1 of the *dramatis personæ*.

Enter No. 2. The poor Clerkenwell clockmaker and the little boy with a crutch and the kitten.

No. 1 was taking stock of the frequenters of the water, and 'fell into discourse,' as Mr. Pepys would have said, with No. 2, and he learnt that No. 2 and his little boy and the kitten had started on foot, on Saturday afternoon, from Clerkenwell, and had made an easy twelve miles; my little friend with a crutch being 'a rare game one to peg along,' according to his father's account, and had slept

at a friend's house some eight miles from the fishery, and had finished the journey that morning early. Good heavens, little Bethel! could this honest clockmaker have been fishing on a Sunday?

The little fellow was shouting with delight at butterflies and dragon-flies, and when he saw a kingfisher for the first time he went quite mad and told the kitten all about it.

Well, I sat and looked at the clockmaker for a long time, and saw *his* fishing. He had a very long bamboo rod which could readily be pulled to pieces, for the purpose of landing his fish, and was watching an almost invisible porcupine quill float which sailed about in a little fresh-water sea, and I would defy any one but a clockmaker to mark a bob of that float; but as sure as the float sunk a hundredth part of an inch he struck; and when a little roach, about five to a pound, came in, the little boy shouted and told the kitten again.

I thought to myself, 'if that poor fellow had the run of a fine river, well preserved, with an old keeper's instructions and good tackle, wouldn't he "wipe the eye" of many a salmon-fisher,' for I never saw a keener sportsman or a man with a quicker hand and eye.

No. 2's refreshments were very scanty, and it was in my power to give them a banquet at the cost of half-a-crown; but such a nature's gentleman was the poor clockmaker, and so happy was he with his harmless enjoyment, that if I had tendered pecuniary assistance he would have looked on me as a snob.

Some tobacco and a pull at my flask was all I dared offer: could I offer more to a man who knew Izaak Walton by heart? In desultory cross-examination I found, to my great joy, that the party were going home by train.

I would have given four times its value to have put a crown into his hand, but I knew the man's mind: he was as independent as I was, and felt it.

Enter No. 3. The party of three jolly young farmers, rigged out with new tackle, new bait cans, gaiters, fishing boots, and all sorts of things advertised by fishing shops. There was no difficulty in making their acquaintance. They made mine. They had cold chicken, tongue, ham, bottled beer, gin, whisky, rum, and tobacco in all varieties, and were in riotous spirits.

Their story came out in a moment. One of their party professed to be a fisherman, and had enticed all the others to commence the noble art; and, at considerable expense, they had bought the necessary tackle, and the result was 'nil.'

I travelled on, and came to No. 4, the sulky ledger-fisher. He was morose and taciturn, and said he had only caught one fish—no sport to speak of.

'What weight?'

'Oh! only about 15 pounds!'

'Twas true he had got it, for I saw it.

He never asked me to have any lunch. On the contrary, he evi-

dently wished me at the place where little Bethel would have sent him for fishing on a Sunday.

And now, why did I fish on a Sunday?—for I don't think I ever did so before, and (bar one, under similar circumstances) I don't think I shall ever do so again. It is all very well for poor clock-makers who live in garrets, but not for gentlemen.

I will tell you how it came about. I went to the doctor's half dead on Saturday morning, and he said, 'If you don't go away at once for 'forty-eight hours into the green fields, and lie on your back, and do 'nothing, I won't answer for you; for your brain is overworked. 'No church, mind—no reading—be idle.' So I went to a little fishing inn, the only place I knew where I could be sure to be out of a crowd, as the fishing meadows were sacred, and hence I met my companions.

Now, to kill off the *dramatis personæ*. No. 2, the clockmaker's party, went home by train, and I had the opportunity of slipping in a pot of real good ale into my bill, and could tender my friend the stirrup-cup without any appearance of pride, and, by the way he put his head into the pot, it was clear he relished it.

No. 3, the jolly farmers' party, sent me an invitation to join them in their private rooms. They were in very good trim—in other words, were in great mirth—though not intoxicated by any means. Around them were many bottles. On the table was a jack, or 'jackikin,' of about seven or eight ounces in weight, and I was requested to act as coroner whilst they held an inquest over the deceased; which office I readily accepted, and a verdict was returned of 'Found drowned,' which verdict was duly wetted by the gentlemen of the jury.

The way they chaffed one of their companions, who had induced them to come a-fishing, was a caution; but as we fell into discourse (again quoting Mr. Pepys), I told them that if they really wanted to learn anything about fishing, a Thames fisherman, for a sovereign, would give them enough preliminary instruction to enable them to follow out the art themselves; and they concluded, as a Yankee would say, to go somewhere where they could be well posted up in the gentle art.

And here let me digress for a moment, and say a word to young England if he wants to learn fishing. The genial spirit of Izaak Walton, who taught his 'scholar' all the rudiments of fishing, has descended on his disciples; and there is not a fisherman in England worth his salt who is not always ready and willing to communicate the mysteries of the gentle art to a tyro.

Now for No. 4, the morose man who landed the 15-pounder. With the aid of the landlord we soon found out his value. He was a pot-hunter, belonging to one or two fishing clubs, and fishing for prizes. His game was to get information about the water, and as to when and where a good fish was on the feed, and to drop down with tackle which would tow a barge, and with two rods out, and any amount of live bait, and to go 'ledgering.' We heard quite

enough about No. 4's sport, and he swaggered and blustered about it when he came in, and wrote off to the sporting papers on the subject, and then gave himself up to painting his nose with grog.

So No. 1 (that's me) and No. 3 (that's the three farmers) talked over No. 2 (the clockmaker and his little party), and we voted them the best of the best, and we voted No. 4 a snob. Then the No. 3 party whispered together; and one of them almost died of convulsions, and said to me (that's No. 1), 'You *will* hear of a lark.' And so we separated for the night.

Izaak Walton talked of inns where the beds smelt of lavender and ballads hung on the wall. My bed was a *very* lively bed indeed, and sleep came not. Whilst I was *blessing* (?) the fleas, and in utter despair, I heard a hubbub which might have awakened the dead. There was much violent language, and, on opening my door, I saw a madman rushing about the passage in a very short night-shirt, and from adjoining bedrooms, occupied by No. 3, I heard shrieks of merriment. The madman was No. 4.

No. 4 rushed at me like a tiger.

'Did *you* do it, sir?'

'Do *what*?' I asked.

'Did *you* put the big jack in my bed, sir?'

I thought I must have exploded right off; I told him, in remarkably plain words—I may say in *very* remarkably plain words—to go to bed, and not to kick up such a row, and shut the door in his face.

Query? Could No. 3 have done such a wicked thing as to put the jack into No. 4's bed? Somebody did it.

Mitcham, February, 1876.

F. G.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Rinks and Revelries—Theatres—Hounds and Huntsmen.

ALAS for the vanity of human predictions! We were rather inclined, in our last 'Van,' to chuckle over the weather-wise folk and old women of both sexes who had predicted a hard winter, and, with the 'green Yule' we were having as 'Baily' went to press, it did look as if our enemy, the frost, was done with. But hardly was the new year well launched before winter returned with vigour, and, after holding out delusive hopes that his visit would be a brief one, settled himself down with a decided staying intention. The papers were not very pleasant reading; snow was everywhere—in Paris, in the South of France, in the North of Spain, in the West of England. Of course hunting was stopped, for the snow was not deep enough to allow of any graphic accounts such as we had last year from the Fife and the Pytchley, of Mr. Anstruther Thomson and Lord Spencer's doings therein, being sent us; and M.F.H.'s and their huntsmen found their occupation gone. Our own expectations of seeing one of the most splendid packs in the country were nipped, and we were content to look upon them on their benches instead, so

it was altogether rather a weary world to country gentlemen. The frost was not hard enough, either, to make London enjoyable, and skating was an impossibility—a calamity, however, which, in the present state of rinkualism, had its consolations. Sport of every sort languished, and the purely racing journals were reduced to the biographies of jockeys, as a sort of relief to that dreary *résumé* of the season which it is the custom to give at this time of the year. There were billiard handicaps of course, and now and then a conscientious reporter fished out of the depth of dullness a Derby or Waterloo Cup quotation, but, as a rule, 'it was idlesse all.'

Londoners, though, have resources denied to provincials. Speaking personally, we never believe in the dullness or emptiness of the modern Babylon, holding, in the latter case, with the old Duke of Queensberry, of pious memory, that 'it is fuller than the country;' and in the former, that the man who cannot find amusement for himself, even in August or September, must be incapable of being amused. Have we not, even in this dull weather, the comfort and luxury of our clubs, the glow and glitter of our theatres, the *abandon* of our rinks? And in this latter speciality how much better are we not off than we were two winters ago? In the delight of the present hour we of course forget the dreariness of the past; but still what *did* we do without rinks, when locomotion on wheels was only the blessed privilege of Prince's, and Bayswater and South Belgravia languished in vain? Now our suburban belles are as 'fly' at the game (we trust our readers will excuse the vulgarity of the expression, but it is the only one that occurs to us) as their superiors in Hans Place, and make an equal good use of their opportunities. If Mr. Perkins is rather astonished at the ever-increasing number of gentlemen to whom his charming wife bows during an afternoon drive, the explanation that they are members of the same rink is supposed to suffice. If a Bayswater paterfamilias finds, on the rare occasions on which he is beguiled into a shopping excursion in 'the Grove,' that his pretty daughters seem to have a nodding, not to say winking, acquaintance with every third man, why 'the rink' explains everything. Happy institution, where introductions are so easily made and friendships so quickly formed; where one says 'Good-bye' on Monday evening, and supplements it with a 'but you will be here on 'Tuesday;' where Maude wants such a deal of 'nursing,' and that kind-hearted Charlie is always ready to give it; where Mrs. Perkins exhibits a degree of timidity that would rather astonish her husband if he saw her, and Mrs. Golightly's violet stockings are as distracting as her evolutions. 'The 'club afternoons' are, of course, the correct thing, for then every one knows every one else, and weak tea and strong flirtations vary the slight monotony of the scene. For it *is* monotonous, except to the performers, and lookers-on had much better look elsewhere. But there are evening *séances*, if such a word can be applied to a rink, when 'the Belgravia' gives us the electric light (with plenty of dark corners), when 'the Addison Road' is alive with the merry laughter of the locality, and 'the Royal Avenue' sees Miss Blanche Vavasour in all her glory. West Brompton flocks to 'Lillie Bridge,' which, we hear, is especially under the protection of the curates of the district; and so deep an interest, indeed, has the Church evinced in rinkualism, that Mr. Wybrów Robertson entertains very confident hopes of seeing the Dean and Chapter on the 'ice' of the Westminster Aquarium, but *not* 'after dusk.'

So our newest plaything flourishes and takes root firmly. The one only complaint we hear from rinkualists is that they cannot get space enough for the pastime; and an enthusiast declared to us the other day, that if a plot of

ground as large as the area of the Crystal Palace could be found in some place not too far from the West End, it would be the most paying speculation of the day to make a gigantic rink of it. No doubt our friend is right; but, unfortunately, we have not the ground. Could not something, by-the-way, be done with Her Majesty's Theatre in this line? And if the proprietors of the old Coliseum could only have foreseen this day, what a rink they might have had there for the beauty and fashion of 'Regency' Park and the 'Wood!' 'The Royal Avenue' is, we are told, about the best 'ice' in London; and the King's Road is getting quite a fashionable locality, broughams and victorias crowding to the rink, and fairy forms sitting about, to the admiration of the natives of the locality. In fact, what with the rink and the Court Theatre, Chelsea is being educated far above the School Board level; and the young ladies and gentlemen of that suburb ought to be much indebted to their instructors. We heard a little 'Royal Avenue' story the other day which we do not quite understand; but we will give it, in hope that some of our many lady readers may be able to explain. Reginald was fastening on Maude's skates, and, with the delicate attentions called for by the occasion, ventured, we believe, to tenderly squeeze the ankle or instep, or something in that locality. Maude, gently smiling upon him, said, 'Thanks, that will do; *but you must not gamble.*' Now, what did Maude mean? Half a dozen pair of the sweetest of striped silk stockings, a rink hat, or a box of the best Russian cigarettes to the guesser, if the correct solution be sent to the 'Van' driver, care of Mr. Bailly, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.

There have been changes and migrations in the theatrical world since our last. 'Married in Haste' has gone to the Charing Cross, 'Black-eyed Susan' has changed the Mirror into the Duke's Theatre, and 'All for Her' promises to galvanise into life and business the St. James's. Mr. Hatton has produced his much-fought-over 'Clytie' at the Olympic; and though the Liverpool verdict was enthusiastic in its favour, Londoners have hardly endorsed it. Like 'The Two Orphans,' which had such a wonderful run at the same theatre, it is but a melodrama, after all, of what it is the fashion to call the 'transpontine' character, with a virtuous heroine, a namby-pamby hero, a villain of the deepest dye, a comio lawyer, and an outraged father or guardian, we forget which. These small articles make up the sum of Mr. Hatton's contributions to the drama of his country. They are hackneyed articles, as our readers will see, and they have not been clothed with any freshness in the way of costumes or adornments in the present case. A more depressing virtuous hero we have rarely met with, and how Miss Hodson can put up with him is wonderful. Of course that admirable *artiste* acts the part of Clytie well; but we could not help fancying that she felt herself a little out of her element, and that such an incomprehensible being as Clytie is would have small share in her sympathies. Mr. Hatton has added to his melodramatic crimes and misdemeanours the offence of reproducing or parodying a certain *cause célèbre* which disgusted the world of London some two or three years ago. He seems, moreover, despite an address to the public, to be somewhat proud of his handiwork, and we are glad to say the same public have condemned it. The piece will have a run probably. After the woes of the Orphans and the career of the Ticket-of-leave Man, it would be hazardous to say what would not have a run at the Olympic Theatre.

But the play to go and see in these times, when we have such gratifying proofs that, despite the ill-judged efforts of some managers to seduce us again into the vulgarities of opera bouffe—the public will *not* return to its

vomit—is 'All for Her,' now transplanted to the St. James's Theatre. In many respects it is one of the best-written plays that has appeared on London boards for some years; and though its authors have frankly owned whence they have taken the leading idea and character—Charles Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities'—the credit belongs to them of having worked out both so skilfully, and especially in giving us in Hugh Trevor all, and something more, of the nobility of Sydney Carton. They have also been most fortunate in finding in Mr. Clayton such an exponent of the hero. We have for the last two or three years been aware, in common with all playgoers, that Mr. Clayton was an artist, and a most painstaking one, invariably stamping an individuality on everything he attempted—we particularly remember the small part of Mr. Jaggers in 'Great Expectations,' at the Court Theatre—but we were not aware that he had something very like real genius in him, and that he could display intense emotion and passion with such force. Hugh Trevor is a character which Fechter would have made his own; and though perhaps, here and there, that accomplished actor might have infused some finer touches, given us a more equal distribution of light and shade, he could not, on the whole, have been seen to more advantage than is Mr. Clayton. A fallen gentleman, resembling somewhat Don C sar de Bazan, a drunkard and cynic, at war with the world for the misfortune of his birth, yet rising, under the power of a pure passion for a woman, to a nobility of soul and purpose unprecedented—such a character would be a tempting one to any actor, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Clayton on the fortune that gave it to him. If now and then his delivery, in his desire to be impressive, sounds rather laboured, this is a minor matter, and does not mar the general effect. The dialogue might, here and there, be condensed too; and there is a sense of 'dragging' towards the end of the play which might have been avoided, while the last scene is on debateable ground. But it is a good play—one of the two or three now, we are happy to say, attracting large audiences to the theatres where they are represented—a good and hopeful sign, against which the vulgarities of Offenbach and Lecocq avail little. By-the-way, we were pleased to see, two or three weeks ago, a scathing critique in the 'Times' on some exhibitions of this description at the Opera Comique and the Royalty. It was so unlike the 'Times' that we read it twice before we remembered that the kindly, easy-going veteran who so long had held the dramatic pen of the Thunderer, and who, if Schneider or any other Grand Duchess had done their respective *r les* on their heads, would only have mildly protested, had laid it down, and another taken it in his stead. We congratulate the leading journal. Its theatrical columns will now be valued for something more than their scholarly knowledge and *couleur de rose* criticisms.

Our old friend of childhood's happy days, 'Astley's' or Sanger's Royal Amphitheatre, as it has been renamed, is eclipsing all its traditional splendour this season in the gorgeousness of its pantomime, founded on the story of Lady Godiva. It would be next to impossible to give the plot of this most elaborate production, so we will content ourselves with saying that the whole has been conceived in excellent taste and with thorough success. From beginning to end there is not the faintest touch of vulgarity, nor a word that can offend the most sensitive ear. At the same time the performance abounds with drollery, and has many happy hits at the follies of the day. But the *pi ce de r sistance* is the magnificent Indian tableau apropos of the Prince of Wales's visit to the East. The elaborate surroundings of this brilliant spectacle, with its ballet of Nautch girls and groupings of dazzling colours, gives a *coup*

d'ail that secures the well-merited applause of both old and young. Altogether, the programme is spiritedly carried out, and deserves well of our pantomime-going friends, whether to gratify themselves or their 'olive-branches.'

We have already spoken in terms of praise of 'Broken Hearts,' at the Court, and now Mr. Hare has further strengthened his very attractive bill of fare with 'A Quiet Rubber,' a charming little one-act piece borrowed from the French stage, where it is known as 'La Partie de Piquet.' The story, as it comes before the audience, is soon told. A representative of the old noblesse, Lord Kilclare (Mr. Hare) is invited to the house of a rich manufacturer, Mr. Sullivan (Mr. C. Kelly), where his lordship occasionally allows his ancestral pride to get the better of his wits, and otherwise shows himself to the greatest disadvantage. Besides being under great obligations to his host, there is an *affaire de cœur* between my lord's son Charles (Mr. Herbert) and Mr. Sullivan's daughter (Miss Plowden), but the demon of mischief suddenly puts in an appearance and proposes a rubber at whist. The game proceeds, when, unfortunately, a revoke takes place; a violent quarrel ensues, and the aristocratic visitor becomes so enraged that he at once prepares to leave the house. Every chance of reconciliation seems to be at an end, and the lovers are driven to the verge of desperation, as lovers always are on the stage. At the last moment a bright expedient presents itself. Charles, who is by profession a doctor, availing himself of his father's return to the room for something forgotten in his hasty retreat, seizes the opportunity for administering a dose of chloroform. This has the desired effect, by which means the whole surroundings are once more placed in perfect order, and not the faintest trace of the disturbance visible. After a short time Lord Kilclare is restored to consciousness, and with some difficulty is persuaded that the incident which is uppermost in his mind is nothing but a dream; so peace and concord are restored, and all ends as happily as a three-volume novel of the most approved type. In this study of a proud old nobleman, Mr. Hare has added another triumph to his long list of admirable assumptions of this type of character, but we are far from wishing that he should confine his talents to such representations. Every look and gesture shows the finished actor; in fact, there is not, to our thinking, a fault to be found with the present portrait, the merits of which are no less conspicuous than were those which gained him such high commendations at the Prince of Wales's. Not only to Mr. Hare, but to the other performers who so ably second him, is a word of praise due; both Mr. Kelly and Mr. Herbert as well as Miss Plowden taking honours in their several impersonations.

If opera bouffe and burlesque are fast losing their once potent influence over a large proportion of the British playgoing public, the disease is as rampant as ever at the little house in the Strand, where performances of the extravaganza class may be said to have established a prescriptive right. The latest whimsicality, 'Antarctic, or the Pole and the Traces,' is, if possible, more eccentric than any of its predecessors; but the same rule applies to this as to former productions, 'Nemesis,' and 'Loo,' to wit. Therefore, the attempt to unravel any plot out of a combination of incongruities is utterly hopeless. All that we are called upon to say is that the piece is bright and sparkling, and affords ample scope for the introduction of funny songs and grotesque dances. Mr. Terry, made up as an old Frenchman, sustains the part with his accustomed humour. M. Marius is also perfectly at home in his particular rôle, and gives an artistic rendering to portions of the dialogue that deserves the hearty recognition of those who can appreciate the more delicate touches of light and

shade which belong to the finished comedian. With the aid of Miss Claude and Miss Lottie Venne, whose exhilarating *verve* and go have won them golden opinions from a host of admirers, and with scenery and dresses conceived in the best possible taste, the result is all that can be desired by the many well-wishers of the Strand. A 'Lesson in Love' keeps its place in the programme, and is listened to with apparently increasing satisfaction.

The opening ceremony of the new aquarium at Westminster was a blaze of triumph—so everybody says who was there. We were not, but we have since made up for the disappointment. Once inside, we confess to feeling somewhat bewildered as to our whereabouts, there is such an unmistakable Crystal Palace air about the whole place strongly suggestive of Sydenham Saturday afternoon promenades. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, we naturally make our way to the tanks, but here we find the 'finny tribe' conspicuous by their absence. Possibly the management have not given timely notice of their wants to the 'toilers by the sea,' and are waiting for the specimens to come and be caught. A profuse display of choice exotics and masses of beautiful flowers go far, however, to make amends for other shortcomings. Sculpture also lends its aid in producing what may fairly be called a striking and effective *coup d'œil*, while the eye rests lovingly on a handsome statue of King Tom, one of our well-remembered heroes of the Turf. It is more than probable that when the direction have had time to complete their arrangements, the place will become a really popular resort, and we wish it all success.

In this dull time, what with hounds in their kennels and horses on their straw beds, the racing man's thoughts naturally turn from a disagreeable present to a bright future. A large portion of the entries for this year, spring handicaps, &c., have been published, and the prospect of sport is very cheering. In nearly every case there is an increase on that of the last two or three years; and though the decrease in the added money to some stakes has affected the number of entries, we think we need not feel disappointment at that. We always thought the days of large sums—the 'monkeys' and 'thous'—would not be long; nor would it be a good thing for the Turf that they should be. The average amount given to stakes now much exceeds what it was in Lord George Bentinck's days; and it is one which ought to, and does, make successful owners of racehorses winners, even though they bet not. Therefore, these extravagant sums were not needed, and were, moreover, the means of exciting a ruinous emulation among lessees of racecourses—also not required. No, we are glad to say, except in one or two instances, the entries have not suffered from the withdrawal of the big sums. We are sorry to see a falling off at Sandown; but we feel sure it is only temporary. So much has been done to make the place and sport attractive, that it only wants what it was cruelly denied last year, fine weather, to make it most attractive this season. The Messrs. Frail may be congratulated on their full Northampton programme, especially the entry for the Spencer Plate, though we fear they find Bristol a rather uphill game at present. And yet the meeting has everything to recommend it—excellent management, a good course, and a charming neighbourhood. Is it too far west, we wonder? But its neighbour Bath did well in old days, and there was capital sport on Lansdowne. To be sure, it had a powerful supporter at Badminton, and now the blue and white hoops are no longer seen, and so Bath has gone down the hill. Still, there ought to be within a radius of twenty miles round Bristol plenty of good sportsmen, hunting men especially, who ought to keep up a steeplechase meeting; so we yet hope to see Bristol flourish. The Lincolnshire Handicap will, of course,

be the race on which backers and bookmakers will alike plunge; and already horses' names have been mentioned, and the old familiar phrase of 'rods in 'pickle' has been heard. No doubt, with the disappearance of the frost, many 'a certainty' is being bowled along at Newmarket and elsewhere with a view to Carholme. May the expectations of their owners be realised! We already know of several winners of the Lincolnshire, but nothing will induce us to divulge—not even a directed envelope and twelve stamps.

We hear, too, the usual wonderful accounts of the Newmarket two-year-olds with which, at this time, rumour flies about—how Brother Joe has got a lot that will astonish us, and how Brother Mat has one that, as a friend told us, 'can climb trees.' We are reminded by an interesting article from a well-known writer that appeared in the 'Field' about the middle of last month, that also under Matthew Dawson's care are eight American horses which have been imported by Mr. Sandford, to test the superiority of home-bred ones. Every English sportsman will admire and appreciate Mr. Sandford's pluck, and the career of his lot will be watched, we need scarcely say, with much interest. The running of the eight-year-old Preakness, by Lexington, in the Ascot Cup will be a notable event; and we think we can promise Mr. Sandford that if his horse does wrest the prize from our grasp, we should hail his victory with an enthusiasm without alloy. We hope he will eschew handicaps, and confine his attention to weight-for-age races, and not import into the States, on his return, our passion for short cuts. By-the-way, from the same article in the 'Field' to which we have just alluded, we cannot refrain from quoting the remarks of old Squire Thornhill of Riddlesworth to a countryman of Mr. Sandford's—John Randolph of Virginia—on the subject of handicaps. They were made, it is true, some fifty years ago, and perhaps now will be considered obsolete; but as they entirely express our views, and, moreover, their truth has been borne out by recent occurrences, we will give them, asking our readers to remember that Mr. Thornhill was considered one of the finest sportsmen and best judge of racing of his time. His words were—and we wish they might be printed, so that all who run may read—'The result of the introduction of handicaps will be that bad horses will gradually come to be regarded as more valuable than good, and that the whole system of horse-racing will resolve itself into a tangled web of chicanery, deceit, concealment, and fraud.'

It is refreshing, after our remarks last month about Her Majesty's Buckhounds and Frank Goodall, to hear that they had their run of the season on the 4th of January, when the meet was in their best country. Starting from Captain Templar's, at Harrow, the hind Columbine at first set her head for Watford, but, turning to the left, ran by Down Barn, left Hillingdon well to the left, and so on to Denham, where the majority of the field had had enough. However, this gallant hind took them on past Gerard's Cross on to Burnham Beeches, where, after hunting altogether three hours and a half, they had to leave her. There was no one (*not even Dr. Collins*) with them at last, except Goodall and his whips. The noble Master rode well through the run, but had the tumble of the period, like most of the field; for empty saddles were quite the order of the day, the going being very heavy and the pace at first being A 1. We are very glad to notice the great improvement in the *working* qualities of these hounds since Goodall has been in command. Formerly they used to 'tail' sadly; but that is all altered now, and a finer lot of hounds in kennel than the Tuesday pack it would be difficult to find. Romeo, bred, we believe, by Lord Middleton, Richmond, and Captor are among the best of the old hounds, while

Bardolph and Reubens, among the youngsters, are all that can be desired, both on the flags and in the field. Columbine, thanks to the frost, remained at large for a fortnight; but on the 18th they found her again in the neighbourhood of Denham, when she gave them another good gallop of over two hours, and was taken near Amersham.

The accident to Will Goodall at the beginning of the month is a great misfortune to Lord Spencer, as a fracture of this sort necessitates long rest. His place was one day supplied by Tom Goddard, who proved himself his father's own son; but of course, like a new tenor at Covent Garden, he had no end of critics; but he needn't be afraid. One wise man said he made too much noise; another, that he was too quiet; another, that he was too musical. However, they all agreed that he could ride; but as to his *début* as a huntsman, one real old sportsman, whose opinion is worth that of any score of others who hunt with the Pytchley, said that he had never seen any young man behave more calmly and collectedly under such very trying circumstances as trying to hunt hounds for the first time in such a country, where nine men out of ten go out to jump, and neither know nor care if hounds are on a line or not.

We have received the following account of two or three days with the Madras Hounds from a correspondent whose account may be thoroughly relied on:—

'On December 16th we met at the racecourse at six o'clock. The Prince and his suite arrived punctually, and a large field assembled to meet him. After partaking of some refreshment, John Squires, the huntsman, took the hounds up the Velacherry Road, and drew a covert on the other side of the racecourse, where they found a jackal directly, and ran straight for the Palaveram plain, but being headed in every direction by horsemen and others on foot, he was soon killed in a small covert, and then brought out for the Prince's inspection. They then trotted on to the Sydapette, where they found another, which was unfortunately killed almost directly in the river; but they found again, ran merrily along the river-side as if he meant going over the plain, but, being headed by some horsemen, a slight check occurred, but Squires soon had them on his line, and, the scent improving, they ran well through the brushwood towards Sydapette, through the thorny thicket, over the paddy-fields, on to the racecourse, over which they raced to Guindy Park, which being a stronghold for all sorts of game, the hounds were stopped, after a very good thirty minutes. All rode well; one of the Prince's suite had a roll in some mud and water, at which H.R.H. laughed most heartily; and a lady was pulled clean out of her saddle by a tree. On Saturday, December 18th, they met at St. Thomas's Mount, at Mr. Smith's house, who, with his usual hospitality, welcomed all comers. Again there was a large field, amongst whom were several ladies, to meet the Prince, who arrived at seven. The order was given to draw the covert near the barracks, always a sure find, and on this occasion they found as game and good a jackal as ever wore a brush, who went away at once boldly, with the pack close at him, faced the open, running along the river-side, through a bamboo thicket, over some deep paddy-fields and the large plain near Palaveram, through some gardens, and, with the pack sticking close to him, he again faced the open, at a rattling pace, to a stony hillock, where some said he would go to ground; but the hounds ran him over the earth up to a stone-covered hill beyond Palaveram which also abounds in earthen; but this gallant Jack determined to trust to his pads. The pack

'then raced him over the hill by themselves, the field going round it, as it was
'not rideable, just in time to see the jackal come down the side of this stony
'mountain, the hounds hunting him beautifully; then away over the fields, and
'fairly racing him down to the river, through which they went, followed by a
'nobleman well known in Leicestershire, and also by another equally well
'known in Ireland, by Squires, some officers, and a lady, whose horse fell
'backwards in the water, and over whom somebody rode. The Master and
'the rest of the field, which had become very select, went round to a ford,
'but still on went the hounds over some very heavy country; then, running
'from scent to view, pulled this game jackal down in the open, after a run of
'one hour and seventeen minutes over a very natural rough country. This
'was a real clipper, and will long be remembered by the Madras Hunt.
'The Prince rode well, and was up at the finish; Lord Suffield was highly
'delighted, but his horse died the same night, and both Lord Aylesford's and
'Lord Charles Beresford's horses were also quite done up; Captain Elmhirst,
'so well known with the Pytchley and Quorn, was also out, and went in
'his usual form; and the way they all rode considerably "astonished the
'natives." There were several falls, but nobody was hurt. The Prince had
'a roll in some mud and water on his way home, and an enterprising native
'shows the place at one anna per head. H.R.H. was highly pleased with
'his day with the Madras Hounds, and, on leaving, shook hands with Squires,
'whom he knew formerly when he hunted the West Norfolk, and wished him
'good sport and good luck.'

The following letter, apropos of one of the 'World's' 'Posterity in Oil,'
came to us from a valued correspondent, and without committing ourselves
entirely to his views, we gladly insert it:—

'HONEST "VAN" DRIVER,

'We all heartily agree with a writer in the "World" newspaper of
'the 12th of January, who praises Admiral Rous for "his upright and honourable
'"nature," his "kindly heart," "his gallantry," and his many other amiable
'qualities. Some of us, however, are obliged to differ with the writer when
'he adds that "The Admiral has not sought to thrust his opinions down un-
'"willing throats." I, for one, do not forget the part that he took in the
'discussion upon the subject of the supply of horses for general purposes. I
'ask, What does Admiral Rous know about hunters, or harness horses, or
'hacks, or any description of horse except a racehorse? Seated in his easy-
'chair in Berkeley Square, with the "Racing Calendar" at his elbow, few
'persons can so skilfully adjust the weights to a number of horses so as to
'make a good betting race, and to that occupation the Admiral has devoted
'himself. There are plenty of persons on the Turf—such as General Peel,
'Mr. Crawford, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and others—who understand horses well,
'but those gentlemen have had opportunities of practical experience and obser-
'vation which the Admiral has not enjoyed.

'The Honourable Henry Rous went to sea at an early age—between thirteen
'and fourteen, I believe—and remained afloat, in the service of his country,
'during all the best years of his life. He was a good bit past forty when he
'displayed such pluck and seamanship in bringing the "Pique" across the At-
'lantic without a rudder and with only half a keel, and a fair-sized trout-
'stream running through her. After quitting active service, the Admiral did
'not take to hunting, or to driving, nor has he bred horses, nor has he engaged
'in any field sports, unless you account as such an occasional day's pheasant-

' shooting at the seat of some racing friend. If you possess the Blue Book containing the proceedings of Lord Rosebery's Select Committee on Horses, open it at p. 267, and having read Admiral Rous's evidence, judge for yourself whether he is competent to give an opinion upon horseflesh. Off he started at score: "I consider that there are more horses in the country at this moment than there ever were, and they never were so good." One would imagine that the Admiral never missed Cahirmee or Horncastle fairs, or York Horse Show either. The Committee, naturally enough, inquired whether this number of horses which he said existed in the country applied equally to all classes of horses, and the Admiral confidently replied, "It does." Being reminded that the Agricultural Returns before the Committee showed, as regarded brood-mares, unbroken, and agricultural horses, a decrease of more than fifteen thousand between 1870 and 1873, devil a bit did the Admiral care about figures, and adhered to what he had already said. He was then asked whether his remark would apply equally to Ireland. "I know nothing about Ireland," he replied. Oh, Paddy Sheils! only to think that your Arthurs and your Tom Steeles, your Zouaves and your Cardinals are not worth the Admiral's notice!

' To bear out his assertion that horses "never were so good," the Admiral triumphantly added, "The stature of thoroughbred stock has increased since the year 1700 an inch every twenty-five years." Our fathers used to tell us that the height of a horse had nothing to do with his size. In the trade they like long and low, but the Admiral evidently admires leggy, ones.

' The Admiral next undertook to teach Mr. Church (the manager of the London General Omnibus Company) his business. Mr. Church had informed the Committee that the price that the company gave was from 38*l.* to 39*l.* a horse, and yet that, at that price, they were unable to get any in England, and that the horses they were working at that time were nearly all foreign horses. What does the Admiral remark upon this? "If they will pull out the money, they will be able to get any number of horses." The Admiral had doubtless seen advertisements in the papers of sales at Messrs. Gowers' repository in the Barbican, which he had mixed up in his brain with Gower Street, near Euston Square; for he told the Committee, as a piece of evidence, that "a great many horses were sold in Gower Street." The idea of finding horses in Gower Street is very amusing to persons who are acquainted with the locality. The next time that Mr. Baily goes out with the Old Berkeley Hounds he may as soon expect to find a fox in Kensington Gardens.

' Having told the Committee where to buy a horse, the Admiral afterwards told them how to breed one. He admitted that, in all human probability, roaring is "hereditary," and yet that he "might be tempted" to send a mare to a remarkably speedy horse that was notoriously a roarer. Actually to sow broadcast through the country an hereditary infirmity which has been the greatest curse of stables during the last twenty years. Prince Charlie will, in all probability, prove a great failure at the stud. If such is the case, I shall feel no sympathy for those who have sent mares to him. For the chance of getting a flier over five furlongs of ground they little cared about poisoning the breed of horses. I must not say what I think of Colonel Maude for listening to the Admiral's advice.

' I remain, honest "Van" driver, ever yours,

' RABSHAKEH.'

A big man, in every sense of the word, who had made his money in the North, bought a place in the South, resolved in future to play the difficult part of a country gentleman. On the estate were both good fishing and shooting, and he could also get some fair fox-hunting. Talking one day with some of his neighbours on the subject of field sports, he observed: 'I care but very little for either fishing or shooting; but I am a *conqueror* on horseback.'

A story comes to us from the colliery districts which is characteristic and worth recording:—A collier's widow, aged sixty, and having been twice married, was in receipt of her weekly dole of soup, &c., from the Lady Bountiful of the parish. One day lately, after receiving her portion, she said: 'I shall not trouble you again, ma'am, for the soup.' 'Why so?' said the lady. 'Well, ma'am, I am just going to be married again.' 'Indeed!' replied her benefactor. 'I hope he is a suitable age, and that you will be comfortable.' 'As far as that goes, ma'am, there's a bit of difference in his age, for he is 'on'y twenty-five; but as to being comfortable, I never know till *I've summered and wintered a man*.'

We have had many horse-shoes, but the shoe of the future is still in the womb of inventors, unless the Buffalo Hide Horse-shoe Company have hit the right nail. They offer a shoe made, or principally so, of buffalo hide, so light, elastic, preservative, and cheap, that if it does one half of what its inventors hope and believe it will do, a good time is indeed coming for our faithful friends and servants. Its lightness will be, of course, patent to everybody, and one can understand that the substance must possess a certain elasticity which will, no doubt, diminish the concussion the hoof is subjected to in striking the ground. The great point, however—or what appears to us to be so—is that the shoe will 'assist the horse in retaining a firm and solid foothold' on smooth pavements, and that roughing will not be required in frosty weather. We need scarcely say that this, once proved, will be the establishment of the shoe as the one great desideratum in connection with our horses, especially with those employed in London and other large cities. The dangers of the cruel asphalt, and, as some people declare, the no-less-cruel wood, the perils of slippery stones, &c., will then be averted, and we sincerely trust the company will be found to be correct in their expectations. As the City Commissioners of Sewers have unfortunately determined to take no notice of the remonstrance of the London General Omnibus Company, the Pickfords, Chaplin and Horne, and other large owners, representing certainly twenty thousand horses, and the asphalt in the City is to remain for some time to come, a shoe that will prevent slipping is a greater desideratum than ever. Ere these lines are before our readers these shoes will, we believe, be ready for delivery, and then the public will be able to judge for themselves. The offices of the company are at 46 Lombard Street, and Mr. McDonald, the Secretary, will be glad to give any information. We shall, in common with every one who cares for the ease and comfort of the horse, look with much hopeful interest on the experiment.

Hunting pictures are always popular, and a 'happy thought' to which Messrs. Tuck and Co., of 204 Regent Street, have given effect, will add another, and an important one, to the popular list. An autotype picture, in medallion form, entitled 'The Masters of Foxhounds in 1875,' gives us the almost speaking portraits, in many instances, of one hundred and twenty-eight Masters, and most skilfully have they been grouped and handled. Many of them gave the Messrs. Tuck special sittings; but as regards the majority the artists have had to depend on photographs, but there is hardly a bad likeness

among them. Here and there a likeness, dating perhaps a few years back, puzzles us for a moment, but we soon spot it, and only wish we could put back the dial of Ahaz in the same way for the originals. It is difficult, where all are so good, to select a few as the test; but we think Sir Watkin Wynn, the Duke of Grafton, Earl of Yarborough, Lord Fitzhardinge, Mr. Corbett, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Tailby, Mr. Oakeley, Lord Spencer, Sir Edward Kerrison, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Macclesfield, and the Hon. J. Scott strike us as being among the happiest portraits. Perhaps our lady readers may be induced to go to Messrs. Tuck's studio by a remark a lady made to us on first seeing the picture: 'What a lot of good-looking men!' They certainly are: perhaps it is that most fox-hunters are good fellows, and the face is the index of the mind. However that may be, it would be difficult for a lady to pick out a bad face among the hundred and twenty-eight who look out at you so pleasantly from their frame. At each corner of the mount that well-known artist, Mr. John Sturges, has introduced four very clever hunting sketches; and at the top is a fox's head, by Mr. J. Lucas. It is altogether a most interesting picture, and we can well fancy every hunting man would like to have a copy. The Messrs. Tuck are also about a companion picture, 'The Masters of Harriers.'

One more of that band of brothers, the sons of Baron Nathan Mayer de Rothschild, has passed away. Sir Anthony, who was the second son, was not such a sportsman as his elder brother Lionel; he was not a hard rider like his brother Nathaniel, but he was a great favorite in the hunting field, where his genial manners made him popular with all, from the Prince to the pad-groom. Extreme good-nature was his great characteristic: coming up to the meet, with a face beaming with good-humour, and getting upon Peacock or Bob, he always had a pleasant word for every one, and a sly jest for his more intimate friends. In all matters, whether of business or of pleasure, Sir Anthony was a master of detail; and at his residence at Aston Clinton, where he dispensed his hospitality with no niggard hand, his guests wanted for nothing. After enjoying a day's shooting in the Halton Woods, where he got up a considerable head of game, they would sit down to a table which could not be surpassed. Some who know what a good cigar is used to tell us that there was nothing to equal one of Sir Anthony's; and it might well be so, for they were specially manufactured for him at Havannah. But whilst his friends were thus cared for, the poor were not forgotten. In all the villages round him Sir Anthony's charity was as well managed as it was munificent. Many years ago he had a few horses in training in France; and more recently, at the Mentmore sales, he bought some yearlings of his brother Baron Mayer's breeding, and kept the family colours on the Turf, but his heart was never in it. He preferred New Court to Newmarket, and his comfortable home in Buckinghamshire to either.

And again, among the well-known figures that will be missed henceforth at the covert-side we regret to include T. Ward, Esq., of Olveston. Long known as a staunch preserver of foxes, and owner of some of the nicest coverts in the Berkeley Hunt, 'Tommy Ward' was a true sportsman at heart, and was invariably welcomed as such both in Lord Fitzhardinge's and the Duke of Beaufort's hunts. Though not himself a bruiser across a country, his daughter has, for the last few seasons, proved herself second to no Diana of the period; in fact, we do not know where to look for one to beat her across the Berkeley rhines.

The death of the Prince de Vismes et de Ponthieu, which occurred on the 8th of January last, at Stockbridge, will cause many regrets. The representa-

tive of an illustrious line, with all the tastes of an English gentleman, he became a thorough sportsman; and whether he was throwing a fly in Galway, or ranging the moors in Scotland, on the flags or on the box, he was equally at home. By his contributions to 'Baily' he was well known to our readers, and many will be found to say, 'Peace to the soul of the genial and cheery "Old Calabar."'

The racing world can hardly be said to have now sustained a loss by the death of Mr. Graham, for he had to all intents retired from the Turf when, in 1873, his horses in training were brought to the hammer. A very fortunate man was the deceased; and from the time he won the Oaks with Regalia, his lucky star was in the ascendant. Her second to Gladiateur in the Leger, and the circumstances arising out of that race, have been dwelt on by most of Mr. Graham's biographers, when it would have been kinder towards the memory of that gentleman to have tried to forget them. The excuse for Mr. Graham's conduct—his objection to Gladiateur—must be found in the fact that, in common with a great many people who should have known better, he entirely lost his head when he found that the foreigner had beaten our best horses. The trainers first raised the cry of 'over age,' and they found plenty of people to take it up. Certainly it was a heavy blow to our national pride and vanity; but we have had so many since then that we can look back now with some little astonishment and, we should hope, shame to the hubbub and commotion Gladiateur's victories raised. For the rest Mr. Graham was a kind-hearted and liberal man we believe, and made use of his wealth in many generous acts which his friends will remember.

And Gladiateur has departed too, one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, horse of modern times—dead, and, so to speak, left no sign. As in the case of other equine celebrities, he failed to transmit his qualities to his descendants. Hero was probably the best of them, and, if he had lived, might have trod in his sire's footsteps, but the others are not worth remembering. What a race was that for the Ascot Cup in 1866, when Gladiateur was at one time nearly two hundred yards behind, and, we believe, 100 to 1 was offered against him. Those who saw him overhaul his horses and come up the finish of the New Mile in the way he did will not easily forget the sight and the enthusiasm it evoked. We had partially recovered from our 'over age' attack then, and were probably just a little ashamed of ourselves. Let us trust that the shades of departed horseflesh mingle not with those of humanity, else the disembodied Gladiateur might sorely trouble the deceased distiller.

A new work from the pen of Mr. Whyte-Melville is always acceptable. 'Sister Louise, or the Story of a Woman's Repentance,' is the latest production of this talented author. In the present volume the writer takes leave of the beaten track we have so often followed with such pleasure in each other's company. The foundation of the story is hardly one that we should have thought our favourite author would have selected, but there is such an intense feeling of romance worked into the details surrounding the history of the unfortunate heroine that lays claim to all our sympathies, in spite of our susceptibilities, and leaves us with impressions not easily effaced. The narrative is treated, as may be supposed, with all Mr. Whyte-Melville's accustomed ability, and is chiefly devoted to an account of the intrigue between Louis Quatorze and Mademoiselle de la Vallière, afterwards Duchess de Vaujour, who finally takes the veil, and immures herself in a convent for life. The passages in which the king secures the love of the artless girl are given with a tenderness and pathos that cannot fail to excite the keenest interest, however

much we may reprobate the sentiment. We offer no apology for here quoting a verse of a love-song, which we feel sure none of the readers of 'Baily' will object to, coming as it does from a poet whom we so delight to honour :—

'No, Monsieur, no ; it is not so :
 The heart may die, but it never grows old.
 So long as the pulses leap and glow,
 The tale of our trouble is yet to be told.
 The boat swims on if the cargo sink ;
 The liquor is sweet though we thirst no more ;
 And I cannot but think, were your lip to the brink,
 You would drink again as you drank before.'

In due course the charm ripens into still stronger bonds, and Mademoiselle receives a patent of nobility as Madame la Duchesse de Vaujour, and is saluted accordingly. In the troubles and difficulties that assail her under these altered circumstances, all are chronicled with a master hand, as will be readily guessed ; but one of the most impressive incidents in the whole book is where the young duchess makes her obeisance to the Queen Maria Thérèse. We will let Mr. Whyte-Melville speak for himself :—' For certain armies military discipline has established a punishment called "running the gauntlet," wherein a culprit passes between the ranks of his regiment while each comrade delivers a blow. The new duchess gained some experience of its severity as she traversed a large and crowded saloon to make her obeisance to the queen. Those who watched her majesty—and they were many—did not fail to notice that a momentary shadow darkened her brow, while in the beautiful Spanish eyes there came a troubled look of pain, regret, and reproach ; but already the sorrows of her young life had taught Maria Thérèse that even royalty must not expect happiness in this lower world ; and a tender, kindly heart, schooled in adversity, while sustained by religion, had clothed her with that Christian charity which resolves to observe no beam of evil so long as it can see the slightest mote of good.' The scene changes, and then comes the crowning abasement of the king's perfidy, in taking to himself another favourite. The unfortunate duchess, who has been but the plaything of an hour, seeks consolation and expiation in devoting her future life to the cloister. When, at last, the curtain falls, we cannot help a feeling of sadness creeping over us that the tale should have ended as it does. The book is beautifully illustrated, and although, as we said at the outset, the theme takes a different line of country to that we have hitherto gone with the author, we cannot deny that between the covers there is food for reflection that will last for many a day, and we commend our readers to peruse for themselves.

The hound-poisoning culprit in Lord Middleton's county has confessed his guilt and got his reward. The strange part of the story is that the man was one of Sir George Wombwell's under-keepers, had been on the Newburgh estate for twenty-nine years, and hitherto had borne an excellent character. The annoyance to such a well-known sportsman as Sir George may be well imagined. He at once offered a reward of 25*l.* for the discovery of the perpetrator of the act, but at first without success, until the police obtained some clue, went to the keeper's house, and then out came the confession. Of course Sir George Wombwell at once discharged him, and we believe Lord Middleton intends prosecuting him for laying down poison. The question naturally arises, what were the man's motives, and had he not some one behind him who, from spite or enmity towards Lord Middleton or Sir George, or both, egged him on to this deed ? We sympathise much with his popular

master, to whom the affair must have been a terrible nuisance. But we trust we shall hear no more of hound-poisoning, unless, indeed, Mr. North (the poisoner's name) should take his talents for this sort of thing into Northamptonshire and offer them to the Hon. and Rev. Francis Tollemache.

Mr. Musters having announced his intention to resign the South Notts country at the end of the season, and Mr. Rolleston having agreed to take it, the county, and let us add too town, of Nottingham has come liberally to the rescue. At a meeting towards the latter end of January, held in the Shire Hall, 1,400*l.* a-year was guaranteed at once; and three gentlemen, not unknown to fame in racing circles—Mr. 'Billy' Nicholl, Mr. 'Jack' Robinson, and Mr. 'Bob' Howett—promised each of them 100*l.* a year. More power to them!

And here, though not a hunting anecdote, we must let our readers have the description that a well-known bookmaker (perhaps he does not live so very far from Nottingham) gave a friend of ours of the class of gentlemen called 'spring captains':—'They comes to Lincoln, and out they pulls their shirt-sleeves, writes down the bets as fast as ever they can, and if they wins, up they come on Monday so glad to see you, collars the money, and off to the next meeting. But if they loses, why, lor' bless you! *they sends their shirts to the wash, and forgets all about it.*'

We have all regretted the unpleasant occurrences in the V.W.H. country, and sympathised with Lord Shannon on the annoyance he has been subjected to. Most of our readers doubtless saw, in the 'Field' and other papers, the full account of the proceedings at a public meeting of subscribers to the hunt held at Cirencester on the 17th of last month; and any one who had some knowledge of the inner life of that country, and could read between the lines, would, perhaps, have made a shrewd guess at the individuality of 'Red Coat.' Indeed one gallant officer, Colonel Perry Keane, when he said that he trusted Lord Shannon would not care a fig for anything said of him by 'Red Coat,' 'Blue Coat,' 'Black Coat,' or 'Petticoat,' drew forth such cheers and shouts of laughter that his voice was fairly drowned. Women have troubled Israel before now, and will trouble it again; and that the trouble brought on the V.W.H. is the handiwork of a woman, few in that country seem to doubt. We can only hope, therefore, that in face of such a weak opponent, and in the presence of the strong feeling expressed by the meeting we have referred to, Lord Shannon may be induced to withdraw his resignation. We cordially join with Colonel Keane in hoping that the noble Master will not be daunted by a 'coat' of any colour or any form. 'Red Coat,' after all, may turn out only to be a scarlet runner clinging to a weak pole.

We come across some curious hunting intelligence now and then; and in the columns of a sporting paper which shall be nameless, the date the 26th of January, we found, under the head of 'Hunting,' a notice that 'the first meeting of the Fox Club this year will take place at Brooks's on the 12th of February.' Poor Charles James! A few weeks ago we remember seeing in the 'World' that some sporting writer had made Byron a product of the Lake school. This was funny, but that the Fox Club should be a hunting institution is funnier still.

We are enabled to state that the Baron's staghounds will go out on the 7th of this month; they will not be advertised at present, but the Baron, with the feeling that all hunting men will appreciate, is desirous that the pleasures of the farmers and others in the Vale of Aylesbury should be interfered with as little as possible. As regards the racehorses left by the late Sir Anthony de

Rothschild to his brother, Baron Lionel, nothing has yet been done about them. We can only say, and we are sure that we are but giving utterance to the general feeling of the racing world, that we should much regret the disappearance from the Calendar of the old colours, 'the blue and yellow.'

We can vouch for the truth of the following:—A noble lord of hunting notoriety was obliged, on a late occasion, to hunt his pack himself, in the absence of his huntsman, who had met with an accident. After a good run his fox was brought to hand. A cockney sportsman, unknown in the country, then presented himself, and remarked to his lordship, 'I'll give you half a 'sovereign for the brush.' 'Give it me, then,' said the Peer. 'No, no,' was the answer; '*you give me the brush first.*' Those who know the urbane qualities and choice vocabulary at command of the noble Master may be left to imagine his appreciation of the compliment thus paid to his integrity.

We may now place before our readers the solution of the Latin puzzle given in our December 'Van,' which will read as follows:—

I say, Billy, here's a go,
Forty busses in a row.
No, Billy, this be forty trucks;
See vot is in 'em—peas and ducks.

The delay in the appearance of the above may be accounted for by the enormous number of (mostly incorrect) solutions which have poured in upon us during the last two months, rendering it quite impossible to do justice to each *singulatim*; but we may mention that correct answers have been received from '*Deaf Burke*,' '*Currant Jelly at Brighton*,' '*Backsheesh*,' '*The Erlwood Idiots*,' '*Holy Joe*,' '*Old King Cole*,' '*A Belgravian Mother*,' and '*Tommy come tickle Me*.' While among the host of failures we may point out that Dr. Hornby's solution, though correct in the main, was faulty in a grammatical point of view; the Rev. Voysey's was misspelt, while the Archbishop of Canterbury's was couched in language unsuited to the majority of the readers of 'Baily.'

Apropos of an article on 'Quail-Shooting near the Pyramids,' which will appear in next month's 'Baily,' we hear from Cairo that the Prince of Wales is very desirous to spend, if possible, a week or ten days there on his way home, for quail-shooting. And here, too, we may mention the pleasure it has given all classes of racing men to see H.R.H.'s colours inserted in the volume of the Calendar of this year. The purple body and gold braid, scarlet sleeves, and velvet cap with gold fringe, recall old days, and we trust to see them not alone in the pages of Weatherby, but borne in the van at Newmarket and elsewhere.



Blair Ford

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD.

THE eldest son of the Duke of Marlborough—the subject of our present sketch—is well known, not only in the world of sport and pastime, but in other and more distant ones. Born in 1844, the usual Eton *cursus* accomplished, Lord Blandford entered the Blues, and after two or three years' duty with his regiment, did not only what used to be called 'the grand tour,' but sought in the East a yet keener distraction than the Continent could afford. He has made his mark, we believe, on the big game of India, and has evinced the tastes of a sportsman and a gentleman wherever he has pitched his tent. He is known in this country as a very promising coachman; and those who remember how well the Dorking road was done when poor Peter Withington and Lord Blandford had the coach—the 'morning coach' we mean—need not be told this. His Lordship was not too proud to learn; and the early hours of many a summer day found him on the bench, being well coached by a proficient in the art. He is a member of the Four-in-Hand Club, and one of the most popular young men of the day. He married, in 1869, a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, and has, among other issue, a son and heir in the Earl of Sunderland.

'THE FIRST GREY HAIR.'

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

THERE'S a moment palls in the merriest hour,
A petal that falls from the fairest flower,
A token of change in the breeze's sigh,
A cloud to dapple the clearest sky.
Bright on the dial the sunbeams play,
But they're hurrying home to the close of day;
And I vow that old Time should be less unfair
While I strip your mane of its first grey hair.

How many years is it? three or four?
I am loth to count, for it might be more
Since first a-field, in your maiden try,
We 'went for a perisher'—you and I.
Soft and glad was the promise of Spring,
With the building rook, and the jay on wing—
You were rising five—and now, I declare,
I am stripping your mane of its first grey hair.

You wanted a bridle; for, merry and bold,
A wilder romp I have never controlled.
Raking and pulling, and shaking your head,
Like a terrier shaking a rat till it's dead.
Rash at your timber, at water free,
But you crept out cleverly under the tree,
With a skip, and a bounce, and a leg to spare,
Now I'm stripping your mane of its first grey hair.

Then, season by season, and year by year,
You grew more precious, more wise and dear;
You never were tired, you seldom fell,
As sure as I rode you, so sure I went well.
In the deepest ground, at the deadliest pace,
I never saw fence that you feared to face;
A flier to gallop—a devil to dare!
And I'm stripping your mane of its first grey hair.

We know each other, and love and trust;
You like me to say to you, 'Have it we must!'
With your swelling neck and your pointed ear,
And the courage and spring that land us clear.
How many a gallop we've shared and seen!
From autumn morns, and hazels green,
Till March-baked fallows were brown and bare,
But I'm stripping your mane of its first grey hair.

Though moments of triumph be yet in store,
And fate may grant a few seasons more,
A time must come for the failing limb,
The mettle dulled, and the eye grown dim.
I note the warning of life's decay
In the silver thread that I pluck to-day ;
And my heart is sad for my steed so rare,
As I strip your mane of its first grey hair.

But turn of fortune shall never degrade
A spirit so bold to a meaner trade.
Nor shall you submit for a pitiful gain,
To the hissing lash and the jerking rein,
On slippery street or stone-paved stand.
No ! Rather I'll slay you myself with my hand !
We are not to be parted, I promise and swear,
While I strip your mane of its first grey hair.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

'THE Ides of March have come,' and we are now safely landed in the month when the bud of racing, long delayed, is to blossom on the bleak plains of Carholme or Aintree, and the proverbial 'winter of discontent' has once more retired before the advancing forces of spring. Glancing back at the returns of 'races past,' and in particular to that portion of them which records the two-year-old running of 1875, we can perceive no falling-off in the quantity of races competed for by animals of that age, nor any apparent decadence in the quality of the fields which gathered at the post for their decision. If we are to place any credence in the reports of special commissioners, envoys extraordinary, aristocratic touts, or stable mice, the theory of degeneration is mere fudge, and our rising generation of racers surpasses in soundness of wind and limb, in size, in quality, and in speed and endurance those redoubtable coursers of ancient days which look down upon us from ancient tavern walls, or live in the memories of our Nestors of the Turf. We are perfectly ready to accept these sanguine reports as to the flourishing condition of the Turf in faith and joy, and to persuade ourselves that we live in the golden age of racing. There is something eminently cheerful and reassuring in the manner adopted by sporting writers in speaking of the 'national pastime,' and if it were not for certain ominous indications, we might imagine that a return was imminent of the Bentinckian era, or of those 'hot' days upon which we still think with fear and trembling. But this is the question which we would seriously propound—is a state of prosperity on the Turf to be gauged by the increment of important meetings and by large fields, or are we to take into account the betting alleged to be inseparable

from racing, and held to reflect, in no small degree, its state of prosperity for the time being?

If any reliance whatever is to be placed on the barometer of the money market (indicating business done), we have no hesitation in asserting that, in the words of certain daily meteorological reporters, a 'considerable depression' at present prevails about the regions of Tattersall's and the clubs. The returns from those once crowded haunts are essentially meagre and unsatisfactory, and it cannot be urged against industrious compilers of the daily quotations that they omit to mention the 'important transactions' which take place under their noses. On the contrary, while the investment of a real 'monkey' is a perfect godsend, they are glad enough to make a note of any stray fiver which finds its way into the few books until recently open upon the great events. Years ago, when the betting mania was at its height, one high in authority was ridiculed for his prophecy that we should 'soon drift into post-betting.' This is evidently the case at the present moment. The leviathan's occupation is gone, for the 'swells' are no longer forthcoming to 'draw him with a book;' and so, the principal characters having retired, the stage is left clear for the chorus of little men to whom 'legitimate odds' are unknown, and whose prices are as short as their system of credit. Betting in distant anticipation even of the big races is as much a thing of the past as swords and periwigs, and this is abundantly evidenced by the unwearied efforts on the part of a certain section of the sporting press to give prominence to the very small beer chronicled day by day. In some cases it is clear that imagination must be called to the aid of those entrusted with the compilation of betting returns, for unaccountable discrepancies exist in various accounts of the same transactions, and reporters would seem to possess the gift of moulding the clay to the requirements of the image which they wish to produce.

There is an evident desire to 'bolster up' betting in that section of the sporting press which may be supposed to profit most by its agency. According to the authority of those who may be supposed to possess certain knowledge of market movements, speculation is as rife as ever, its course having merely been diverted into a different channel. Hence we are given to believe that while in London and other centres of betting transactions a sullen state of stagnation prevails, the spirit of wagering has taken flight across the Channel, and folded his wings in the more congenial realms of liberty, equality, and fraternity which own the rule of republican France. Sometimes this exiled genius is represented as hovering about the precincts of 'beautiful Boulogne,' with a list of quotations such as would have delighted the soul of 'listmen' in the olden time; but occasionally his flight takes a wider range, and affairs assume a 'Continental' aspect in place of limitation to the shady and seedy refuge for British recklessness and extravagance. We are led to believe by these indications that while Two Thousand Guineas betting is a sheer dead letter at Tattersall's, and while speculation on the Derby is con-

fined to half a dozen animals languidly supported to small amounts, operations quite on the ancient scale of importance and variety are conducted under a foreign flag, or take a wider range over the Continent of Europe itself. Strange to say, this successful imitation of our manners and customs in France appears to arouse no feelings of jealousy in the British bosom, and we gaze unconcernedly (not to say incredulously) at the published returns almost daily rendered for our information, and betokening the advance made by 'Mossoo' in a line of business we fondly imagined to be exclusively our own. The 'fair land' is leader now, instead of follower, and the tone of a market strangely enough possessing no local habitation must influence that of *perfidæ Albion*.

Things were not thus in the ancient days of English racing history, when there were veritable giants in the land—men imbued with the true spirit of speculation instead of its modern counterfeit, who betted on the give-and-take principle, and rather dallied with chance than courted certainty. Book-making was then, as now, a profitable trade, if legitimately conducted; but there was more of chivalry and less of finesse associated with its practice, and speculation upon the Derby took a far wider scope than it is ever likely to do again amongst us, now that every move in the great game of racing is thoroughly canvassed and dissected by sporting journalists, and each scrap of information duly communicated to the public. In days anterior to special correspondents—at whose visits to their establishments the old school of trainers would have stood aghast, and the owners of cracks brought out their horsewhips incontinently—yearling books were as much the fashion as later on they became less common, and have now for some years been totally extinct. In the chronicles of the 'Druid' we find frequent mention of the labours of these early birds, standing the long shots of sanguine owners, and laying the odds accordingly as they fancied the breeding and looks of the candidate for honours two years thence. There was plenty of wagering of this kind, and impossible animals were backed on the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* principle, which of course gave layers an opportunity of getting round, or of squaring their volumes when some sort of estimate could be formed of the various animals on their books through public running. Thirty or forty years ago we read of 'all the big yearling books' being taken about such and such horses—statements which in a few years will be neither understood nor believed at first sight by those born in the atmosphere, and brought up in the practice, of the system of modern speculation.

Coming down to later times, 'tis but ten years since that lovely June day, beneath the Middle Park elms, when the leading characters in perhaps the most wonderful sale 'of any age or country' drew breath to deliberate in friendly council over its magnificent results. As the wine-cup passed merrily round, the hearts of men warmed once more towards the sport nearest to their hearts, and in anticipation of the coming war of wagers, the paunchy Israelite com-

posedly brought forth his tiny brass-bound volume, and drawing the ever-glowing weed from his lips, turned over a fresh page to commence his yearling book. A flourish of the metallic pencil was the signal for attack, and straightway he was besieged with customers as many and as eager as surround the urchin who raises his war-cry of 'Morning papers!' on some station platform. Slowly and deliberately was each bet recorded, with occasional recourse to the weed in the intervals of wagering; and the terribly high-priced babies so lately paraded like innocents in the ring, had become 'instrument, of 'gambling' ere they quitted their native fields, with well-nigh two years of the accidents and casualties incident to training to encounter before the far-off, doubtful issue of those ponderous wagers could be decided. 'Ten thousand to two hundred and fifty' each was the price against the two chestnuts—the bay and the black—averaging over 1500 guineas each; and ere the 'glorious vintage' had come round again, three bold and youthful spirits had made up a thousand-pound sweepstakes with their new purchases; and the rose of Chaplin, the Hastings hoops, and the grey and cerise of Hamilton found yet another foeman in the older and cannier Ulysses of the Turf, whose wasp-like banner was to outlast them all, and make 'the boys' shake in their shoes when the cry of 'A Merry to the rescue!' arose to rally the clans. Such things we have seen in other places, but shall never witness again; for the temper of the times is changed, and the wheel's turn brings round again neither the hour nor the man.

The ever active pencils of such impulsive spirits as Jock of Oran and the volatile 'Steevy' have long since been stayed, and the weapons of Hill and Morris are sheathed from engaging in the 'baby-books' which gave them never-ending occupation in more stirring times. Some modern Merry, demanding Zambesi's Derby price as the yearling is led away from the Doncaster ring, would be laughed to scorn at the bare idea, and would find no John Jackson ready to take up the gauntlet with the bold bid of 'ten thousand to two hundred and fifty,' with a quaint stipulation as to the booking of the bet. Gradually we have marked the tide receding from its former marks on the shore; and the opening of Derby volumes has been delayed longer and longer in each succeeding season. The bursting of so many leaves as took place regularly at Ascot, we look for in vain; then Goodwood passes by without any sign being made; Doncaster may hear the first distant and random shots sullenly fired by the ring at a Champagne winner; and a desultory warfare may be carried on during the Newmarket Meetings, barely sufficient guide for the winter analysts, and only to take some definite shape as the new year comes to enliven the sluggish tide of speculation, or France takes up the wondrous tale of Continental speculation. Nor is our drifting course towards post-betting marked by less certain indications in other directions than by the traits we have instanced in connection with the Derby market. The Spring Handicaps have shared the same fate, and the growing dislike of professionals to lay long prices has been supplemented by the increasing tendency among backers to await

the hoisting of the numbers. Exceeding caution on both sides is the order of the day, and hence the decline of betting in comparison with its former importance, though there are other causes operating to diminish gambling propensities.

In the first place, no one who has watched the course of events since certain enactments came into force prohibiting the advertisements of commission agents, can refuse to acknowledge the effects of such legislation in deterring a very large number of speculators from the prosecution of their favourite hobby. All sorts of shifts and devices have been resorted to for the purpose of bringing together the parties anxious to transact business, but hitherto without that measure of success which must have been eminently satisfactory to both sides before the higher powers interfered to repress the so-called 'canker of civilisation.' In vain have voices from beyond the sea invited transmission of messages and coin across that silver streak. John Bull has buttoned his breeches pockets against the charmers over the water, and has not caught at the idea of telegrams and the post annihilating time and space; but his spare cash is now reserved for personal transactions at the post, which sad experience has taught him to be the safest method of proceeding. Secondly, there can be little doubt that betting transactions are distributed over a larger area in smaller sums than was formerly the case, when the backers considerably outnumbered the layers. At the present day, without venturing to doubt the combined preponderance of the former element, the ranks of fielders have been largely augmented by hangers-on and parasites of the 'big men.' Almost every town of any importance, and not unfrequently the larger villages, have their local metalicians, ready to lay the odds from a 'pony' to a pot of beer, according to the class of society in which their patrons are to be found, and speculators of this class absorb most of the substance which used formerly to find its way into the hands of commission agents. These latter could once almost make a market by the investment of their clients' commissions, but now that it has come to a game of betting among themselves, no wonder that finessing and manœuvring are the order of the day rather than an internecine strife. Another cause to which may be attributed the flatness and want of life at present pervading the Turf market is to be found in the policy adopted by certain sporting journals of publishing training reports and all kinds of information relating to the horses in preparation for their various engagements. Whatever may have led the conductors of those organs to take this line, there can be no doubt of its practical utility to would-be backers in keeping them off many animals which would otherwise be nursed in the market merely for milking purposes. Every one can now see and judge for himself as to the probabilities of a certain horse taking part in the Derby and other important races; and although touting may not be an unmixed blessing, it must be partially condoned in consideration of its benefits in preventing useless investments upon the large force of 'incapables' which swell the lists of horses in training. It is some-

what surprising that journals confessedly conducted in the interests of bookmakers should have committed themselves to this apparently suicidal line of action, but they must, at any rate, take credit for the good which they have, perhaps unwittingly, effected; and we are willing to believe that anxiety for the interests of their readers may have been suffered to override private interests. In relation to betting upon the Derby, it had long been admitted that, in the vast majority of cases, with the public mind educated to its present pitch in 'horsey' information, books upon that event were, for the most part, lamentable failures; and we well recollect the particulars communicated to us by one of the heaviest list-bettors of that day after Lord Lyon's race, when he declared that his Derby book alone would be sufficient to break him, and that it must be a losing concern, as the public could invariably 'pick the winner in half a dozen.' There is yet another reason which may be legitimately urged for the absence of that spirit in speculation which characterised the simpler days of old. There are certain undertakers who bet, not with hope of getting round, after the manner of the old-fashioned layer of odds, but who lay themselves out solely to operate against a 'safe one' or two, with which they may be personally connected, or the working of which may be entrusted to them for the nonce. They are full against anything likely to face the starter's flag or having a chance to run with its head loose, but confine their transactions solely to 'slating' certain ostensibly well-supported candidates for the race. Such practices as these tend to diminish confidence and to encourage post-betting; and the long-suffering public once bitten have become twice wary, preferring short odds and a run for their money to the temptation of a long shot at fancy prices. The present inanimate state of the Turf market in relation to distant events incontestably proves that influences external to those exercised by owners of horses and their immediate connections have no small effect upon general business, and that sufficient occupation cannot be found for the host of fielders inside the pale of those intimately bound up with the sport. How far such a state of things may be desirable in the interests of morality it is beyond our province in this place to inquire; but we may at least claim to have opened a field for further discussion, even if we have failed in our object of demonstrating the causes which have combined to weaken the prestige, and in some degree to compromise the fortunes, of the Ring and the Book.

AMPHION.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE set of rooms known as No. 12, ground-floor to the left, being allotted to Frank in the Great Quadrangle of St. Columb's, he had scarcely taken possession of them above ten minutes, when his old friend and companion, Harry Somers, hearing of his arrival, rushed

in and saluted him with a hearty welcome as a fellow-member of the same college.

'But I say, Frank,' he exclaimed, looking round him on the dingy walls and mutilated furniture, not a table nor a chair of which had a sound leg to stand upon, 'your rooms are in an awful plight, and you 'surely won't be called upon to pay "thirds" for all this lumber—the wreck of ages, to judge from its antiquated and worm-eaten condition.'

'Every stick of it is paid for already,' responded Frank. 'The bursar managed that, suggesting that as the late owner was deeply in debt, prompt payment might save him from immediate arrest.'

'Then you've been shamefully robbed,' said his friend, indignantly; 'for no broker will give you twopence for all this rickety rubbish; and you'll be compelled to fresh-paper, fresh-carpet, and fresh-furnish the rooms throughout.'

'And then we shall all be fresh together,' added Frank, already aware of the mildly contemptuous epithet commonly applied to every novice during his first term.

The outgoing tenant of these rooms, as Frank learned from his scout, had been a noted bruiser, and had frequently engaged prize-fighters to set-to with gloves and teach him and others the art of self-defence in these very apartments. Consequently, as might be expected, the four legs of the table stood at every possible angle under it except at a right angle; the chairs were held together by splints and cord bandages, but for which they would have collapsed under their own weight; patches of grease and spilt wine, the result of bacchanalian orgies, defiled the tattered carpet; while the blood-sprinkled paper exhibited unmistakable proof of the rough work enacted within these four walls.

The set of rooms, consisting of a large sitting-room, a bedroom, a scout's pantry, and a study, four in number, were amply commodious for the most luxurious bachelor; but the condition of all being equally bad, Frank was at once impressed with the necessity, if he must live in them, of applying forthwith to an upholsterer and giving him *carte blanche* to furnish and decorate the suite without any delay.

'Look there, sir,' said the scout, a bloated, sottish-looking fellow, called Potts, who had been told off to wait upon Frank and had just entered the rooms; 'look at that trapdoor in the ceiling of the study' (very inappropriately called by that name); 'what do you think lived up in those premises, sir?'

'Rats, I should think,' said Frank, 'by the foul, scratchy look of the place.'

'No, sir, never a rat. That's where my last master used to keep a fox; and when he wanted to show his friends a bit of sport, or try the pluck of a new terrier, he'd put him in at that hole, and then you'd a thought the ceiling was a coming down, by the scurry and fighting that took place. Sometimes, if the fox was best man, the dog would tumble out stern foremost and almost break

‘his back ; but if he was a hard-mouthed un, down would come the fox like a lamplighter, and away to go straight for the chimney-flue, out of which there was no way of bundling him but one.’

‘And that, of course, was by lighting the fire and smoking him out,’ interposed Frank.

‘Not a bit of it, sir. We tried that game with one fox, and smothered him outright ; so after that I had to run and fetch a sweep, who, for half-a-crown down, would swarm the flue and fix the lash of master’s hunting-thong to the fox’s hind-leg ; and then we soon bagged him again in a cloud of soot.’

‘And did your master call that sport ?’ inquired Frank, indignantly. ‘I call it pure low ruffianism, treating one of the most gallant animals in the creation in so brutal a way. I wonder the poor beast didn’t go mad and bite some of you. He must have been frightfully begrimed, too, after such maltreatment.’

‘You would have said so, sir, if you’d a had the washing of him, as I had. Of all the okkardest jobs I ever had the handling of, that was the worst and no mistake ; and if I hadn’t a done it, Mr. Penmark would have thought no more of punching my head and knocking me into next week than you would of knocking down a carrion-crow. Oh ! he was a awful man as ever I see in all my life.’

‘And what’s become of him now ?’ inquired Frank

‘He found some bishop to japan him, so I heard, about a month ago ; though, for the matter of that, he was black enough already. So now he’s gone for a parson into some wild, outlandish parish in Devonshire, where, no doubt, he’ll hammer his doctrine into their heads if he can’t into their hearts, and teach them to bait foxes and such like varmint if he can’t teach them anything else.’

‘The good-natured bishop who ordained him,’ said Somers, who seemed well up in the scandal, ‘did so, I was told, on his own responsibility and without the usual testimonials, which the college authorities point-blank refused to give him. He took lodgings for three months somewhere near the cathedral, attended regularly the daily services, and so bamboozled the old bishop by his clerical attire and sanctimonious demeanour that, on being introduced to his lordship, the unsuspecting prelate absolutely suggested the ministry as a suitable calling for one so seriously disposed as Penmark appeared to him to be. So the ruse succeeded ; and having obtained a title and satisfied the examining chaplain, in one month from that date he was duly ordained.’

‘But why in the world did a man of such habits seek to enter into holy orders ?’ demanded Frank, utterly puzzled to account for his choice.

‘Undoubtedly for the loaves and fishes, if he happen to have a Living in prospect ; but if not, for the same reason that prompts scores of others to enter the ministry—because they have been influenced by their parents, who, under the impression that a son giving early token of being a *vaurien* is more likely to be kept

‘ steady by the clerical profession than by any other, force him into it, too often against his will. It is a common habit in some parts of Wales, when a young man is found to be deficient in intellect, or an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, to recommend his parents to make a parson of him; and the Arabs, I have read, if they do not exactly imitate the sin of Jeroboam by making priests of the lowest of the people, at least do something very like it. They select men of the weakest intellect for their marabouts, believing them to be especial objects of Divine care, and therefore all the better qualified for their sacred office.’

At this moment a single hard rap on the oak or outer door of the rooms brought Somers’s conversation to a sudden check; and before he could resume the subject, a tall, sallow-faced man, wearing a pair of light-coloured drab breeches and long gaiters, a blue bird’s-eye throat-lash, and a green cut-away coat, plentifully studded with brass basket-buttons and commonly called a duck-hunter, touched his forelock respectfully and stepped over the threshold.

‘ Mr. Blossom, sir, of St. Giles’s, the livery-stable keeper, as you wished to see,’ said Potts, announcing the man’s name and vocation as he advanced, with one or two cringing bows, farther into the apartment.

‘ I am expecting a horse up in a day or two; and Potts tells me you have convenient stables and would take every care of him,’ said Frank, as he scanned the countenance of the most wily rogue he had ever set eyes on in his life.

‘ Yes, sir, the best stables in Auksvut. There’s stalls for the ‘acks and loose boxes for the ‘unters; and there’s just one box now empty, warm as a kitchen corner; would suit your nag exactly, if so be he’s a ‘unter and you’d like to stand him with me.’

‘ I certainly mean to hunt him, and should like a loose box,’ replied Frank; ‘ but I should be glad to know what your weekly charges would be for such accommodation?’

‘ A guinea a week, sir, without hextras; and that is bran-mashes, ‘gruel, use of bandages, and tips to strapper.’

‘ And what corn do you give on those terms?’ inquired Frank, eager to have a clear understanding as to the provender allowed before he came to a settlement on the subject.

‘ The ‘oss’s own belly, sir, is the only measure we go by in our ‘stables: we don’t stint the poor dumb hanimals, like some as Potts knows of not far from this college; not we, sir.’

The scout, thus referred to, lost no time in corroborating this statement of Mr. Blossom’s; but, as he did so, the significant glance that passed between them did not escape Frank’s observation.

‘ Not you, Mr. Blossom; not likely,’ Potts said, energetically. ‘ You would as lief dock a man of his beer as a horse of his corn; and that every one in Auksvut knows so well as I do.’

Frank’s experience of life—especially of Oxford life and its manifold meshes for entrapping the young and unsophisticated freshmen—was, of course, very limited in extent; still he was sharp enough to

see the two rogues were playing into each other's hands, and that motives of self-interest were the prompting cause of Potts's strong and persevering recommendation; so, without coming to a decision on the subject, he determined to consult a Mr. Lloyd Price, one of the junior fellows of St. Columb's, to whom he had brought letters of introduction from his old friend Llewellyn Powell; and as Price continued to reside with no view of taking a part in the work of tuition or the government of the college, but simply to get as much hunting as two good horses would permit him to enjoy, he was clearly the man of all others to give advice on such a point. Accordingly, very much to the chagrin and not a little to the surprise of the two old trappers, who had made cock-sure of netting their young prey there and then, Frank dismissed the stable-keeper with short ceremony, telling him if he'd call again on the morrow he'd then give him a definite answer.

'That man Blossom, Mr. Raleigh, is notoriously the greatest scoundrel in Oxford; and I give you great credit for the praise-worthy caution you have exercised with respect to him,' said the junior fellow, who, having received Frank with marked cordiality, had planted him in a luxurious arm-chair which, with many more equally comfortable, but of a different design, and a sofa *en suite*, was covered with a maroon-coloured Utrecht velvet of the richest description. 'The stables, indeed, are well enough; but if you stand your horse there, so bad is the grooming or the provender, probably both, that I'll undertake to say you would not know him to be the same animal in a month's time. No, you must go to Watkins's; he'll do him justice and turn him out like one of his own lot, bright as the morning star. You mean to hunt him, I conclude?'

'Oh, yes, I hope so,' replied Frank, modestly; 'I brought him up for that purpose.'

'Then I trust he's a well-bred one,' said Mr. Price, who seemed to think the Devonshire hunters were chiefly pack-horses, as being best suited to the high banks and hilly character of the country; 'for they are now getting to breed hounds so gaudy—to use the expression of a well-known Cornishman—sacrificing, I fear, nose to pace, that unless a horse has a fair turn of speed and a drop of good blood in his veins, he has no chance of living with them on a fast day.'

'He's a home-grown one, sir, about three parts bred, and perhaps a trifle nearer the wind even than that; but he can travel like a fox, and with my weight on his back—just ten stone four—they must be fast hounds indeed if they can get away from The Beacon with a fair start.'

'Bravo!' ejaculated Mr. Price, already much taken by Frank's hunting proclivities, which cropped out in every word he uttered; 'bravo! that's just what you'll require. But I hope he's a well-seasoned animal; for in that case, with the help of a hack, you may get your three days a fortnight out of him without overdoing him.'

‘He’s coming five, that’s all, sir; but he’s as tough as bell-wire, and hasn’t had a handful of green-meat inside him for more than a year,’ replied Frank, encouraged by the open, cordial manner of the junior fellow, towards whom he felt himself equally attracted by the same strong ruling spirit that governed both of them—the love of hunting.

‘I don’t know what lectures you may have, nor how many days a week you will be able to hunt, for, of course, while *in statu pupillari* you cannot altogether ignore the former; but this I do know, that if you are lucky enough to get two days a week with Sir Thomas Mostyn in the Bicester-Windmill country, or with the Duke of Beaufort’s badger-pies at some of their best meets, no one horse, let him be stout as Diomedes and swift as Camilla, could stand the work; so you’ll want another hunter, I suspect, or you’ll very soon knock the young one to pieces, that’s certain. This country,’ continued Mr. Price, ‘has none of the fine elastic turf you can boast of on the slopes of Dartmoor.’

‘But we have awful bogs there, which none but the fox and the hounds dare venture to cross,’ said Frank, interrupting him.

‘True; but they are usually well known, and can often be avoided without losing your hounds. Here, however, when a fox crosses the Marsh-Gibbon or the Otmoor country, making his point, perhaps, for Shotover Wood, go you must, or lose the run altogether; and as that ground is like one vast glue-pot, your horse will be fortunate indeed if he returns to his stable with only a bad over-reach and minus at least only a couple of shoes.’

The junior fellow, having so far instructed Frank, then invited him to breakfast on the following morning, telling him as he did so that he had known him for more than a year through his friend Llewellyn Powell’s letters, and that the fame of the Watercombe hounds had often reached him through the same channel. ‘But,’ added he, ‘however good they may be, I shall be surprised if the pace and style in which the hounds of this country kill a fox do not astonish you, and, it may be, cultivate your taste in that line.’

On retiring from this interview, Frank repaired at once to his friend Harry Somers’s rooms, which, however, he had some difficulty in finding, as they were situated in a dark out-of-the-way quarter of the college designated ‘the back slums’—a quarter not included in the architectural design of either quadrangle, and only inhabited by students of small means, or by men of the most noisy, disorderly character, who could here carry on their nocturnal orgies without the slightest fear of being overheard by the college authorities. Still, Harry’s rooms, when Frank at last found them, as described by the porter, ‘No. 2 New Buildings, three pair of stairs, second door to the right,’ though small, were in perfect order, and being well furnished with books, looked as comfortable as the most fastidious freshman could wish them to be.

‘Well, Frank,’ inquired his friend, ‘and what do you think of our junior fellow?’

'A brick to the backbone; that's what I think of him, Harry; and so far from being a stiff-necked don, which I rather expected he might be, I found him exactly the reverse. He warned me to avoid Blossom's stables, and took so kindly an interest in my hunting prospects that, fearing I should knock my young horse to pieces by overwork, he suggested I should get another—a bit of advice I shall of course follow without delay.'

'But how will your father like that?' inquired Somers, with no little astonishment.

'Oh! he won't object to it, Harry, provided I don't overdraw my allowance; especially, too, when he knows I have college authority for the act. Besides, it is a favourite maxim with my father that money spent in hunting is rarely wasted, and that he who so uses it, spends it like a man.'

In less than a week from that time Frank had anticipated his allowance by far more than one-half its yearly amount, the upholsterer having taken full advantage of the *carte blanche* given him with respect to the furniture and decorations of the rooms, which were restored, as if by the wand of a magician, to a state of luxury and elegance worthy of a prince's palace; and Maggs, the dealer, having charged him one hundred guineas for a horse called The Ferryman—a fiery, herring-gutted thoroughbred, reputed to be the winner of many memorable drags; in fact, the best timber and water jumper in the whole University.

In this latter transaction alone, however, was it a case of ready money, the dealer declaring he had two other customers burning to possess the horse, and that he could sell him 'on tick' for a hundred and twenty to either of them; but, as they were both 'lumping penn'orths,' and a stone or two above the average hunting-weight, his humanity prompted him to take Frank's hundred down, rather than see a good horse so shamefully overweighted.

So the money being paid 'on the nail,' and that, too, by a cheque expressly sent by the Squire to pay for the new furniture required for his son's rooms, The Ferryman was forthwith transferred to Watkins's stables, whither he was quickly followed by Frank, in order to secure a commodious box contiguous to that of the colt's. As he entered the covered ride, however, he was not a little surprised, and indeed annoyed, to see a conclave of stable-boys standing round the horse, all in a state of broad grin, and evidently cracking jokes at the expense of that animal or its purchaser.

'Must be fresh, Bill, or he never could a tookt to this un,' said a short bandy-legged man, who, as Frank advanced over the littered ride, had not perceived his near approach.

'Freshman or old stager, he's safe to be a greenhorn,' replied the individual appealed to. 'He never could a know'd the name of that hoss, neither.'

'Yes, he knows it perfectly well; he's called "The Ferryman,"' said Frank, fitting the cap on to his own head; 'but what do you know against him?'

'That ain't his 'Varsity name, anyhow,' replied the last speaker, in nowise disturbed by the unexpected appearance of the owner and his pointed question. 'We calls him "The Continental Hoss!" ' 'cause, you see, sir, England ain't big enough for him; he comes ' to the cliffs too soon, he do; he's a go-ahead one as ever I see, he ' is, and no mistake; and the first time you throws your leg over ' him with hounds, you'd better take up a Squire Bedel or two behind ' you, or I'm jigged if he don't carry you to Dover.'

'Wants twenty stone outside him and the iron duke atwixt his ' teeth to stop him, don't he, Bill?'

'Iss, that he do; and then that great Warwickshire squire as 'ad ' him couldn't hold him no more than a babby.'

While he deliberately said this, Bill, who was supposed to know the character of every horse in the University, and was looked upon as an oracle by his stable companions, appeared to be taking stock of Frank's weight with his half-closed but penetrating eye. Having satisfied himself on that point, he proceeded to recommend him to lose no time in insuring his life for the benefit of his family, if he was rash enough, after all he had heard, to ride that horse with hounds.

At that moment Sam Watkins, the proprietor of the stables, entered the ride, mounted on a long, low, thoroughbred hack, the like of which, for symmetry and action, Frank had never before seen. Had a real, live Bengal tiger appeared suddenly at their elbows, it could scarcely have started the stable-men into more instantaneous flight than did the presence of Watkins, as he advanced leisurely up the covered way, the man alone in charge of The Ferryman standing firm at his post, bridle in hand, feeling secure that he at least, while doing his duty, had nothing to fear from his master's arrival.

'Your new purchase, sir, I believe?' said Watkins, touching his hat respectfully, as he drew near to Frank.

'Yes, I've just bought him; but if the character your boys give ' the horse be a true one, I had better have thrown my money into ' the Cherwell than spent it on so great a brute.'

'Don't harken to 'em, sir. There's never a horse comes into this ' yard they don't crab. He pulls a few, sir, in rough hands, 'tis true, ' and the boys don't like that when they're a taking him on over ' night, 'cause, you see, he gets so hot, and they've got the dressing ' of him after.'

'Oh, if that's all, I don't mind a button,' said Frank, intensely relieved by Watkins's counter-statement.

'He can jump a haystack, sir, and cover twenty feet of water like ' a bird flying,' continued the stable-keeper, observing the returning favour with which his new customer regarded the purchase; 'and as ' for dirt, there's never a hoss in Awksvut, with only ten stone on ' his back, can go such a cracker through it as he can. Only give ' him his head and don't pull it about, and he'll travel as steady as a ' kitchen clock after a few days' trial. 'Tis those cussed drags as av ' ruined half the hosses in Awksvut; they get knocked to pieces by

'the hawful pace they puts them at their fences, and they comes home with thorns enough in their legs to build a crow's nest with.'

Before Watkins had concluded his diatribe against the drag, which he characterised as a barbarous practice, and no sport at all, Frank became perfectly satisfied that The Ferryman had been subjected to gross maltreatment by his former riders; and having made up his mind to give the horse a fair trial with hounds, he saw him quietly turned into a comfortable box, and then left the stables.

Now, the truth as to the horse's real character lay just midway between the conflicting statements of the master and his men. In sending on the night before, the latter, for their own diversion and for sundry pots of beer dependent on the race, were in the habit of indulging in a grind across country, and more than once on such occasions The Ferryman had bolted and almost killed his rider; so they naturally looked upon him as a dangerous brute and of so uncertain a temper that they would gladly have seen him an inmate of any other stables than their own. It was Watkins's interest, however, to take the animal in for several reasons, but more especially, as it afterwards cropped up, because he and Maggs were confederate horse-dealers; the latter, a consummate judge of horseflesh, frequenting the country fairs far and near, and supplying his partner first, and then the Oxford stable-men with average twelve-stone hunters and weedy thoroughbred hacks to which beneficent nature appeared to have given wire and whalebone instead of ordinary bone and sinew, or they never could have sustained the long, the fast, the merciless labour they were so often called on to endure.

The Ferryman was, in fact, a steeplechaser of the modern type, and, barring the awkward fault of bolting when his head was interfered with, was as good a horse across country as ever looked through a bridle; but he was a handful in any man's hands, and, with an unskilled rider on his back, might fairly have been pronounced 'a dangerous brute.'

Frank, however, had been accustomed to queer ones from his earliest youth, and, being gifted with a light hand and lots of nerve, he looked forward with delight to a good fox and a fast thing, hoping to win his first laurels in the Bicester country by the speed and prowess of that horse.

The result need not be anticipated. Suffice it to say it will be faithfully recorded in the next chapter.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE OLD SURREY.

'You ask me what sort of a country is Surrey? Most people can answer that question for themselves. Everybody has been to Epsom, and nearly the whole of the county, from Guildford to Croydon, has figured at one time or other in some sort or kind of

‘ painting under the titles of Surrey Lanes, Surrey Downs, or Surrey Hills, so that you may judge that it is a country more identified with scenery than sport. Some persons from this may argue that it is not a country for hunting; but what right they can have for the assumption I know not, and I should like to ask them in return what constitutes a hunting country? I presume they will admit that if hunting in a country affords support and amusement to those who pursue it there, it possesses the main qualification of a hunting country.

‘ Viewed in this light Surrey is certainly a hunting country, and gives amusement to a great many, as it always has done from the time of the immortal Jorrocks. Surrey being a metropolitan county, it is not to be expected that there should be found the extensive properties and incentives to venatorial pursuits which exist in more remote districts. Many of the principal proprietors not being hunting men, it is the more to their credit that they should preserve foxes for those who hunt; and no doubt many coverts are rented by gentlemen who come down from town to shoot, and who, knowing little of country life, expect every one to give way to their proclivities.

‘ Well, we will now discuss the Old Surrey; a most abused country, yet, perhaps, as much hunted over as any in the kingdom, and in no respect, that I can see, worse than its neighbours. Some parts of it are as wild as can be, namely, round Botley Hill, Cudham, Limpsfield, Rooks’ Nest, Tandridge, and the Brasted districts, in which you rarely meet anybody. The worst parts of the Surrey Hills are the flint, which are as bad as anything I have seen in Hampshire. The fences are small compared with most counties, but the hills are very troublesome. The best parts are the Godstone, Betchingly, and Edenbridge countries below the hills, where the fences are anything but small.

‘ The kennels at Coulsdon, near Croydon, are the northern point, in the centre; Kingswood Warren and Walton Heath are the farthest points on the west, where they join the Surrey Union at the Reigate Road; by the South Eastern Railway on the south, below which they do not draw now, the country thence as far as Edenbridge being lent to the Burstow; and they come up to Lock’s Bottom and Wickham, within eleven miles of London, twenty-seven additional of neutral West Kent country.

‘ With regard to their early history, I believe the original Surrey Hounds were kept in Bermondsey. The old merchants and sugar brokers used to go on ‘Change in top boots or it may be hessians, with their scarlet coats and green collars, and an overcoat on to hide the pink when they walked about the market. They mostly kept their nags in the Borough, at which time Southwark Park (where the Bishops of Winchester in succession lived) existed on the site of what is now the larger part of Potts’s vinegar factory; and they would ride to the Hunt stables and kennels in Bermondsey, then draw Kennington Gorse and Sydenham Common, which held

‘foxes down to quite modern times, and perhaps they would run to Sutton, where they regaled freely before they rode home.

‘Rather more than a century ago, Mr. Dudin, an old sportsman who died about twenty-five years back, and who lived to the good old age of eighty-two, used to narrate how, when a boy of about seven or eight years old, he used to go across Jacob’s Island, Bermondsey, to see the old Squire, whose name, I believe, was Godschell, with his huntsmen and whips, turn out in the morning; how he used to follow them down, pleased with the red coats and the Squire’s pigtail. They used to meet but a few miles from there; and when he was a young man of twenty, he frequently used to meet the hounds at Peckham Rye. Forest Hill was then also a favourite rendezvous, and Sydenham, for miles round, was surrounded by open common. About eighty-five years ago the old kennels were pulled down. They were built in a peculiar way, seeing that ground at that time could have been but of little value, namely, one over the other, with a sloping way to the top from the yard outside, like many London stables now, notably those at Marlborough House.

‘The first known Master was Mr. Snow, the banker of the Strand; his kennels were at Godstone, under Marden Park; and Packham—a native of Surrey, who was grandfather to old Tom Hills on his mother’s side, and, consequently, great-grandfather to Sam and Morris Hills—was his huntsman.

‘In 1790 the Master was the Hon. Colonel Nevill of Floor Park, near Godstone, which is now pulled down and the grounds thrown into Rooks’ Nest Park. He was brother of the then Earl of Abergavenny, and great-uncle of the Hon. Ralph Nevill, the present Master of the West Kent. His huntsman was West, from Sir Mark Sykes’s, whose whip was Tom Sebright, of Quorn and Melton notoriety, and with him was Jack Cole—who succeeded West with the horn, and went afterwards to Mr. Conyers, in Essex, as first whip (1812), and in his service died. Cole was a very small and swarthy man. West hunted the hounds until 1811.

‘From 1812 until 1820 Mr. Maberly of Shirley, about two miles from Croydon, was Master. He was a great army contractor and general speculator, and, although said to be worth a million of money, failed at last. He took the hounds in 1812, and kept them entirely at his own expense for three seasons; then a subscription was made and given him. The kennels under Marden Park, in Godstone parish, were removed by Mr. Maberly to Spring Park, and he also built stables there. He rode first-class horses, which he bought of Weston, a dealer, and always had three out, the second and third being ridden by Mockford, his groom, and his little boy. He went tremendously when hounds ran, and fairly got through the three in the course of the day, with one spur in and the other out. He was a great promoter of sport, an active steward at Epsom, and the Shirley Stakes were called after his place of residence. On giving up the Old Surrey

‘ he became Master of the Surrey Staghounds, with Mr. Richard ‘ Tattersall of Danley Hall. As a Master of Foxhounds he was ‘ violent and irritable, and, in consequence, was warned off by many ‘ of the farmers. Burrige was latterly his stud-groom.

‘ Tom Hills was taken on in 1812. Up to that period he had ‘ been under the park-keeper at Marden Park, and his father used to ‘ work in the quarries. Mr. Maberly hunted, or proposed to hunt, ‘ the hounds himself now and then, and Tom whipped-in to him. ‘ He used to say that Mr. Maberly could hunt them as long as they ‘ went straight. Four years later Tom Hills began to hunt them ‘ (doing so when only seventeen or eighteen years old) if Mr. ‘ Maberly was not out.

‘ In the year 1814 he was sent into Leicestershire by Mr. Maberly, ‘ to whom he acted as second horseman, with a grand horse named ‘ Comet, and five others, to make them hunters, and learn the ‘ science of hunting himself. At first, it is said, they laughed at him ‘ and his raw stud of horses; but in a short time he showed them ‘ the stuff he was made of, and got quite a reputation.

‘ Thus, in 1816, he became huntsman entirely, and used to wear ‘ a bugle, and blew his hounds away to the tune of “The young ‘ “May moon is beaming, love,” or some other strain; but in after- ‘ years this was discarded in favour of the ordinary straight horn; ‘ but he did not like it, and said, “Confound these new things! I ‘ “can’t make them speak at all.” Jem Hills of Heythrop notoriety, ‘ and who died two years back, came as whip to his brother Tom, ‘ but left in 1820, when Mr. Maberly gave up. Jem went to the Duke ‘ of Beaufort as whip; Freeman succeeded him, having come from ‘ Colonel Jolliffe, whom “Nimrod” said knew his work as a whip, ‘ but could not hunt hounds; and those who remember him say ‘ that his heart was not really in the business. Freeman gave ‘ offence, after stopping four or five years, and was made feeder: it ‘ was on account of his horse dying at Keston Cross after a hard ‘ day’s sport; and Packham Hills, who died six years ago, suc- ‘ ceeded him as whip, staying until 1840. Thus Tom, though so ‘ young, was the mentor of his two celebrated brothers. Mr. ‘ Beeston Long of Combe House, Croydon, brother to Lord Farn- ‘ borough (a title long extinct), and the Hon. Stephen Lushington ‘ were his most zealous supporters.

‘ I must now introduce Colonel Jolliffe, M.P. for Petersfield, and ‘ who, from 1820, hunted that portion of the country which lies ‘ between the Surrey Union and the Old Surrey. I am particular in ‘ stating this, as it is generally supposed that he was Master of the ‘ Old Surrey.

‘ The country he hunted was started by, and ended with, him. ‘ The Godstone Road formed the boundary between him and the ‘ Surrey. Winwood and Caterham Common were his, but he went ‘ into Sussex, to Horse Hills, and nearly down to Crawley. Box ‘ Hill, due south of Epsom, was his extreme covert on the Union ‘ side. The Colonel frequently said, “Ah! they may abuse Surrey

“as much as they like, but if they can go straight in some parts
“of my country, they can go anywhere.” The Colonel’s pack
“was bought at Tattersall’s, at the beginning of the century, from
“Mr. Bowes. They were a fine lot of hounds; and when he gave
“up, were bought by Sir Thomas Dyke. His hunt uniform was
“blue velvet with yellow lining.

“His huntsman was William Roffey, a wonderfully cheery man,
“with a strong voice and capital dog language. He was nearly six
“feet high, and weighed about fifteen stone. I have heard that the
“Colonel only paid him fifteen shillings a week, besides his house
“and livery. His nephew now lives at the Stag and Hounds, near the
“South Croydon Station, and has many curiosities to show, as well
“as capital stalls and boxes, his son John being stud-groom, and the
“livery charges very reasonable. One trial will prove the fact.
“Colonel Jolliffe also had a wonderfully good voice, and a great
“screech with hounds; and it was a treat to hear him and Roffey
“together in covert, as they were so cheery.

“The Colonel used to drive down to the meet in his gig, having
“been in the House of Commons the night before. He was quite
“one of the old school, and wore a large hat of a peculiar make,
“always a white choker, blue coat, and leather breeches with long
“gaiters. He once fought a duel with Mr. Maberly, who, as I said,
“was a very violent man, and who wrote him an offensive letter
“about digging out a fox, whereon the Colonel called him out, and
“each fired his pistol.

“The Colonel’s first whip was George Henessy, a surly fellow,
“who, however, knew his business, and on leaving went to the
“Puckeridge, and afterwards hunted the East Sussex when Mr.
“Charles Craven was Master, and with the Union. Another servant,
“in 1828, was John Stevens, from the Holderness, commonly called
“Yorkshire Jack, who was dismissed because he made love to all the
“girls in the place.

“When the Colonel gave up the country it was divided between
“the Old Surrey and the Surrey Union.

“Hunting with him were his nephews, Mr. Gilbert Jolliffe and
“the Rev. William Jolliffe, father of the present Lord Hylton,
“who derived his estate from his uncle. Mr. Stephen Pagden of
“Epsom, who knew quite as much about the hounds as old Roffey.
“He was a stanch fox-hunter, and rode some very nice horses,
“which he bought of William Anderson. Mr. W. M. Coulthurst,
“the banker, a capital sportsman, who once kept harriers, without
“whose assistance the hounds would have come to grief; and al-
“though an octogenarian, he still retains an affection for the old
“pack, comes out when well enough, and generously gives his
“support, pecuniary as well as personal. Though latterly he has
“not hunted so much as his friends could wish, he likes to see
“every one enjoy themselves in their own way. He subscribes also
“to the staghounds, as does his nephew Mr. Edmund Coulthurst,
“who is very fond of hunting. The two Messrs. Woodbridge of

‘Horse Hills were great men with him; as was also Mr. King, the draper of Kingston.

‘After this digression, to resume the history of the Old Surrey proper, I must tell you that Mr. Maberly was succeeded by Mr. Daniel Haigh of Furze Down, near Streatham, who was a Yorkshireman, and always retained a strong north-country accent. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Maberly. He removed the kennels from Shirley to Warlingham Common, and the members of the hunt renewed extensively green collars to their scarlet coats. Tom Hills was his huntsman.

‘Mr. Haigh was a man of great tact, and he never let any one think that he knew he killed foxes, but would say in his hearing, “I’ll bet a bottle of wine we shall find now.” He hunted to a great age—up to seventy-nine, I have heard. His picture was painted, on his favourite mare Kitten, by Mr. Cooper, R.A., and presented to him by subscription among the members of the hunt. He was a lean, short man, a light-weight, and always rode in a little thin, plain snaffle, and made his men do the same; and at one time he had not a curb-bridle in his stables. He sat with ease in his saddle, on horses not always with their noses where they ought to be, which, with a snaffle, showed him to be a horseman. In his time big breakfasts were the habit at Godstone, Pratt’s Bottom, or the Swan at Wickham, where all used to meet; but he could not endure a man who smoked.

‘On Saturday, February 21, 1824, there was a great run from Botley Hill. The field at last consisted of only four men, and of these three were on their second horses. The fox was killed at Titsey, making his way homewards, after a tremendous run of four hours. Mr. Mortimer of Lewisham, father of the present Master, rode his best horse, Radical, which carried him throughout; and Mr. Haigh was on his chestnut horse George.

‘During the latter part of his time Mr. Haigh was joined in the management by Sir Edmund Antrobus.

‘Hunting with him were Mr. William Whitmore of Wickham, whose father was a good man across country, and rode very nice horses; Alexander Simpson of New Cross; Mr. Entwisle, mentioned by “Nimrod,” was, I am told, a flash-in-the-pan; Mr. John Simpson of Caterham rode well, and with the stag also; Mr. Driver of Lea, a big man, who once had a very fine brown horse, was generally close to them.

‘Mr. David Majoribanks, raised to the peerage one week before his death, lived at Marden Park, hunted with these hounds in 1834, and was a very pushing man; and it is still well remembered that once, on the last day of the season with the Old Surrey, old Billy Bean was out with his draghounds in the Streatham country, and while they were running Mr. Majoribanks came across them and cut in and finished the drag with them, and then insisted on every man accompanying him home. It was an excessively hot day, so that when they dismounted they all took off their coats

' and put them over their shoulders as they walked and led their horses. It is needless to say they were all very thirsty. Mr. Majoribanks had then a black servant, and he ordered him to bring up champagne, claret, and hock wholesale by dozens, and told them to help themselves, which they did, and they stopped and drank for a long time. Amongst that company was Lord Ranelagh, who, if he sees this, may perchance recollect it, as were also Long Tom Codrington, Billy Russell, the Member for Pontefract, and Mr. Dore Val Kingston, partner in York Street, who, while sitting on the sofa, said he felt hurt and lame from a fall, and on examining him, they found he had broken the small bone of his leg.

' Mr. Joshua Hobson of Stamford Hill (in Reid's brewery), who was ultimately as rich as Cræsus, and had twelve children, to all of whom he left lots of money, was one of the principal characters of the hunt. He weighed twenty stone, and rode faultless horses, price being no object; and with his son Jos, who weighed over sixteen, came down in his chariot to Parnham's at Croydon, where they kept their horses, and went back in their carriage, in which they both slept afterwards. He used a straight-cheek driving-bit with three bars, to each of which reins were buckled in order, as he said, to add to or lessen the power. They must have been both active and eager sportsmen, as the hounds then met at ten o'clock. Mr. Hobson hunted up to eighty, and, as I said, died immensely rich, holding above 800,000*l.* in Navy 5 per cents. He made his fortune by lime-burning. His son was killed by a fall from his horse when out with the harriers at Brighton. Captain Harvey, R.A., a one-armed man, who, however, hunted more with Lord Derby's stag-hounds. Mr. Ben Aislabie, the cricketer, irreverently called "old weasel-belly," a big, awkward-looking man; Mr. Coles of Croydon rode nice horses; Mr. Haines of Riding-House Lane came out occasionally; Mr. Watney, uncle of Mr. Watney the M.P.; Messrs. Charles, Hugh, Edward, and John Mortimer, from Streatham, Tooting, and Blackheath, father and uncles of the present Master; Mr. Tom Clagett, who lived near Fetcham, was more of a stag-hunter in Lord Derby's time, used to give long prices for his horses, and turned out as well as any man in England. He had an excellent groom, who brought his horses out as a gentleman's ought to be; and in a run he went as well as anybody, without any bustle. Mr. Corcoran, who made millstones and measures in Mark Lane, and lived near Croydon, was a tremendous fellow at timber and very awkward places, rode in a cap, straight-cut green coat and leathers; used to hunt also with the stag, which he preferred. It is said also that he never thought of hunting until he was past fifty. Then there was Charles Morton of the Derby Arms, Croydon, where many hunters stood; as they did also at M^cCarthy's and Bignell's, where the horses were always very well done. Several hunters were also kept at Pearce's, at Smitham Bottom. Croydon, however, was the great rendezvous in Mr. Haigh's time; and as

‘ Charles Morton was very popular with hunting men, they all used
‘ to breakfast together at his house when they got down. Joe Rick-
‘ man, an immense man, who lived at Epsom, had very good horses,
‘ and would ride over timber at the end of the day ; and Mr. Van
‘ Summer, who was as light as a spider, and rode pretty little tho-
‘ roughbred horses ; Sir Mark Wood of Gatton Park, was a racing
‘ man, the owner of Lucetta and Camarine, both famous mares over
‘ a distance of ground, and the best of their day ; Mr. Joseph Kaye,
‘ solicitor to the Bank of England, then head of the well-known firm
‘ of Kaye and Freshfield, was a regular subscriber, very keen, and
‘ helped to put a “stop order” on many a member of the vulpine
‘ as well as the human race. Later on, Mr. Freshfield gave country
‘ and coverts to the old pack when he lived at Upper Gatton.

‘ The following gentlemen were supporters of the hunt at this
period :—Sir Edmund Antrobus, Hon. G. Nevill, Mr. James Wood,
‘ Captain Sturrock, Mr. Thomas Wright, Mr. William Haigh, Mr.
‘ T. Taylor, Mr. Francis Gosling, the banker ; Mr. T. Hood, Mr.
‘ W. Clarke, Mr. W. Courtenay, afterwards Lord Devon ; Mr. H.
‘ Johnson, Mr. Henry Weston, Mr. William M. Coulthurst, Mr.
‘ Peter Rolt, afterwards M.P. for Greenwich ; Mr. Thomas Parker,
‘ Mr. W. C. Dyer, Mr. J. H. Dyer, Mr. T. A. Shuter of Southend,
‘ Mr. Charles Lucas of Dacre House, Lee ; Rev. T. James ; and
‘ only Messrs. Coulthurst, Parker, and Rolt are now living. Mr.
‘ Matthew Finch, brother-in-law of the present Master, hunted
‘ occasionally, and was a very cheery spirit.

HOW TO DO IT.

A DYNAMITE DITTY.

WOULD you, guided by Old Nick,
March the Rogue’s March double quick,
In a cash-box span and spick,
Ere insured by Messrs. Slick,
Substitute for bullion brick ;
Whatsoever ship you pick
Sail not in her—say you’re sick.
Though on deck the crowd be thick,
Why should that your conscience prick ?
Hid in clock that will not tick
Till the fatal hammer click,
Dynamite will do the trick.
If by chance of fall or kick
Hatch precociously your chick,
Then, the dust of earth to lick,
Ere your neck the hangman rick,
In your brain a bullet stick.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

DURING the winter—a 'winter of discontent' indeed, so far as the devotees of coursing were concerned—very little in the way of the great national sport was done; and as far as anything that could tend to throw a light upon the great celebration at Altcar, it may be said that actually nothing of a 'reliable' nature, from which prognostications could be made, was done at all. The season was an exceptionally unfavourable one, both for coursing and hunting men, but especially for the former, who cannot train their candidates for first-class honours upon artificial and manufactured grounds. Tan gallops may be all very well for the exercise of thoroughbred race-horses frozen out of their ordinary happy pastures; but there are no artificial means left to the trainer of greyhounds whereby, or rather whereon, to test the qualifications and strength of his kennel. It is really a subject for melancholy reflection what the coursing sojourners at Newmarket during that disastrous week in midwinter could have done by way of amusing themselves; and how they could have so meekly borne their daily disappointment is not only a marvel to men who know something of the idiosyncrasies of sporting men under such trying circumstances, but also an enduring monument to posterity of their unexampled patience under difficulties. Newmarket is not a lively place except when a race meeting is to the fore; and even racing men themselves would hardly fix upon 'the headquarters of the Turf' for a pleasant week's outing in a severe winter season. It is true that we sometimes find a combination of the love of both the sports of horseracing and coursing exhibited in one individual; but the exceptions are rare, and only prove the rule that, for the most part, horseracing and coursing have a distinct circle of admirers and supporters. Our frozen-out coursing friends at Newmarket might have whiled away the time, possibly, in reading the biographies of celebrated jockeys with which the cheaper sporting newspapers had at that time been teeming; or they might have contemplated what glorious chances they have lost during the spring and summer by not consistently backing the mounts of F. Archer. If, however, that was the sole mental occupation to which they devoted themselves, it is to be feared their minds have received no additional culture; and they must, after all, have regretted to find so much space occupied by the details of information, interesting perhaps to the world at large, but which space they themselves would far rather have seen set apart for particulars of the one sport which they patronised. Barren of results, actually considered, the Newmarket Meeting at least set one question at rest about which there had previously existed much misunderstanding among many coursers of the present generation who have not as yet made the rules of the sport a peculiar branch of study. By the rules of the National Coursing Club, nominations

always become void in the event of a meeting not being commenced during the current week fixed for its celebration; but if only one course be run during that week, it is competent to extend the meeting over Sunday. This rule, so unaccountable to many, will account for the postponement of the Newmarket Meeting from day to day, in order that, if a single course could be brought off, the stakes might have been run through during the following week, and the company not be sent empty and disappointed away. Notwithstanding the loss of the Duke of Rutland's ground, the Newmarket Meeting bade fair to be a great success; and though widely differing in its nature from Altcar, the result of the coursing at Newmarket was more than likely to produce at least one or two of the most formidable competitors for the Blue Ribbon. Newmarket has already sent up to Lancashire such representatives as Fieldfare and Pretender, both runners-up for the Cup, and also the redoubtable Peasant Boy, who ran up for the same trophy twice successively to Bed of Stone and Muriel.

It might have been reasonably expected that, after the serious disappointment undergone at Newmarket, the next important meeting at Brigg, in Lincolnshire, over the estate of Sir J. D. Astley, was predestined to be a complete success; and so, in fact, it turned out to be in almost every particular. The coursing was good and satisfactory throughout; the Judge and slipper, Mr. Hedley and A. Luff, performed their duties to the admiration of everybody who was present; and Sir John Astley himself dispensed hospitality to his guests at Elsham Hall in his rare old English style. There was nothing, in short, left undone to render the Brigg Meeting most popular and successful in every way; and when the worthy Baronet himself took the chair for the first time at the draw dinner, the company felt that adverse weather alone could interfere with their thorough enjoyment. Sir John made a capital and perfectly characteristic after-dinner speech, with which even the Home Rule enthusiasts of the House of Commons—always supposing those gentlemen to possess sporting proclivities—would have expressed their unqualified satisfaction. The Lincolnshire Baronet is another exemplar of the popularity of the combination of the two sports, though, unlike Mr. Jardine, he has yet to render his name a celebrity on coursing grounds. The only accident of consequence that occurred at the meeting at Brigg was that to Gilderoy, who was severely injured in the jaw while running against Stolen Moments for the Elsham Cup. Though not calculated to throw a gloom over the proceedings, the accident was a great misfortune for Colonel Goodlake, as the dog was intended to represent his nomination in the Waterloo Cup. It may be remembered that Gilderoy won the Waterloo Plate last year, after having been unfortunately put out for the Cup. Colonel Goodlake disposed of Gilderoy to Mr. C. F. Allison of Crawley, in Sussex. Gilderoy is very highly bred, being by Crossfell out of Gaudy Poll, his dam—once belonging to Mr. Bland—having herself won the Waterloo Plate and other stakes.

The first Ridgway (Lytham) Club Meeting, which may almost be said to have been nearly the last of any very great importance during last year, had nothing very striking or particular in connection with it that could be considered as a guide to events at Altcar; and nothing took place calculated prejudicially to affect the position of Mr. Ford Hutchinson's nomination, Honeymoon, the winner of the Cup last year, and for the second time the winner of the chief prize at the Lurgan Meeting, in Ireland. The Irish crack remained virtually everywhere at the head of the list of betting quotations; and though the names of Mr. Jardine, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Hornby, and others were mentioned as being likely to send no unworthy representatives of their kennels to compete for the Waterloo Cup, yet the famous daughter of Brigadier and Hebe was generally considered too good for anything in the shape of a greyhound at present before the public, or even out. The Ridgway Meeting was, nevertheless, a highly-successful one in nearly every way, but more especially from the satisfactory manner in which Mr. Hedley and A. Luff again discharged their duties of Judge and slipper respectively, and which were on this occasion by no means of an easy or usual nature. It must not be supposed, however, that all the trials were satisfactory, for in several instances such was not the case; but it was terribly hard lines for Luff, who was a stranger to the peculiarities of the ground, and found himself literally 'cornered' more than once. It was many years ago that a Ridgway Club Meeting was held during the Christmas week, and even then it has not often been blessed with such fine weather as was its characteristic in 1875. It may be as well to mention here—for it was about the time of the coursing at Lytham that the particulars were first made known—that there would be several new names among the nominators for the Waterloo Cup in place of those who had retired. The names of such new members are: Messrs. F. Bach, A. Brisco, G. Cowan, M. Fletcher, T. E. Hearn, C. H. Home-Purves, S. Lang, D. J. Paterson, and R. F. Wilkins. The retiring nominators are: Dr. Hitchman, and Messrs. T. Green, J. Irving, D. Jones, S. C. Lister, W. J. McHaffie, J. L. Maclean, and R. Todd and Sir John Metcalfe. The old—or rather the newly-revised—rule, made as a safeguard against misunderstandings from any interruption of the coursing from bad weather, still remains in force; and it must be said that it does not err on the side of inexplicitness if construed according to the actual letter. It is strange, though, that a meeting which makes it its special boast that it holds forth the 'Blue Ribbon of the 'Leash' for competition to all the world, does not obey the rules of the National Club. The Waterloo programme particularly states that the coursing at Altcar is 'to be governed by the National Club Rules, 'except that nominations will not be void by reason of postponement.' After all it is only the betting interest that can be seriously affected by the alteration, though the meeting may be postponed *sine die*. And this rule that follows shows clearly enough, one would think, that a greyhound once nominated for the Waterloo Cup cannot be allowed a substitute in case of going amiss before he is wanted. The

whole of this rule for this year stands thus :—‘The dogs to be named ‘and stakes paid before five o’clock P.M. on Tuesday, February 15, ‘or on any subsequent day to which the draw may be adjourned in ‘case of a postponement.’ Surely there ought not to be any misunderstanding about this, which means that the dogs nominated must be put in the slips and have no substitutes, if it means anything. Burton-on-Trent was actually the last meeting of any importance of the old year, and it was held over the property of Mr. F. Gretton—another name not altogether unknown upon the Turf. It was the second meeting of the Club, but although a success in point of attendance and popularity, was not remarkable for excellence of coursing, or for particularly high class of greyhounds, though all the stakes contended for had been filled within a few days of their having been advertised. Mr. R. W. Abbott was the most successful competitor, for that gentleman divided the Club Stakes for all ages with Miss Crossley, by Lara out of Bianca, and with his own Whimsical, by Lara out of Bianca, and won the Burton Stakes (open) for puppies with his Warrior, by the same sire and dam. Mr. H. Bass’s winning the Anglesey Stakes with Cobalt, by Pickle out of Clarissa, ought to have been, and no doubt was, a popular event at such a place as the neighbourhood of Burton-on-Trent, where the name of Bass is almost synonymous with those of the Club and the place themselves.

The Newmarket Meeting was, after all, brought off early in January, but with a qualified success, the natural result perhaps of all postponements of original fixtures in sporting matters. Still, enough was done to show what amount of interest centred in the gathering, and what a genuine success it would have been, could the original time of meeting have been kept. It was terribly shorn of its proportions—the title of ‘Champion’ being unfortunately, but unavoidably, dropped, and ‘Local’ substituted—and that was only to be expected with the Altcar Meeting so near at hand; for few would care to jeopardise the chances of a good greyhound for distinction there by running him at Newmarket a week before.

While this meeting was in course of celebration, a very spirited little coursing gathering was held at Pulborough, in Sussex, whereat some really good greyhounds may often be found competing for the chief prizes, under the best judge and slipper that can be engaged. This year the Pulborough meeting was a more than usual success, and it was thought that a veritable candidate for Waterloo honours had been discovered in Dr. Salter’s Squatter, by Magnano out of Siesta, who proved the winner of the Priory Stakes. The manner in which this puppy ran through his courses, and finally beat Mr. E. L. Ede’s Costa, who was thought to be a nonpareil, in the most triumphant style, fairly took the spectators by surprise; and it was universally considered that Dr. Salter would find no better animal to represent his nomination for the Waterloo Cup, for the animal had beaten, in a home trial, a celebrated greyhound (Amethyst) purposely prepared for the encounter.

With regard to minor coursing meetings, and those which are:

only paragraphically reported, presumably, coursing scribes are bound by the *de minimis non curat lex* principle; forgetting that even every small tenant-farmer who can put in an appearance at a meeting of the 'longtails' likes to have a bit of fashionable blood to represent his name, and will have it, too, if it can be got for anything like a reasonable sum of money. And this comparative neglect of minor rising meetings is a thing to be regretted, for there are frequently as good dogs to be found competing at them as are entered for many a higher stake; and a contrary practice would tend in a great measure to dispel the illusion that the subscribers to the Waterloo Cup monopolise the best greyhounds in the land, and that the winner of that coveted prize is necessarily the best greyhound of the day.

The Newmarket Local Meeting terminated in a division of the stakes, the frost preventing all chances of running them off; and a general coursing exodus took place from the town on the morning of the day appointed for the conclusion. Matters now began to look uncommonly queer for Altcar, appointed for the following week; and so sharply had winter again resumed his sway, that fears began seriously to be entertained that that meeting would have to be postponed, and that nothing wheresfrom to draw probabilities for the Waterloo Cup would be left to speculators. The disappointment experienced in London when a telegram was received early in the week set apart for the celebration of the Altcar meeting, to the effect that the country round Liverpool was frost-bound, and that a meeting of the members would be held to consider the propriety of abandoning the coursing altogether, may be imagined by all who take an interest in the Waterloo Cup. Said they—or might have said—

'Let's see the field, and mark it well,
For here will be the battle.'

To make matters worse, another telegram was received the next day, stating that the Stewards would meet on Wednesday, still with no better prospects of bringing off the coursing than when they first held solemn counsel together.

Yet another telegram announced the gratifying intelligence that rain was falling, and that the coursing would be commenced on Friday—the day when it ordinarily closes. Naturally, speculation flagged considerably while a doubt existed of the probability of the weather preventing the holding of this important meeting, and the London division especially held back from investing their money upon mere probabilities and hearsay reports of intended nominations. The meeting was begun, but not finished, the dogs remaining in the only two stakes attempted being compelled to divide, in consequence of the frost resuming sway. The non-appearance of Handicraft, from Lord Sefton's kennel, was a sore disappointment, but other members of the kennel ran well enough to show what form might be expected from her in February. The *fiasco* of this

meeting had the effect of bringing Honeymoon into even greater prominence than ever, and, excepting Mr. Dunn's King David, hardly anything else was mentioned as standing a legitimate chance against her. Everybody appeared to admit that this must now be—Honeymoon out of the way—one of the most 'open' Waterloo Cups ever competed for, there being plenty of second fiddles for the great entertainment, but none quite qualified to lead the large orchestra of sixty-four performers.

Though no dependence can be placed upon any information as to what greyhounds will actually represent the different nominations in such a stake as the Waterloo Cup until the draw dinner has been held, and the Committee of the National Coursing Club have had their sitting, and settled the necessary preliminary business, a tolerably reliable programme of probable starters and probabilities was at the service of the public and speculators on the Saturday previous to the meeting as usual. By that time prophets and nominators have generally made up their minds as to their predictions and intentions; and this year, with a few trifling exceptions, before the draw dinner was held, everybody could calculate pretty accurately, both as to the actual representatives of the nominators and the chances those representatives had of winning the Waterloo Cup. It could have surprised nobody, not actually indifferent about coursing altogether, that Honeymoon, after her extraordinary reputation and remarkable career of victory, should have been almost universally selected as the most formidable candidate upon the entire list; and it is now certain that, notwithstanding her somewhat inglorious defeat, she was the best greyhound in the stake. Before the famous Irish bitch all other competitors, although many of them possessing undeniable claims to respectful consideration, 'paled their ineffectual fires;' and no tipster was hardy enough to mention the name of any competitor as capable of lowering her victorious flag, except from some unforeseen accident, or perhaps from her being drawn too early in the stake, and unfavourably slipped upon some such puzzling and intricate ground as that at North End or Little Altcar, where aforetime the chances of many a first-class greyhound have been prematurely destroyed. The list of probable starters was more than usually remarkable for the number of nominations from foreign kennels—or, more correctly, for the number of nominators who would enter animals not *bond fide* their own property. This has always been an objectionable matter in Waterloo Cup coursing; and we cannot help again remarking that it is a pity that the practice should be still on the increase. Mr. Haywood, for the first time for a long number of years, was without a representative from Blakemere, the well-known Herefordshire kennel, and his nomination, after being returned to the Committee, was held by Mr. Nicholson, the Honorary Secretary of the South Essex Club, who, however, was not considered to have anything good enough to win so great a stake. This was the result of Mortimer's disappointment in not giving satisfaction in his

trial to the Herefordshire connoisseurs, who are pretty good judges of what a Waterloo candidate ought to be, and who have formed a high standard of excellence since their experience and disappointment of Regalia. Mr. W. G. Borron, with his proverbial consistency in determining to run no greyhound but one from his own kennel, was not thought to be formidable this year with Black Rosette, by Black Knight out of Diving Bell, or with Bit of Shamrock, by Pretender out of Swinburnia, neither of whom had made any considerable mark in public estimation, though both had run at the Altcar Club November Meeting. Mr. Briggs had decided to run Beardwood, by Blackburn out of Bessie, who, though a greyhound of commanding speed, was not thought a sufficiently good 'sticker to the scut' for Altcar honours. To the surprise of a great number of coursers, it transpired that Mr. Cunningham would again rely upon Corby Castle, the runner-up of last year, an animal who, although within an ace of winning the Cup last season, has exhibited very questionable form since at Altcar in the November meeting. It was reported, however, that he had won a good trial on the Tuesday preceding the meeting, beating Coupland Lass most decisively, and that he was still very much fancied by his party. It is not often that we hear of a fourth-season dog contending for a Waterloo Cup, though it is true that Master McGrath won it at that age; but Mr. Swinburne had determined again to enter old Surprise, by Sir William out of Modesty, who ran up to Magnano in 1874, and was put out in a very near thing by Fugitive last year. Surprise has always run a remarkably good dog, and this season he ran up to Alice Knott for the Sundorne Cup, beating Sentry, Bracelet, Happy-go-Easy, and Terrapin Tower. In a recent trial spin with Syringa he was reported to have shown that the fine speed for which he has always been distinguished had not deserted him. He was most unfortunate in his encounter with Fugitive, when he was dead lame; and when he encountered Diacticus, Mr. Hedley made a mistake in not giving the course in his favour, instead of leaving it an undecided—a misfortune which has been pretty generally admitted among practical coursing men.

It is not a little extraordinary that, among so many dogs of second-rate quality—almost always the case in so large a stake—the candidature of Sam Wyllie should have been so much overlooked. And yet, excepting the crack herself, Mr. Jardine's, Mr. Hornby's, and some few other nominations, there was no greyhound in the stake with a better-looking chance upon paper, and upon previous performances. Sam Wyllie is by Willie Wyllie out of Small-hopes, weighs 64 lbs., and was sent in as to represent the nomination of Colonel Goodlake, who had been so sadly disappointed in his hopes of running Gilderoy. The dog has had a far from inglorious, though somewhat chequered, career. He met with an accident at the Border Union (Longtown) Meeting, in a course in which he easily led, and beat the once prematurely famous Newmarket dog Sirius, and was consequently and subsequently beaten in the next

course by Border Belle, after leading up a long way. The injury he had undergone prevented his appearance again in public; but his qualifications for the Waterloo Cup mainly rested upon his recent defeat of Mr. Bonner's Britannia, by British Flag out of Requiem, whom he led three or four lengths, and beat most decisively in a good course. He was described as 'a remarkably good-looking dog, and for 'his weight is wonderfully free from lumber, a little heaviness at the 'shoulder points being the only discernible fault.' It is gratifying that Colonel Goodlake was able to secure so good a representative, 'with 'a nice level top, a rare back, and capital quarters, who gallops 'in a smooth, steady style, and with very nearly first-class speed 'combines far above average cleverness, and is a rare stayer.' Having arrived at his quarters at Formby in excellent health and condition, it seems unaccountable that with such recommendations and fitness, he did not attract more notice from the prognosticators. Mr. Wool, whose name was at one time a terror in the market, did not look so very terrible when it became known that his representative would be Mr. Dryden's second-season dog Soutar, by St. Ronan out of St. Mary, weight about 68 lbs. He had won three courses in the Scarisbrick Cup, and was drawn after an undecided with King of Diamonds. He had run respectably since that, and had won his trial with Yarra Yarra, who won at Abergele; and this achievement had the effect of making his supporters wonderfully sanguine. 'Soutar,' said the account of him, 'goes a rare pace, and is fairly clever for a 'few points, but there is nothing smart in his style, and he becomes 'clumsy immediately he is a little blown. He may win a course or 'two, but he is not the cut of a Waterloo winner.' Without further allusion to the chances of the other prominent candidates—to whose chances, indeed, allusion has cursorily been made already—it may be gathered that there was nothing in this great stake calculated to interfere seriously with the chances of Honeymoon, from any previous performances, and that her likelihood of rivalling the celebrated *coup* of Master McGrath was a thing quite upon the cards, making the Irishmen temporarily demented. It is an undoubted fact that in her trial with Donald, trained in the same kennel, she had held her own, and maintained her reputation so distinctly as to render Mr. Hutchinson confident of her ability to win the Cup.

The meeting of the National Coursing Club took place as usual at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, previous to the more important business of dining and drawing the candidates. The matters for consultation and deliberation were of no very serious description, and of no interest whatsoever to the public, even those of a coursing tendency. The election of a president and a secretary is never a business of great length; and at a coursing meeting such things are got over with little difficulty, those officers being virtually, if not actually, decided upon beforehand. In fact, beyond the election of president and secretary, the business might almost be called vexatious, and it would have been justly deserving of that epithet if it

had trenched at all upon the great matter of the dinner and its belongings. The President and Secretary were re-elected, as it was fully expected they would be. Whatsoever melancholy anticipations might have been held the week before that the frost might interfere with the sport, they must have all been effectually dispelled long before the cloth was spread for dinner on Tuesday evening, February 15th. Woe to those venturesome Londoners who, unaccustomed to the plains of Altcar, sallied forth without substantial understandings, forgetful of the maxim—

‘Beware of colds, catarrhs, and toothache got
By thin-soled shoes.’

Sough jumping-poles were at a premium, and the purveyors of those indispensable articles of comfort and convenience in Altcar coursing never could have had a more promising prospect of driving a roaring trade. We are getting skating rinks almost everywhere, and it becomes a question whether or not a course of Altcar pole-vaulting, if performed successfully, would not be a most wholesome exercise, and qualify the practitioner for undisputed membership of the Alpine Club, though perhaps an Altcar vaulting-pole does not actually correspond to what is understood by an alpenstock; and the amusement of pole-vaulting, as practised at Altcar during a coursing meeting, although entertaining enough to practitioners and spectators, is frequently very obstructive of general proceedings, and eminently provocative of the temper of the officials. And here let us pay a compliment—one, by-the-way, not too generally presented, but always eminently deserved—to the indefatigable Mr. Bayley, the Flag Steward, who satisfactorily discharges his very responsible duties. Perhaps very few who attend a coursing meeting with such an enormous crowd of spectators, not always of the most orderly description, really appreciate the services of the Flag Steward, except the judge and the slipper. At any rate, those functionaries ought to be grateful enough for the services Mr. Bayley has rendered towards a satisfactory termination of a Waterloo Cup coursing meeting.

The preliminary meeting of the National Coursing Club was presided over by Lord Sefton, and it was more numerously attended than has been the case for a number of years, representatives from nearly all the chief coursing clubs of the kingdom being present, *quos nunc perscribere longum sit*. The business, as expected, was soon transacted, and the draw dinner took place as usual, and at the usual hour, at the Adelphi Hotel, and was most ably and satisfactorily presided over by Colonel Goodlake, and the draw read out in tones such that all might hear and profit by. Perhaps a more promising commencement has never characterised the meeting, either in point of numbers or general unanimity. The various draws gave great satisfaction, and the trials chiefly regarded with interest were those between Sam Wyllie and Flageolet; Donald and Chili; Soutar and Handicraft, the latter running under Mr. Deighton's nomination; Warren Hastings and Honeymoon; Sur-

prise and Versatile; True Blue and Hematite, the latter being preferred by Mr. Hornby for his chance; Corby Castle and King of Diamonds; King David and Belle of England; Cinnamon and Beardwood; Palmerston and Sherwood Daisy; Greenburn and Hawthorn; and The Squatter and Handel. The meet was appointed to take place at North End, at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, and there accordingly the party assembled at the proper time, the spot selected being familiar enough among coursers as the usual commencing-place on these occasions, no need of actual announcement being absolutely necessary except for the information of people from a distance and unacquainted with existing arrangements. Of course the meet at North End is not a favourable one, and the betting operations are very much regulated by the dubious nature of the encounters on this tricky ground. It is always thought fortunate that the favourites in the stake should be drawn a long way down the card; and this has been one reason—though by no means a main one—in making Honeymoon so warm a candidate. This was especially noticeable last year; and on this occasion she was not only drawn some way down the card, but also, for her first essay, against a competitor who was thought to stand no chance with her. This slice of luck made matters look promising indeed for the Irish division, and the betting, in consequence, set in for Honeymoon's favour more consistently and steadily than ever; and this partiality for her continued even after her slovenly performance in her first essay, with Warren Hastings, and was not to be dispelled until her defeat by Donald. The opening day proved a great one for the Irishmen; indeed, the whole meeting was an Irish triumph; for, though Honeymoon did not win, the winner, Donald, was a representative of the Emerald Isle, and was trained in the same kennel as Honeymoon. It became clear that when she was worsted—or rather adjudged beaten, many still doubting whether she actually suffered defeat—that her victor must, bar accidents, win the Cup; and so it proved, notwithstanding the strong claims of Lord Glendyne and Huron, to say nothing of The Squatter. It may be remarked that the favourite, from first to last, was not in her usual form, and that it was to all intents and purposes Donald's day, the dog being decidedly in his best form. Many who were unacquainted with his antecedents were surprised to see The Squatter run in such gallant style and so nearly prove the winner. Altogether the meeting this year must be termed a fluky and disappointing one—and that, too, from many causes—and the interest in it flagged considerably towards the end. However, the deciding course was a most satisfactory one, and so also were those for the Purse and the Plate, and there was no doubt of the final victory of Donald. He and Lord Glendyne were slipped just where Honeymoon and Corby Castle ran last year. Donald immediately drew away several lengths and made two points before the hare broke back. Lord Glendyne then showed in front, and wrenched two or three times, when Donald again went ahead, and, scoring several points, hardly allowed his opponent to make another score in

a remarkably grand trial, and finished with a good kill. The winner is by Master Burleigh out of Phoenix, and was previously to this almost unknown to fame, except as a spurious conqueror of Honeymoon in a preliminary trial. Lord Glendyne, on the contrary, has been a creditable performer, and last year won the Waterloo Plate. Mr. Hedley gave the greatest satisfaction as judge; but Luff, as slipper, showed on many occasions that he is not at home at Altcar, as undoubtedly he is on the Downs.

This is the second season when complaints have been loud and general concerning the character of the slipping for the Waterloo Cup, and it seems that a second Raper cannot easily be found. However, Luff has now had considerable experience, and it may fairly be hoped that on another occasion he will be more successful, and give greater satisfaction. It is gratifying to add that the crowd were more orderly and amenable than on many previous occasions; but strong objection must be raised against the novel and disgraceful practice of selling fictitious cards for entrance to the ground, a practice, however, which we feel sure will be remedied—or rather abolished—before another season. Honeymoon has been conditionally sold, and Donald becomes the property of Mr. Dougall, and is advertised for stud purposes. To prove the unexpectedness and inconsistency of Honeymoon's defeat, she has already been backed for considerable sums of money to win next year's Waterloo Cup, Mr. W. H. Clark confidently predicting that she will then start a greater favourite than she did this year.

SIRIUS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE BRIGHTON DOWNS.

THERE can be few men living in England at this present day, or, for that matter, women either, who have not some pleasant reminiscences of Brighton; perhaps, on the whole, the fair ones have the pull there, for it is a terrible place for—well, let us say, paying that chivalric homage to women which the dear creatures so delight to receive from the other sex, but which elderly husbands and match-making mammas, when wives and daughters are young and fair, see from a totally opposite point of view. Brighton must be rich in reminiscences of this sort, though we propose to treat not of them, scandal being one of those things which would find no favour in the eyes of the readers of 'Baily.' Let us rather steer clear of the King's Road, the Pier, and those other inducements to flirtation that the seaside Babylon abounds in, and turn to the fresh air and short, crisp turf of the neighbouring hills, there to woo the chaste pleasures presided over by the daughter of Latona, and, we had almost written, mistress of Endymion; but that would be verging on the scandalous, if it did not come within the range of libel, and, as we said above, scandal must be avoided. Let us turn, then, to the rural pleasures which the place affords, and call up some

of those scenes we have delighted in, when visiting the town of invalids and idlers. Let us take the cheery October month, in which summer may be said to shake hands with winter, and which is, perhaps, one of the cheeriest and jolliest of the year, and relate how, there, to slightly alter the words of Pope, we have found,

‘Nor yet when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The hills and fields their pleasing toil deny,
To plains, with well-breathed beagles, we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare.’

For there is no doubt that if the Brightonians ever build a shrine to Diana, the hare will be the votive offering. There is good reason for this, for the neighbourhood is about one of the very worst that could be imagined for fox-hunting, while the downs afford ample scope for the chase of the hare. Of this the visitors are not slow to avail themselves; and from the first week or so in October until the season ends, large fields, much bigger than are to be seen with foxhounds in provincial counties, indulge in the amusement almost daily. We must admit that it is very pretty sport, and there is nothing better to get man and horse fit for the more arduous duties of fox-hunting later on. Even should sport fail, there is always something to amuse a man with the harriers, for the fields are of the most heterogeneous order; and you may see in the autumn, at any rate, the well-known Master of Foxhounds and the unknown (beyond his own street) shopkeeper going side by side.

Herein differs hare-hunting at Brighton from hare-hunting elsewhere. In most places you find a regular field with harriers, who stick to their pack from autumn to spring, and, save when perhaps foxhounds are not within easy reach, a man or two whose usual place is with them may join the harriers to school a young one, or give a horse that is too big an extra gallop, their numbers seldom increase or diminish, nor are fresh faces seen amongst them from autumn to spring year after year. Here it is not so; true, there are the regular men, but they by no means form the majority of the field, and the stranger element is perhaps stronger than anywhere else, except round Melton or Market Harborough, of course always excepting the Queen’s and staghounds generally close about London. Under these circumstances the field reminds us of the story we once heard of a right good fellow, a London tradesman, and a good sportsman to boot, who, having passed a few days at a nobleman’s house, was asked by another nobleman what sort of a party they had. ‘Oh!’ he remarked, ‘very jolly, but rather mixed.’ ‘Hang it, ——!’ said his Lordship, ‘you did not expect them to be all tailors, did you?’ On the same principle, the man going out with hounds in this neighbourhood would be grievously disappointed did he expect to find the field all sportsmen. The fact of it is, many come here because their wives will come, and they must hunt where their better-halves take them; many because there are no fences, and if they cannot go in front with foxhounds, they can here; many for the sake of riding down the King’s Road on their way home in boots and breeches,

to show that they have been hunting; many for the sake of health, air, and exercise; and, we believe, some few because they like it.

A meet at the Dyke, say, on the opening day, is a sight well worth seeing, and not easily to be forgotten, especially if the weather be fine, and the magnificent view from here over the Weald of Sussex new to you. But you will soon be recalled from its beauties if your taste lie in the direction of horses and hounds; and as Tom Phillips, who has hunted pretty well all over the world, comes up with the pack, it is ten to one but you are induced to make a prolonged inspection of them, and that, when you have done so, you pronounce them good. They are a really smart, level lot, with the best blood in England running in their veins, and you feel that they would be likely to give a good account of any mortal thing they were put on the line of. Mr. Dewè, the present Master, has spared neither trouble nor expense in getting a nice matching pack, and Phillips has assuredly done his part as regards condition, for, go where you may, you will see no hounds looking fitter or better—all foxhounds, and each one boasting an ancestry of renown, with scarcely a badly-formed, crooked-legged one amongst them (for the Master buys and drafts until he has got them to his fancy), you would imagine they were far more than a match for a hare; and so they would be in many counties, but here the hares are so stout and run so well that nothing but a first-class hound is any use; in fact, we know of one pack of *small harriers* which tried their hand here and could never kill a hare, though they have a first-rate character in their own country. However, the field at times prove themselves very strong and seasonable allies, on the hares' side when the hills are not too steep, and have ere now saved many a one from the jaws of her pursuers.

But the field are coming up apace, and we must turn for a passing glance at them, first and foremost marking a tall man on a black, who is not totally unknown in legal circles, and is quite as much at home in a good thing with the Queen's as when poring over a brief. Another from the shade of Windsor's towers is there, to bear him company, and we quickly recognise the hearty greeting of 'the 'Doctor,' as good a sportsman and cheery a fellow as ever sat on a coach-box or in pigskin, and he is good in both places, as his deeds will testify, or, perhaps we should say, was; for since we saw him serious illness has been his lot, and health-giving Brighton, which has been, as it were, the life of thousands, proved but a treacherous friend to him. That he may be quickly right again, and able to enjoy those sports in which he shone, is, we are sure, the wish of all who know him. Then we note an eccentric-looking individual on a valuable chestnut, who we learn with surprise is neither a member of a travelling circus nor a Yankee being initiated in the mysteries of the chase as pursued at Brighton, but a man well known with foxhounds north of the Tweed. Next comes a drag full of soldiers, who like to go the pace, and care more for galloping than hunting, a wish in which neither the Master nor his pack are very likely to balk them, as we

shall presently see. 'Who is that stout elderly man who does not 'show nearly so much blood as his horse?' asks a lady, directing our attention to a face we have surely seen in some part of Bullfinchshire pounding away merrily, and who, we afterwards hear from his own lips, is 'come 'ere to 'unt the 'are;' for though a wealthy man, and substantial withal, he is not altogether liberally endowed as regards alphabetical matters. With him is another of those who have made haste to become rich, and may fairly be said to have toyed with life, to his own benefit. Our little ones owe him a world of thanks; and, did he not modestly hide his light under a bushel in regard to the benefits he has conferred upon them, we feel sure that they, with their own tiny hands, would raise an altar to his fame, and annually thereon consume in sacrificial flames all their old and broken loves, in order that paterfamilias might have the pleasure of procuring them new ones. He has a lot of weight-carriers that a prince might envy, which, not being a hare-hunting man, he has brought here only just to get into condition, as he says; and right proud is he of them and their doings, as well as his own, as you may find out if you will quietly listen to him for half an hour; that is, if your patience will endure so long, which is scarce likely, for being that greatest of all bores, a self-made man, he thinks nothing worthy of notice but himself. Next to come, on a powerful chestnut, is the worthy Secretary, whose years in connection with the Brighton Harriers no one would guess, from his look and manner, though he admits to us that in all those years he never knew a better pack of hounds in the kennels than at the present time. Following him are two sons of Anak, one noted for the powerful team he drives in the season, all rare good horses, and fine steppers, well bitted, and well put together. Both of them, weight notwithstanding, are very regular here; and when scent is flashy, and hounds run fast for a time, and then throw up, somewhat of a thorn in the Master's side, for being both able and willing to go the pace, and with a second horse or two to supply any deficiencies of wind that a journey uphill may suggest to the first, they do not always hear the 'Hold hard!' so readily as worse mounted men—a summons to stop that the tall man on the brown, with gold eyeglass and cord trousers, is also at times somewhat given to dispute. Not so the gentleman on the grey, who knows as well as any man what hounds are doing, as well as when to gallop and when to pull up. Years ago he could well hold his own across that rough, wild country, which was, spiritually at least, under the sway of an old gentleman, facetiously termed the Bishop of Burley, and we must admit his little diocese, what with deep ploughs, big banks, rotten brooks, and boggy meadows, wanted a bit of getting over, and formed part of a country which soon sickened even such a hard-bitten one as 'The Squire.'

We said our field was composed of all sorts, nations, and languages, and lo! here comes one from that land where 'all save 'the nature of man is divine,' in close converse with a son of the house of Israel, both well mounted; the former on a hog-maned

cob (no doubt a descendant of those hog-maned steeds we see in the Elgin marbles), and not a very unworthy descendant, for he is a clever little fellow, albeit not up to the weight now on him. But your modern Greek spares not his pocket when horses are in question, and tries to look the sportsman; not, however, with that success his efforts deserve, unless it be of the leather-plating, pigeon-shooting, win, tye, or wrangle class, which seems so to impress itself on the mind of the distinguished foreigner as the true type of an English sportsman. His companion drives four blood horses in the King's Road (long since this was written they have been through the ordeal of Tattersall's, and their owner has returned from whence he came). We shall see him this afternoon, with the other on the box beside him, for they are home-to-luncheon sort of men, and we shall, moreover, see the horses in a lather before they have done anything, and their driver leaning over them, as if he was anxious to smell the leaders' tails. That is a different sort—the *keen-looking* young fellow on the clever cob. They say he is a good one, and has taken a farm here for the sake of sport; but, no matter for that, you will hear him let loose presently, if men ride foul across young seeds when there is no occasion for it. One more picture. The man on the neat skewbald, who goes as if 'ginger was hot i' the 'mouth,' and he had seen hounds for this occasion only, so that his rider has not quite an easy time of it, and we have done; for the Master is coming, and the order to move will soon be given.

Note how joyously the pack receive him, and how they appear to know that his presence is the signal for sport to commence. Now, having mounted a good-looking grey, he trots away to try a piece of high rape, pretty well up to the horse's girths, and before a turn has been taken in it we see the pack, all bustle and excitement, springing over the rape and each other's backs at one and the same time, and looking eagerly round at every leap, as if they expected to catch a view. Still not a note is heard, not a hound opens. 'I believe 'there is a fox,' says a keen-eyed man on a bay, who has just glimpsed something before them in the rape. He is right. The next moment as fine a cub as ever wore brush breaks by a stack not ten yards in front of the leading hounds and makes for the nearest gorse, while they look very much as if they would like to try conclusions with him. However, there is, luckily, a Brookside man close to where the cub made his exit, who cracks his whip in their faces, and a blast of the Master's horn brings them round his horse, once more to their legitimate duty, and the young hopeful is saved only to furnish a morning meal to the Southdown a week or ten days afterwards, who twist him up after as pretty a hill run as man need wish to see or ride to. A longish draw ensues, for hares are not quite so plentiful in this district as they might be; but when we do find, they go away a cracker up-wind for a mile or two, when a turn brings them to hunting, and the field, madly rushing on, sends them far over the scent, finally to lose their hare. Here one of the beauties of hare-hunting appears lost to us: we have had a good sharp

gallop, and should like to see what the hounds could do when brought to their noses ; but there is little chance of that ; the field prefer galloping to hunting, and the Master, we suppose, knowing the taste he has to cater for, indulges in a wide and ineffectual cast, and then proceeds to draw again—a proceeding that makes the pack not a little wild and flashy when another hare is found ; while Phillips, always a fast one, on the ex-racer *Satanella*, does not much mend matters by galloping forward and continually viewing the game. Cold winds now sweep over, and the scent becomes worse and worse, so that gradually the crowd drop off, and the hounds are left to finish a somewhat cheerless day by themselves, or pretty nearly so, and we have to wait for another occasion ere we see what this exceedingly smart pack is really capable of. It comes in time, on a warm, sunny afternoon, when the majority of the field have gone home to luncheon, and there is no one to override them ; when they find in a country amidst hills and plantations, where it is not so easy to interfere, and they are left to fight out the battle with their game pretty much on their own account. Then, although the scent is not particularly good, how they swarm and drive to head ! how, when checked and spread like a rocket, if a hound makes a hit they fly to him, like soldiers to their ranks at the trumpet's call ! How patiently when they work out every maze and double, and how cheerily their notes ring up to us as we sit on the hill above them, so that we can scarcely believe it is the same pack that we have seen at times so wild ; and when they have fairly hunted their hare down, and run into her in the open, how strongly comes Beckford's maxim to our minds, that a huntsman to harriers should be a very Grizzle for patience. If this was true in his day, when harriers were really harriers, how much more so is it in the present, when high-bred foxhounds like these are used ? Hounds that we know will stoop, and hunt as low a scent as anything breathing, if left alone and made to hunt, but their ardent, eager nature will stand taking no liberties with ; and every one who knows anything of foxhounds knows that, once get their heads up, it takes a long time to get them down again, and until that is accomplished, you may hunt yourself, as far as they are concerned.

Thus we think, with the very high-bred hounds Mr. Dewè has to handle, his field might with advantage give him a little more room, and the chance of more time in making his ground good before it becomes foiled with horses, instead of, as is sometimes the case, forcing him to make a wide forward cast, or go almost at once to find a fresh hare. As we have heard both he and others say, a few post and rail fences run across the downs would materially relieve the pressure ; but there is not much chance of getting them. Well, we suppose the Brighton people go out for a gallop ; and there is no doubt but that, nine days out of ten, they get it ; and if they are satisfied, outsiders certainly have no cause to complain. We have had many merry, pleasant days with them, and hope to have many more ; so, kind reader, we will, with your permission, turn our horses' heads homewards, and, having had a lunch at Mutton's, stroll up the King's

Road and see some of those who were with us in the morning airing their dignity therein—some, be it said, in turn-outs that would do credit to the Park; while others patronise the Brighton fly, drawn by the most leg-weary of steeds, whose life is certainly a hard one, plodding on as he does from morning to night, day after day, until he can scarcely move one foot before the other, and into whose case it would do credit to Mr. Colam and his society to look, although his hirers (the horses') for the time being do sit so complacently behind him. N.

MR. THOMAS COLEMAN ON BREEDING AND TRAINING.

WE trust that the readers of 'Baily' are not yet tired of the sayings and doings of Mr. Coleman, for we were so struck, while talking over other matters, of the soundness of his views on the important matters of breeding and training, that we determined to have a special chat with him on the subject when time would allow, and lay the results thereof before them, feeling that, though it may be thought training could well be left to owners of racehorses and those in whose care they are placed, the system pursued has such an effect on the constitution of the animal, and, through both sire and dam, on that of the offspring, the subject is one of national importance. As regards breeding, we make no apology for introducing it, seeing that the present demand for good and sound horses and the inadequate supply must make the science interesting to every one who wishes either to ride or drive, not to mention the uneasiness which has for some time past pervaded the public on the question of mounting our cavalry should the time come when their services will be required. Even those who may differ from Mr. Coleman in the views here put forward, must admit that something like seventy years spent entirely amongst horses, not in an amateur, dilettante fashion, but in a thorough study of the constitutions, wants, and requirements as a business matter, and that the result of that study has been a well-earned and well-deserved competence, render those views deserving of the highest consideration and respect; and we venture to assert that what has been so successful in Mr. Coleman's case, if followed out with the same discrimination and judgment, may be found of national benefit if applied to our horses generally. But now, as heretofore, we intend to let Mr. Coleman speak for himself:—

'You want to breed sound, useful horses,' said he, 'for all purposes; well, there is only one way to do it. People may stand up and talk as they like, in the House or out, but few know anything about the matter. They send all sorts of mares and weeds to thoroughbred horses, and breed weeds again, and unsound weeds; for our horses are taken up and shod so young that their feet never come into a natural state. Moreover, they are confined in hot

‘stables, dried up and wasted, to the ruin of their constitution. A tight roller is buckled round a colt, and never removed except to clean him and to put on the saddle, with still tighter girths; the heart and lungs are compressed and have never free room to play, and from this cause such a large number of horses in the present day become roarsers. Formerly we never heard of a roarer’ (we have seen this stated by another authority), ‘now one out of every three seems to make a noise, especially the big, overgrown ones. From the time I commenced with horses in 1809, I never, to my recollection, heard of a roarer until about 1825. This treatment begins at twelve months old, and they are never in a natural state afterwards; whereas horses formerly were often not broken until three years old, and many of them reached even the age of four before they were handled, and of course their limbs and frames had time to develop and become furnished before the strain was put upon them. Not only this, but from the constant state of irritation and excitement they are kept in, their tempers are ruined, and many turn irritable, some savage; yet these are the sires and dams from which you expect to breed sound, useful horses.

‘There is only one way to remedy this, and that is to go back to *the cart-horse*, either in sire or dam, and the horse you must select is, not a coarse, lopsided, hairy-legged brute, but a short-legged, trussy one with good quick action, and you must be particular about his head being neat and small; send blood or well-bred mares to him, and you will get what you want for general purposes and cavalry work. The cart stallion will, if well selected, give sound open feet, short legs, a vigorous constitution, and docile temper. You will get courage, blood, and freedom from the dam. I once bred a horse in this way myself at Lilly Hoo Farm as an experiment. I put a little well-bred mare to a clean-shaped cart stallion with a good head, and the produce was a horse up to 18 stone with hounds. This horse was a tremendous jumper, and you might ride him from morning to night with the reins on his neck, and he would never make a false step; so sound were his legs and feet that he gave you all the confidence of sitting in an arm-chair. In fact, I lent him to a gentleman in London, to ride in the Park, who offered to bet me 5*l.* he would ride him all round Regent’s Park over every heap of dust scraped up by the roadside without his touching one. I once sold him and bought him back again for 85*l.*, and Mr. Sowerby, to whom I lent him, could have had 185 guineas, or even 200, from a 20-stone man, but I would not sell him. He never missed a feed of corn or was sick or sorry, and he worked for nearly twenty years at Lilly Hoo Farm, where, in harvest time, he would draw an ordinary cart himself with its load to which two horses are usually yoked. If any of my neighbours got their thrashing machine set and could not pull it out with their own horses, they used to send and borrow Jack, who would soon move it for them and get them out of their trouble. This horse is alive now and working daily at Hitchin, being just twenty-five years old. These are the sort of

‘horses you want to mount the cavalry. But, as I said before, to get them you must seek the right sort of stallion : 1st, good head ; 2nd, short legs ; 3rd, good open feet with *large bold frogs*, which is the foundation of all (the pasterns and fetlocks can’t grow if there is nothing to support them) ; 4th, round barrel with good, well-formed oblique shoulders ; 5th, clean, sound hocks ; 6th, healthy constitution and good action. Of course, if you breed the other way the same holds good of the mare.’

Here we must take the liberty of interrupting the veteran for a moment, to say that, at the present time, we know a horse bred the reverse way by a blood-horse (Dalesman) out of a Suffolk mare, which is one of the strongest horses and best hunters we ever saw ; he is up to 20 stone at least, stands not a bit more than 16 hands high, and, although only now rising six years old, has already distinguished himself in some good runs, amongst select company, with 18 stone of as hard-riding stuff on his back as could be found in England, and this over a very heavy, rough, strong country. He is now in one of our most fashionable countries, and we have no doubt was sold at a strong figure. Here we get the strength and constitution on the dam’s side, which appears to answer equally well, as this is only one instance of many we could name of very first-class, weight-carrying hunters being bred in this way. One other we may mention, though here we are not sure that the dam was a pure cart-mare : Sir Charles Slingsby had entered his favourite mare Rosamond for a hunter’s stake at the York Spring Meeting. He went over to Boynton to meet the well-known Holderness sportsman, Mr. John Holliday, and look over Sir George Cholmley’s stud. It was a very rainy day, and the dam of Sir Charles’s mare was standing under a shed in the shafts of a cart, having been dragging hay about for the young stock. Mr. Holliday said, ‘That is the dam of your mare, Sir Charles,’ but Henry Horner, the stud-groom, coming up at the moment, said, ‘No, Mr. Holliday, you are wrong ; *that is the dam of Sir Charles Slingsby’s mare.*’ They had a rare laugh, as Horner did not know Sir Charles. The latter, after seeing the dam, would not ride her himself, but put up a friend. We do not remember now if she won ; but she was a grand hunter, and made 430 guineas to Mr. Cannon at the sale of his stud after the sad accident on the Ure. Another example which tends to verify Mr. Coleman’s remarks on the evil effect early and strong training may have on the offspring of a mare, or, perhaps, we should more properly say, showing what is likely to result from the dam not being trained, and we leave him once more to tell his experiences in his own way. Not long ago we chanced to see a very remarkable pony, up to any reasonable weight, though he stood only 14 hands 3 inches high. His muscular neck, strong shoulders, big, arched ribs, wide-spread gaskins, and strong quarters, all bespoke a degree of strength and constitution not often seen ; below the knee he handled bigger than many 16-hand horses. Our surprise may be judged on being told that he was a clean thoroughbred one (though his looks betokened a large share of blue blood), and a son of Beadsman. We were speaking

of this pony to Mr. Coleman, and he said, 'I be bound his dam was 'never trained.' It was true; she was considered too thick and cobby as a yearling to put into training, and given away to a gentleman who rode her hack for some years. A visit to Beadsman resulted in this pocket Hercules, which we saw in the stables of a large dealer; and he assured us that he measured more under the knee and girthed bigger than a very large proportion of his horses. Let us compare such a model as this with numbers of the twisted-legged, round-jointed, spindle-shanked, feeble-pasterned, small-footed brutes to be seen at any yearling sale, and then ask if there is not some truth in Mr. Coleman's views on breeding. Let us also ask how many mares of note on the Turf have bred superior horses in comparison with those who were themselves poor performers and early cast on one side, before they were dried up and perished.

'Now as to training,' he said; 'half the trainers shut their horses 'up in hot stables without a breath of air, and gallop and waste them 'to mere shadows. They dry them up until there is no muscle left 'on them. I saw a lot at Alexandra Park last summer—two-year-olds—their muscles all loose and feeble, and I said to Tom Stevens 'what poor little, feeble things they were, with small pastern joints, 'and feet more like cat's, compared to what they were formerly. A 'trainer should be in his stable at cock-crow in the morning, see if 'their mangers are clean, and examine the droppings; feel their legs 'and sinews, running his hand down the shins to detect any sign of 'soreness, or see if their ligaments are flushed, so that he may be 'enabled, by stopping in time, to avert fatal consequences, where 'one gallop may bring on ruin. Then he knows how to work his 'horses, and if anything is wrong, can take precautions at once.

'That's not the way with the kid-gloved swell school now. Their 'horses are out and walking round the yard or paddock before they 'smell the fresh air, and when they do come out, it's "Now, boy, ' "where's my hack?" and they mount, and on to the down at 'once, where every horse does a certain amount of work, and there 'is an end of it. A trainer has no business with balls and drugs; 'if he has bran and good oats, and hay not too old (two-year-old hay 'is a mistake), and linseed oil, that is enough for him. If he finds 'a cough coming on, a mash and a pint of linseed oil in it will generally stop it, if taken in time; or if very bad, get a nose-bag and 'about a pint of yellow deal sawdust, pour boiling water on it, and 'then putting on the bag, so steam their heads. That will stop it.

'They are most of them far too fond of galloping their horses, 'and I can give you plenty of instances to prove it. I never sweated 'a two-year old—I should not have thought of doing such a thing; 'they will put out muscle clean and firm with their regular work 'and good feeding. The first instance I will give of what rest and 'easing, as well as soiling on tares or spring grass (lucerne is all 'water and bosh), will do for a horse, is that of a little chestnut of 'Mr. Gully's, by Tramp out of Sister to Dr. Syntax. I was at Ascot 'when he ran in a two-year-old stake, and could see that he was dried 'up and perished. Two or three weeks after, Mr. Gully wrote me to

‘go down and see him at Hare Park (the time I told you of when he gave me Little Gift), and said he would sell me a mare that would do me some good if I would come down for her, but I should not have her unless I came.

‘The next morning we looked over the horses, and I saw the little chestnut that ran at Ascot. He was in his stable, with heavy clothes and a tight roller on him, and still in training, though he was dried up and perished at Ascot. We afterwards walked up the paddocks, and I saw a nice long one, with a shed to it. Then I said to Mr. Gully, “That little chestnut horse will win the Derby if you’ll only do what I tell you with him.” He smiled and answered, “Oh, nonsense, Coleman! there’s not enough of him for a Derby horse.”

‘I replied, “I have had two out of the dam, and I know what they are. I should have won the Derby last year, when the dead-heat was run with Colonel and Cadland, with one out of her by Filho da Puta, called Scipio, but that he was knocked down near Tottenham corner by General Grosvenor’s horse, with Farrel up, striking into his hind legs.”

‘“Well, what do you wish me to do with him?”

‘“Take the clothes and that tight roller off at once, get him cool, and turn him out into this paddock; give him as much corn as he can eat, and come and amuse yourself with a whip, and make him gallop loose up and down the paddock every day; that’s the best training for him—he’ll begin to throw out his muscle. Bring him in early in the spring, and run him in the Abingdon Mile Plate, and he’ll win that and the Derby; but if you don’t take him out of that stable, where he is being parboiled with clothes, and crushed with the tight roller, he will never grow into a Derby horse.”

‘Mr. Gully said, “It shall be done as you direct, Mr. Coleman;” and so he did, and took 10,000 to 100 five times about him for the Derby, and after he won the Abingdon Mile Plate in a canter, beating a large field, he came to 4 to 1. That horse was Little Red Rover, and, as you know, he ran second to Priam, and was only beaten by one of the very best horses that ever was stripped.

‘I can give another instance quite as strong. I was once at Newmarket, and met John Scott in the street, who owed me about 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ % odd for my spring rollers. He said, “Tommy, I owe you for those rollers; you may as well come up and take the money, and have a look at my nags; I’ve only got three here;” so we went to the stable. One of the three was a chestnut filly, called Victoire, by Whisker, that belonged to his best master, Mr. R. Walker. Said Scott, pointing to her, “You see what a state she is in, Tommy; I am sure you can do something with her though. She started first favourite for the Champagne at Doncaster, and was only beaten a head; but she’s gone to nothing now. You are the only man in England who can do any good with her.”

‘“What do you want for her, Johnny?” said I, expecting to be asked a hundred or two.

““ Oh,” he replied, “just receipt me that bill for the rollers and
“ you can have her.”

“ I agreed, and brought her home to St. Albans, stripped her,
“ and turned her into the paddock, gave her as much corn as she
“ could eat, and drove her about the paddock every day. She
“ soon got thick in the neck and big and firm all over, while her
“ muscle became properly developed ; so that she grew as big as a
“ bullock and clean as a smelt. I sold her to Captain Forbes for 400
“ guineas and a contingency of 25*l.* out of each of the first three races
“ she won. He took her straight to Boyce’s, as one of the meetings
“ came on, and she ran three races, and won them all off the reel in
“ a canter. Captain Forbes left her there, and Boyce clothed and
“ galloped her with the rest of his string. She went like butter
“ before the sun, wasted away to nothing, could not beat a hack
“ when she came out again, and never won another race. I never
“ took her out once in clothes or to gallop with other horses while
“ she was in my possession.

“ Another proof of how vitiated air and close stables will ruin horses
“ I can give you in connection with one named Truth, by Catton, the
“ property of Mr. Gully, that was under my care. It happened just
“ at the time Mr. Gully’s daughter was very ill, and staying in France
“ for her health, whither he was going to see her. He said, “I am
“ going to France, Coleman, and I have engaged Truth in a
“ 100 guinea stake across the Flat at Newmarket. I have also
“ purchased Forfeit, who won the Oatlands, for 800 guineas, and he
“ is at Theckstone’s at Newmarket. I want you to take Truth
“ there and try him with Forfeit across the Flat, and then run him
“ for the stake he is engaged in.” I took the horse to Newmarket,
“ and, of course, was obliged to put him in their close stables, which
“ upset him ; and when we tried with Forfeit, the latter beat him
“ easily. I saw Ridsdale, Mr. Gully’s then confederate, and said
“ to him, “It’s no use to run this horse for the One Hundred
“ Guinea Stakes ; he can have no chance, as I know this is not his
“ form. He has gone amiss in these hot stables ; I know he is
“ better than this. We shall save 50*l.*”

“ “ You take it all upon yourself ; I will have nothing to say
“ about it. Take it all on yourself as to starting him.”

“ I did not run him.

“ About ten days afterwards I went up to London to Devonshire
“ Street, where Mr. Gully lived, to see if he was come home. He was
“ not in when I got there, but as I was leaving up he came in his tra-
“ velling carriage, so I stopped. He said, “Well, Coleman, how
“ did the horse run ?”

“ “ We tried him with Forfeit across the Flat, and he beat him so
“ easy, that I said it’s no use running him ; he must be going
“ amiss, as it’s not his form. We save 50*l.* by not running, as he
“ can have no chance of winning.”

“ But I told you to run him, Coleman. Let us have a right un-
“ derstanding, and don’t you ever try to save 50*l.* or 100*l.* for me.
“ What are you going to do with him now ?”

"I thought of keeping him for the King's Plate at Guildford, which he might pick up."

"Very well."

Shortly after this Epsom races came on, and I was there with two or three horses. A day or two before the commencement, there was a stake which closed at six o'clock that day, 10 sovs. each, and 100% added. I was in the entry-room, and I saw a lot of things entered, amongst the rest the Duke of Richmond's horse Striver, a very good mare of Lord Mountcharles's, and Mr. Gully's Forfeit. This being two-mile heats, I thought it would be a good opportunity to satisfy Mr. Gully that I was right in saying Truth was amiss when Forfeit beat him in his trial. I asked, "Is there any coach to London to-night?"

"Yes, one leaves at six o'clock."

"Then put down Mr. Gully's Truth in that race."

I jumped on the coach, came to London, and caught a mail at Islington, went home, and started the horse for Epsom the next morning. On the first day of the races, going to the course, Mr. Gully rode up to me with a card in his hand, and said, "What is this, Coleman? Mr. Gully's Forfeit and Mr. Gully's Truth in the race; did you not see I had Forfeit in? I thought you were going to keep Truth for the King's Plate at Guildford. What can be your motive? When Forfeit beat him so easy he can have no chance of winning."

"Because I thought he was a better horse than Forfeit. The trial was not right; that was not his form."

"But you can't beat the Duke of Richmond's horse Striver and Lord Mountcharles's mare?"

"Yes I can, if I get the pace forced."

"If you think he can win I must back him of course. Who are you going to put on him?"

"Conolly."

When they started I told him to jump off and force the pace all the way, and he won by two or three lengths, Lord Mountcharles's mare second, Striver third—Forfeit beaten off. This was before they had police at Epsom, and being on the Derby Day, the crowd was so great they thought it impossible to clear the course. Lord Mountcharles and the Duke, who was a Steward, said the race must be postponed until the next day.

I called Mr. Gully and said, "You protest against this race being postponed. A race once begun must be run out unless prevented by darkness."

"Are you sure you are right, Coleman?"

"Yes."

He then rode to the Stewards' Stand, and called out, "Your Grace, I protest against this race being postponed until to-morrow. If his Lordship thinks he has a better chance of beating my horse to-morrow, I will give him 7 lbs. more than they run at to-day, and run him over the same course for 500%, and lay

“1000*l.* to 500*l.* I beat him. I have ordered my trainer to be at the post in time to start, and if nothing else is there of course he will canter over.”

‘This we did; Gully won 860*l.* in bets, besides the stakes. The two-mile course at Epsom was one of the severest in England, and showed that the horse had been trained to run a distance, as well as the effect unhealthy stabling must have had on him at Newmarket. He was, as I said, of the stout Catton blood, and out of the curiously named Caifacaratadaddera. He won the Hundred Guinea Cup at Canterbury afterwards.

‘Talking of stoutness, I must tell you what I did with a three-year-old, before the time of railways or vans, when horses walked from one meeting to another on the roads. I claimed a wiry bay mare, a three-year-old, called Timandra, by Wrangler, of old Jemmy Ramsbottom, at Hampton. I changed her name to Scarlet Runner, and travelled her to Ipswich; ran her there three two-mile heats, and took her on to Lewes, where she stood for the Brighton Meeting. I put her in a couple of races there; the course being eight miles from Lewes, which of course she walked, as well as about the course while the first race was being run. Then she had to go the two miles to the starting-post, and run them back again, as there was no short cut at Brighton. She ran three heats, won one, and was beaten a head in the others. Walked about while another race was run, and then came out for her second, which she won in three heats, having been beaten for the first, and then walked back to Lewes, having gone sixteen miles on the road and twenty-four on the course (twelve of them racing), or forty miles, exclusive of walking about between the races. Not a bad day’s work for a three-year-old; but she had not been muzzled over night, or she would never have done it.

‘You may depend on it that more races are lost than won by the absurd practice of muzzling horses. It makes them irritable, and sets them pawing and blowing all night; more than that, a heavy, gross feeder gets weak from such sudden abstinence. The hay and water should be gradually reduced for a day or two before. My horses were notorious for running heats; and Tiny Edwards used to tell people, “You may as well stop at home if Old Tommy is there.”

‘I told you how I won with Syntax at the Hoo, after having turned him out, but I did not tell you that Rufus, one of the horses he beat, was previously unconquered, except by Middleton in the Derby, and had won most of the best things at Newmarket. Syntax was a very delicate horse, and I have led him out and let him crop the grass of a morning when the frost and dew were on it, to set him feeding.

‘Though I established steeplechases I never ran but one horse, Shylock, formerly the property of the Duke of Rutland, a very vicious beast, who had killed a boy. I should have shot him had I not been stopped, and ran him to punish him, not with an idea of

‘winning. I was disgusted to see horses ridden to death in them, as they were by people knowing nothing about it. I trained a horse once, though, for Ben Land. He was apprenticed to a chemist at Norfolk, and the year Prince Esterhazy gave the cup to be run for he came up and never went back again. He took the Cross Keys at St. Albans, a house which I opened, and stayed there for some time. After that he took a place at Edgware Town, where he had a horse called Needwood, that did not look worth more than two or three and twenty pounds. I was in London one day, and he asked me to go down with him and see the horse, saying he could gallop in dirt and jump anything. We got to the stable, and found him not only stewed up with a large blanket and quarterpiece tightly buckled round him, but a hood on as well, and litter backed up at the stable-door to keep it hot. He was being regularly parboiled. I said, “You tell me he is a good horse, Land. I don’t like to train a horse for steeplechasing, but Tring Steeplechase is coming off in about seven weeks, worth two or three hundred (kick your groom and send him off, and you yourself ought to know better than to keep a horse like this), send him down to me, and I will take pains and get him fit to run; there will be some goodish horses there.” He sent him to me, and I made him fit and well. He had to meet eighteen of the best horses, amongst them Lottery, Gaylad, and other cracks. Ben, being hard-up for money, as you may say rode for his life, sent him straight at everything, and won easy, clearing 360*l.*, but never had the honesty to pay me a farthing for training him. Steeplechasing is a farce now over these cut-down courses. I established it to show which was the best hunter and the best man over a country, to run at the end of the season before horses were thrown out of condition; and hurdle-racing, as a change at country races, to amuse the ladies, who could see a little jumping without the danger of a steeplechase; the hurdles, common ones, were merely stuck in the ground and gorsed at the top, so that there was no danger. It is downright cruelty to run three-year-olds as they do now, with eleven stone on their backs, two miles over six or eight flights of hurdles, when the ground is hard. You have no idea how it strains young things jumping on hard ground under that weight, and no good can come of it; it tears them all to pieces, and such a thing was never intended. I have talked about galloping horses, and you may depend on it, the continual following each other up the gallops does harm, and makes them slow instead of teaching them to spurt away. It gets their action up instead of sweeping forward, and they become sick of it, and it spoils their tempers. Tight rollers are very bad for young growing horses, especially big ones like Prince Charlie. Nothing conduces so much to roaring as this; the barrel cannot grow to give scope for the action of the heart and lungs.’

Mr. Coleman has had veterinary opinion bearing out his views on this subject, and in his own person can give a proof of it, the details of which must stand over for a future paper.

THE MACADAMIZER.

HE first caught my eye by a gorse covert-side,
A minute or two after hounds were thrown in ;
There was something about him that said ' *You* may ride,'
But I, for *my* part, will take care of my skin.
My motto is, ' Thrusting and jumping be blowed !
I'm the sportsman that sticks like a leech to the road.'

We found him, and rattled him out in a crack,
For the ' ladies ' meant blood on that rare-scenting day.
I saw my gay friend take a look at the pack,
And then go a raker the opposite way,
Where a long line of gaps and a cattle track showed
The sense of the sportsman that sticks to the road.

We ran for ten minutes, then came to a check,
And there, trotting down by a stony ' boreen,'
Taking excellent care of a somewhat long neck,
Our great geographical genius was seen.
' To knowledge of country what pleasure is owed,'
Said the smile of the sportsman that sticks to the road.

They hovered an instant, and then hit him off
With a crash to put warmth in the coldest of blood,
And we all had the fence ; but my friend, with a cough,
Resumed his old line in his much-beloved mud,
For the strongest temptation to fencing can't goad
The resolute sportsman that sticks to the road.

What a capital gallop we had after that !
With much tribulation at razor-backed banks ;
For the country was stiff, and we went such a bat
As soon told its tale upon some of their flanks,
As the stream of pursuit rolling faster soon flowed
From the sportsman that stuck like a leech to the road.

Then he turned and we potted—then came a wild rush,
And the little red rascal surrendered to fate ;
But scarce had the huntsman got hold of the brush,
When, jogging along through an open farm-gate,
While placid delight on his countenance glowed,
Came the sportsman that sticks like a leech to the road.

So, here's to MacAdam ! let's fill out the cup,
May his gates be unlocked and his gaps undecreased,
In the state of the roads he's so thoroughly up,
That he ought to be county surveyor at least !
And the ' Gap ' of Dunloe should become the abode
Of the sportsman that sticks like a leech to the road.

ASHPLANT.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Fancies and Spring Shadows.

'Now that our Princes have come home again,' at least some of them, the dry bones of London society begin to stir like those kindred ones the prophet saw in the valley, and soon there will be that coming together which is to weld into a compact mass the scattered fragments. Parliament has met; Her Majesty has opened it, still we regret to say with the somewhat lugubrious ceremonial of three or four years ago,—Belgravia is bursting into snow-white curtains and cleaned windows, and there have been faint attempts at a park. Faces we last saw at Newmarket crop up in Pall Mall; rinking has just a little given way to politics, and we are beginning to ask what will win the Derby? Can we cite anything more suggestive of 'our opening day' than this?

Bitter the weather though in the beginning of the month, and sorely taxed was the loyalty of the Queen's subjects who crowded St. James's Park on the 8th, to see the cream-coloured horses, some very ancient hammer-cloths, the rim of Her Majesty's diamond circlet, and a mild-looking regiment of Hussars. There were, doubtless, a good many other people and things to be seen, but these were what specially came under our notice; and we confess we thought the game hardly worth the candle. But the people cheered, if not enthusiastically, pretty cordially, and they gave warm greeting, when she was recognised, to the Princess of Wales. Dr. Kenealy and his friends tried to get up a Magna Charta-cum-Orton demonstration, but were set upon by the police, and we are sorry to add that the mob was so unfeeling as to hoot the Doctor on his way to the House. The crowd was a good-humoured crowd though, and, beyond an attempt to cheer a bishop (see unknown) and 'jolly' the Lord Mayor when he arrived in Palace Yard, conducted itself with propriety.

Birmingham Steeplechases—the opening flower, the modest crocus, so to speak, of the Midlands, the first-fruits of the spring, the dawn of sport and pastime for the year—how can we adequately describe the enthusiasm this fixture arouses in the breasts of all true sportsmen? We feel, indeed, quite inadequate to the task of doing the hardware gathering—we mean doing it justice; and are therefore indebted to our friend the incumbent of Punchington-cum-Kicks, a charming little benefice in the heart of the Black Country, for a painstaking digest of sport among the Brums and an insight to the Liverpool. Let him speak for himself:—

'Once again the Birmingham Grand Annual appears about to return to its pristine fame. For several years Mr. Sheldon has worked the oracle, and so long as the meeting was held over the old course at Sutton Coldfield everything went well, and most of the best horses of their day have run there; but suddenly it was discovered that the old course was required for less sporting, and more mercenary, purposes, and a change to the other side of the little town proved a very failure. The next attempt to get a course was made last year, when, considering the short time at his disposal, Mr. Sheldon did wonders, but many improvements have since been made; and were the line better flagged out, so as to avoid the vexatious objections for going the wrong course, there would be little to complain of. Unfortunately, the sports were marred with several objections; and a very serious accident, which subsequently proved fatal, cast a gloom over the entire proceedings.

'Although the Queen's most excellent Majesty attracted many thousands of her liege subjects to the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament, the greater part of the racing fraternity, high and low, rich and poor, had assembled at the Hardware Metropolis, where the weather was anything but racing-like in the early morning; it improved, however, as the day wore on, and the much-dreaded postponement was avoided. The fields were small on the opening day; seven, which number was not exceeded, going to the post for the first race, the Open Hunters' Plate, St. Domingo being favourite; but he fenced very badly, and was partially the cause of a dreadful accident, he and Pearl King getting into collision and falling at the fence out of the ploughed field. Mr. J. D. Lloyd and Mr. G. Darby, junior, their riders, were picked up insensible; the former fortunately soon came to himself, but poor young Darby was found to have several ribs broken, besides other internal injuries, which eventually proved fatal. He was well known and deservedly respected in the Midland Counties, and will be greatly regretted in the neighbourhood of Rugby and elsewhere. It is said he had dreamt he would get hurt that day.

'After the accident the others ran together for half the distance, when Crawler took the lead, but, going the wrong side of a post, was eased; and Bushranger, a very good-looking son of Young Melbourne and a sister of Little Lady, which cost 820 guineas as a yearling at Hampton Court, won very easily from Dewdrop. The rest of the races, with the exception of the Erdington Plate, were not of very much importance, although considerable amusement was caused by Sunny and Strong i' th' Arm, the only two runners for the Solihull Plate, continually refusing, and giving R. l'Anson and Fox much trouble to get them round. In the Hunters' Plate, too, the rider of Inez *brought down the house by cutting a voluntary* in his preparatory canter over the hurdles; and, probably taking the derisive applause this performance provoked for an *encore*, he treated us to a similar exhibition at the water jump, and, nothing daunted, got up, only to fall off again at the next fence. He is said to have won several steeplechases in America; and if he will confine his exploits to that country, his name (in mercy) shall not be divulged. Seven's the main was again the cry when the numbers went up for the Erdington Plate, Saracen being the favourite and winner. Objections for going wrong cropped up in nearly every other race, but they were quite of minor importance compared to a little game that was played in a Selling Plate, when Flint Jack's number was put up, allowed to remain there some considerable time, and then, without rhyme, reason, or excuse, taken down, to the pretty generally expressed indignation of most present. Such things must not be, or else farewell, Birmingham Steeplechases!

'Lucky, indeed, must the C.C. have thought himself to bring his meeting off; for on the morning of the great (the Grand Annual) day, it looked totally impossible to proceed with the sports; however, chain harrows and all other contrivances were brought into play, and the ground was soon free of its wintry garb. The attendance was larger, in spite of the unpropitious state of the weather, and the sport better than on the opening day; but we must confine ourselves to the Grand Annual and the Paget Plate; in the latter of which Saracen was again victorious, and the former brought out the good field of a dozen, of which Mrs. Starr, who won both this prize and the Erdington Plate also last year, was favourite; and well she might be, for on the present occasion she had actually 4 lbs. less than she had

'then to carry. Granted that she was beaten four times afterwards before the end of the season, she had previously won six out of ten races; and she must have been handicapped upon the erroneous principle of taking her worst form into consideration instead of her best. Victoire, Mrs. Starr, Vanity Fair, and Purity comprised the leading division for the first part of the journey, when Solon joined the front rank, and The Poet was pulled up beaten. Half a mile from home Mrs. Starr and Solon were out by themselves, lengths in front of the others, and it looked like a match between the pair; but Solon slipped up on landing three fences from home, and Mrs. Starr came sailing away alone, and appeared to be walking in, when Last of the Novelists dropped from the clouds and made a gallant struggle to catch the Irish mare, but failed, and Lord Marcus Beresford's colours were carried past the post three lengths in front of "Lord Freddy's;" Victoire, a long way off, being third. J. Jones, who rode the winner, as he did in both races last year, got a very bad fall in the last race; fortunately no bones were broken, but he was very badly shaken and crushed.

'Having thus reviewed the first of the great steeplechases of the spring, let us now look forward, and take a peep at the probable result of the last; for before the next "Van" delivers its parcels the Liverpool Grand National will belong to the past.

'It is recorded of the late Lord Glasgow that once upon a time he got a friend to read him over a newly-framed handicap. As each name and weight was given, Lord Glasgow made some such remark as "too much!" "bad horse!" "not in it!" &c., until at last the bottom weight was arrived at, and his friend said, "that is all;" to which Lord Glasgow replied, "Well, then, none of them can win.' Let us hope we may be more fortunate in running through the candidates' chances for the Liverpool Grand National. Twenty-one of the seventy-seven entered declined the imposts awarded them, and Marc Antoine, said to be dead, Percy, and probably some more, have also since joined the list of non-combatants. At the top of the list stand Disturbance, 12 st. 7 lbs., and Defence, 11 st. 11 lbs.; of the first-named's present form we are in blissful ignorance, as he has only been seen in public once since he carried off this prize three years ago; and on that solitary occasion both he and Defence were subservient to the interests of their stable companion, Reugny, who won; Disturbance being fourth, with 12 st. 9 lbs.; and it would not be surprising if they performed again the same kind offices, not to Reugny, who has been latterly enjoying the pleasures of the chase, but to Jackal, who has, *mirabile dictu*! got in this year with 11 st., or just 11 lbs. less than he carried into fourth place last year, a head behind La Veine. Master Mowbray's wonderful return to something like his old self has made a corresponding difference in the way he is handicapped, as compared with last year; and 11 st. 11 lbs. must be too much for him. The lucky Mr. Gomm will stand or fall with Congress, who would carry his 11 st. 8 lbs. into a more forward position if the course were a mile shorter. Goldfinder, 11 st. 7 lbs., will probably belie his name on the present occasion. Chandos, 11 st. 7 lbs., Oxonian, 11 st. 4 lbs., and Regal, 11 st. 3 lbs., are a strong team, and Captain Machell will be very near winning his third Grand National with whichever of the *trio* carries Jewett; the two former are novices at the game, but both are said to jump well, and the compactly built Regal showed of what stuff he is made at Sandown Park. Juggler, 11 st. 7 lbs., is the top weight of the Irish division, which include Lancet, 11 st. 5 lbs., Clonave, 11 st. 5 lbs., Albert, 11 st. 4 lbs., Gamebird, 10 st. 12 lbs., the Liberator, 10 st. 11 lbs.,

'Rattleaway, 10 st. 7 lbs., The Speaker, 10 st. 5 lbs., Twitter, 10 st. 4 lbs., and several others which have found English owners; of these Mr. Appleton owns Juggler, Albert, and Gamebird, and he will probably ride the best himself, but he must have more practice before he steers the winner of so great a race. Lancet would run better at Croydon or Cork. Clonave is just now said to have a leg which troubles him sore. The Liberator, a son of Dan O'Connell and Mary O'Toole (there's an Irish pedigree), won the Galway Plate, but a good many horses have done the same without showing any great excellence afterwards. Rattleaway, 10 st. 7 lbs., has been for some time located at Epsom under the watchful eye of Mr. F. Rowlands, and as soon as Mrs. Starr had landed the Birmingham Grand Annual he came with a rattle indeed. He has not always been as sound a horse as his backers could wish, but he is in good hands now, will be steered by a pilot who knows how to escape the dangers of Aintree, he will be the best of the Irish Brigade, and, if sound on a day, will very nearly win. The Speaker will have a better chance in a year or two's time; and Twitter has, apparently, none. Returning to the home-trained division, Phryne would act better at Bristol; Daybreak, 11 st. 2 lbs., Solon, 10 st. 5 lbs., and Last of the Lambs, 10 st. 2 lbs., occupy Mr. Dalglish's time and care; and, although he has sold Solon, he will most likely elect to ride that horse on the day. Pathfinder, 11 st., will not have the master-hand to guide him to which he owes last year's victory. Zero, 10 st. 10 lbs., will have to try conclusions shortly with Earl Marshal before the noble lord, who rides as "Mr. Rolly," makes his choice, and, whichever he rides, may be dangerous. Gazelle, 10 st. 9 lbs., will be scarcely able to FLUTTER home first. Chimney Sweep, 10 st. 7 lbs., may play a minor part to Rattleaway; as may also Chilblain, 10 st. 4 lbs., although it is just as likely they will all run on their merits. Miltown, 10 st. 7 lbs., is for sale; and the merits of Sparrow, 10 st. 7 lbs., Lucellum, 10 st. 6 lbs., Thyra, 10 st. 6 lbs., Grand Flaneur, 10 st. 5 lbs., and Bruce, 10 st. 4 lbs., may be lightly esteemed. Previous performances do not make the chances of Hippias, 10 st. 4 lbs., Referee, 10 st. 4 lbs., Aboyne, Shifnall, or Caradoc, 10 st. 3 lbs. each, worthy of consideration; but of Wild Monarch there are great expectations abroad, although his merits are at present unknown in England. Spray, 10 st. 2 lbs., must improve much to be able to win. And of all those which have had the minimum weight of 10 st. apportioned, we profess as much ignorance as the handicapper has done of their merits. But the "Van" driver expects our tip, and here it is, *Rattleaway*, *Regal*, and "*Rolly*"; the first and last for choice.'

And now for our theatrical parcel.

We are no great friends of burlesque and opera bouffe, as our readers know, but we think Miss Thompson's new venture of 'Piff-Paff' at the Criterion has had but scant mercy shown it at the hands of the critics, or rather, it has not had even justice dealt it. Granted that it is stupid, without a spark of humour in the conception, or the slightest approach to wit or fun in the dialogue—that its plot is without meaning, and its characters no characters at all—yet, an' please you, so much may have been said of many other pieces of a similar description that have gone before. We have been pretty well dosed with these burlesques during the last twelvemonth, and, with the exception of 'Blue Beard,' was there one that on its own merits deserved any other fate than that of being damned? An impossible plot, and dialogue to which the flatness of ditch water was sparkling, and vulgarity without alloy—all this combined formed the backbone of these productions. There was plenty of

tinsel and glitter; the world of the *corps de ballet* was ransacked for shapely figures, and, failing these, a brazen face and unlimited impudence were next in demand. And yet the critics swallowed, with some faint protests, all these camels, and have strained at the poor little 'Piff-Paff' gnat. Now we don't think this is quite fair. The whole thing is an abomination, we know; but it so happens that 'Piff-Paff' is freer from vulgarity, boasts of fewer of those whom Mrs. Brown would call 'hussies' among its *dramatis persone*, has all the advantage that clever acting can give it, and, moreover, is a marvel of colour, for in its dressing Mr. Alfred Thompson has surpassed himself. Now here is something to relieve the dullness of the dialogue, and though we may yawn, neither our ears or eyes are offended. Can that be said of anything in the opera bouffe line with which the town has been deluged for the last twelve months? Therefore again we repeat 'Piff-Paff' has not had even justice dealt it. Can it be that what we saw hinted at in the theatrical columns of a sporting paper is true—that the discomfort of the critics on the first night of 'Piff-Paff' had something to do with the colour of the ink in which they dipped their pens? Somebody had blundered, and the Joves of the press had not been provided with seats, while minor deities sat in the front rows. This was not to be borne, and so poor 'Piff-Paff' caught it over the head and eyes. It has thriven though under the punishment, and we would advise our readers to judge for themselves of its demerits.

Our readers need not hurry to hear the overture at the Strand, that is if 'Cracked Heads' is the *lever de rideau*. Parodies on successful pieces are all fair, no doubt, but they must be clever and amusing parodies; and not all the burlesque talent of the Strand can get any fun out of 'Cracked Heads.' In one single act, and that of the shortest duration, Mr. Terry, Miss Angelina Claude, and Miss Lottie Venne try their utmost, with the help of a pump and an eight-day clock, to make us laugh, but the fooling is far from admirable, and the pointless dialogue and the time-worn breakdowns make us feel very miserable. We are bound to add, though, that the audience, especially the gallery portion, laughed consumedly; so perhaps the fault lay with us, and there was fun that we failed to appreciate. We could not help feeling for some friends of ours present who had not seen 'Broken Hearts.' They sat in dumb amazement and looked at each other for an explanation of the scene. Miss Claude imitated Miss Hollingshead rather cleverly, and that is all we can say. We wish the new author, or authors, a better success in his, or their, next attempt.

We are much afraid that neither will there be any very eager hurrying to the Haymarket to see 'Anne Boleyn.' Pity that with such abilities as Mr. Taylor's, such gifts and graces of mind and thought as have given us real good dramatic work, for which we owe him a debt, he should have chosen the loves and flirtations of Anne Boleyn for a peg on which to hang a five-act drama. The more so, as he has only showed us therein the frail, passionate woman, deeply loving and (says Mr. Taylor) no less deeply wronged, while the 'gospel 'light,' &c., is only exhibited for a moment in a speech of questionable taste, but which suffices to bring down the act drop and—the gallery. Granted that Mr. Taylor's view of Anne's character is correct, is there enough in the loves of a charming coquettish beauty, the victim though she be of pitiless intriguers, to arouse the interest and sympathy of an audience? If any hearts there are at the Haymarket Theatre that beat the quicker at Anne's treatment and injuries, it is the actress under whose touch they throb, not the author, who evokes the feeling. Mr. Taylor's Anne Boleyn is deficient in character. We see her first

among the ladies of the Court a gay, sparkling girl, rising certainly to some dignity and firmness when a distasteful husband is sought to be forced on her, but with somewhat of an eye on her royal lover who is to be—then a happy bride-elect among the gardens and flowers of Hever—next a wife—and then the rapid end. But through all the five acts we fail to catch any salient point in her character; and beyond the fact that she passionately loves her husband and is a model of innocence and purity, at least as a wife, we see but little. Mr. Taylor demands our sympathies, in fact, for Anne as a deeply-injured woman; and the verdict of English history is certainly against that view. That she was more sinned against than sinning is probable; that she was a model of purity, the manners of the age and her education forbid us to believe.

Whatever popularity 'Anne Boleyn' may attain will be due to Miss Neilson. We had not seen this lady since her return from America until the other night, and we must confess she delighted and surprised us. The girlish freshness of the early scenes, the intense admiration for her royal lover, and the tragic passion she shows in her defence of Jane Seymour were all given with much power. She has indeed made rapid strides in her art since we last saw her as Amy Robsart at Leicester's feet. Of the other characters, Miss Carlisle, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mr. Howe deserve high commendation, the first named, as Jane Seymour, showing a dramatic conception with which we had not credited her; while Mr. Cecil's picture of Chapuis, the Emperor's Envoy, was perfect down to the minutest details. The play is gorgeously mounted with processions, quaint dances, costly dresses, and correct archæological display, but it is overcrowded with characters, and the story is with difficulty followed through such a mass of details.

The following was unavoidably crowded out last month:—

On December the 18th the Hambledon met at Westbury House, the seat of Mr. Lewis, where all comers were well taken care of after their morning ride to covert. Found in Henwood; went away by Duncombe over the open close to Highden, where the fox turned and took a wide ring back to Henwood, where they got upon a fresh fox and gave up. The fog was so thick they could not see half across a field. One hour, but pace all the way.—On December the 23rd the meet was at the Trooper's Inn. Found in the old warren, and they had a splendid thirty-five minutes: killed in the H.H. country, racing their fox all the way.—Monday, December the 27th, they met at Buriton. Found in New Barn Hanger; ran over the hills to Buriton, back through Ditcham, and killed at Lady Holt Park, at the end of forty minutes, and ran as if they had been tied to their fox all the way. Found again in Chalton Park; ran very fast to Hog's Lodge, by Butser Hill, back over the hills to Chalton, and whipped off at dark; the best scenting day of the year: time, fifty minutes; the hills settled most of the horses.—Friday, December the 31st, they met at Soberton Down. Found in the gorse on Stoke Down; took a turn round by Stoke Woods, then away to Droxford over the river, where three or four got in and went out of sight in a hole at the bottom of the river, but escaped with a good ducking; Mr. W. Long, on his chestnut horse, most gallantly charged it and cleared the hole. The fox passed between the kennels and the Hunt stables, over Mr. Gosling's large fields and the end of Corhampton Down into Littleton, where they killed him at the end of a capital hour. They then trotted back to the osier-bed belonging to Mr. Woods adjoining Warnford Park, which is always a sure find; they went away directly by Old Winchester Hill, skirting Moody's Hanger, by Westbury Park into the meadows, turned on the right by Duncombe to the camp

on Old Winchester Hill, headed at the bottom of the hill, turned up it to Henwood; here they were halloaed to a fresh fox, and the hounds were stopped. Verily Mr. Woods and Mr. Lewis are good preservers of the noble animal. This was a good finish for the year 1875.

The hunting in Hampshire has been like that in most other countries, stopped by frost and snow; and when the weather has been open the scent has been very variable: sometimes brilliant, sometimes so bad that it was difficult to keep the line of a fox. However, Mr. Deacon has had some first-rate runs; if anybody can show sport, he can. On January 24th the meet was Rotherfield Park; found in Stony Brow, ran by Basing Park towards Froxfield, turned and went through Gunner's plantation to Goly Wood by Inny Down, over Selborne Hill through Hartley Park, and killed in Warner's Wood (Hartley): this was a first-rate run, both as to hunting and pace.—February 5th. The meet was Upton Gray; killed the first fox in Sturts, ran the second to ground. Found again in Henwood (Herriard), ran slowly to Green's Copse on to Sturts, then fast on by Bitten Rows on towards Greywell, across the osier-bed, through Ayling and Vinney, leaving South Warnborough on the right, through Sheephouse and Highwood by Bently village, and lost by the river, near Bently Station: a good ten miles from point to point, and the ground gone over could not be less than sixteen miles.—February 8th. They met at Ropley Cottage, the hospitable residence of the Master; found and got away close to their fox from a small covert of Mr. Stacey's, ran towards Winchester Wood, Stony Brow, and was killed after a most brilliant forty minutes. A Leicestershire man who was out on that day said it was the best thing he had seen this year. Found again in Sutton Wood, ran fast to Brighton Wood, over Medstead Green, through Chawton Park, across the railway on to Old Down, and was lost close to Bishops Sutton.—Tuesday, February 22nd. Met at Hinton House; found a brace in Blackhouse, directly went away up wind to Beacon Hill; the wind being too strong for him, he turned and went to Brookwood covert, then on the right through Arnold's Copse to Lippinwood, ran round on the outside of Lippinwood, then to Sturts Copse, over the Bramdean and Petersfield road to the village of Privett, which they passed at a good pace, and killed about a mile beyond in the laurels of one of the lodges at Basing Park: time, one hour and a half.

The Hambledon have had a wonderful good season, as far as the changeable weather has allowed. On Friday, January 14th, they met at Hazleholt; a dreadfully wet morning. Mr. Wilson provided plenty to keep the wet and cold from injuring the constitution. Found in Frimp, rattled him about the covert, tried to get away to May Hill, was headed, came back to covert, then went away to Cleverley Wood, over to Sergeants and Preshaw, where they lost; found again in Bottom Copse, and killed without leaving the covert; found again in the Rectory covert, opposite Warnford Park, went away towards Exton, turned short back by Captain King's house to Brookwood covert on to Sturts Copse, when a fresh fox was halloaed away, which took them to Old Park at a great pace, then back again to Brookwood, when, getting dark, the hounds were stopped: a capital day's sport, hounds, horses, and riders having had quite enough.—Friday, January 28th. The meet was at Mr. Stratton's, Chilcombe; found in a plantation on the Winchester and Morestead road, and soon killed; found again in the laurels at Longwood Lodge, ran for eighteen minutes very fast to Durwood, had a long check, took the fox back to Longwood at a walking pace, and gave him up; found again at Preshaw, had a fast twenty-three minutes, and killed

within two fields of Lane End Farm; they trotted away to Beacon Hill and found, ran very fast for some time, and ran to ground in a hedgerow.—February 9th. Met at Shedfield Common; found in Bidenfield, ran through Hangmans nearly to the Titchfield Road, headed back and went to Fairthorn, then over the Wickham and Botley road, then over the Bishop's Waltham Road on to the covert at the back of Curdridge Church and away to Durley Wood, and ran him round the coverts and killed; time, nearly two hours. Mr. W. Long hunted his hounds in a most masterly manner. A young farmer and good sportsman who constantly hunts with the two packs remarked that the H.H. and Hambleton were better hunted by gentlemen huntsmen than by professionals, for they keep better order in the field. Two finer horse-men cannot be found than Mr. Deacon and Mr. W. Long: the former was well known in Devonshire on his famous steeplechase horse Edgar, and no man can beat him over a country; the latter is always with his hounds whatever the country may be, and any one who attempts to get before him must be in the wrong place.

We hear of good sport in the Midlands, although the weather the last month has been very catching and the going heavy; and we regret also to be obliged to notice a fracas in the Duke of Grafton's country, which at one time threatened to put an end to hunting for the season; however, the good sense of his Grace, who is absent, has prevented this, and hounds are advertised and meet as usual. That a quarrel between two men should interfere with the sport of many was too monstrous to think of, and, as a farmer quietly said, in answer to an inquiry about hounds not being advertised, 'What on earth have we to do with this quarrel? and all I can say is, that if they do not advertise they don't come over my land, and I believe I can answer for the whole district.'

We are glad to be able to give a good account of the Rufford under their new Master, Mr. C. A. Egerton. Capital sport they have had up to the present time; and though we were rather unfortunate on the two occasions we were out with them—very rough days, with a strong westerly gale that made it difficult for hounds to work—yet we saw enough to know that they are well handled, and that the Master does everything in his power to show sport. He is very keen and always with his hounds, has most popular manners, and, altogether, we think the Rufford country may be congratulated on Mr. Egerton.

We have the following from a Belvoir correspondent:—'I am pleased to tell you we have, so far, had a capital season's sport, several tremendously fast runs, and accounted for our foxes by killing or running to ground. The most recent were on the 8th inst. Met at Fulbeck Hall, and found our first fox in Captain Willson's new gorse, below Brandon; ran him by Reeves Gorse, through the Beacon covert, by Caythorpe and away over the Heath, also Normanton Heath, and ran to ground on the hillside above Carlton; time, fifty minutes. The next day met at Hose Grange; did not do much good with our first fox from Harby covert, but from Hose Thorns we ran one fifty minutes without a check, and by only a few yards our fox saved his life through Mr. Davy's artificial earth at Keywood being open. Feb. 16, met at Croxton Park; a large field; drew Coston Gorse and Spraxton Thorns: both proved blank, but a fox jumped up in the open near the latter covert; the pack quickly ran into him. Then we found another at Stoneaby Gorse, and ran him well for one hour and thirty-seven minutes, killing him in the open near Buckminster; and out of our large field there were only about

'twenty at the finish. I never saw a fox twist and turn about so much, which made it very difficult for the hounds; but they stuck to his line, and did not require much assistance from the huntsman.'

A friend of ours was out hunting with the South Devon the other day, and after a smart thirty minutes or so the fox took refuge in the Torquay cemetery. In rushed the hounds, up galloped the Master, and out came the guardian of the cemetery, an old woman. After vainly trying, *à la* Mrs. Partington and her mop, to close the gates against the tide of horse and men, she exclaimed in piteous tones, 'Oh, good gentlemen, look at the rules, look at the rules: dogs are not admitted!'

Out of a succession of fine day's sport which Squire Lowndes and his huntsman, Edmund Bentley, have been showing this season, we think we may select the runs of the 1st and of the 8th of February as the best entitled to be chronicled in the pages of 'Our Van.' On the 1st, after ripping up a weak fox in double-quick time, the Squire took his hounds to the little thorn covert planted by Baron Rothschild on the Potash Farm, Puttenham, which is well looked after by his tenant, Mr. Roberts. What a debt of gratitude fox-hunters owe to Mr. Roberts and other tenant-farmers of the Vale. Away went a three-year-old dog fox, with the hounds close at his brush, who quickly crossed the Aylesbury Railway near Thistle brook, and kept on his course over the country about midway between Wingrave and Rowsham, to Aston Abbotts, just avoiding the covert. The doubles about Norduck brought many a gallant horseman to grief, and, but for the opportune ford in the Hardwick brook, many others might not have seen the finish. After crossing the Cublington and Whitchurch road, the little Crealow brook was easily negotiated; but then came Crealow Great Ground, a mile or more all on the ascent. 'Where the deuce has my second horseman got to?' growled Mr. Golumpus, as his horse hung its whole weight upon its bit. Fortunately for the field, from this point the chase laid parallel to the Winslow road, of which all availed themselves; the great army of gap-jumpers coming to the front and going remarkably well. The hounds caught sight of their fox struggling over Mains Hill, and pulled him down in the middle of a grass field near Hogston guide-post, as clean a kill as you can see in one of the pictures in Mr. Fores's shop window. Eleven miles, from point to point, in one hour and ten minutes, without touching a covert, and only two ploughed fields in the line. The run on the 8th of February was much such another. 'It is the 'old fox!'' screamed that excellent fox-presenter, Mr. Mead, with his face beaming with delight, as a big, dark-coloured one crossed the middle of the great grazing-ground adjoining High Havens. A beautiful line he took over what Lord Southampton used to call 'the only wild country in England that is left,' making the best of his way by Dunton and Hurdlesgrove, over the Grandborough gutter, past Buttermilk Hall and North Marston, to the foot of Quainton Hill. Up to this point the fox seemed to have the Claydon Woods in his eye, but, suddenly turning to the left, he went over the very top of Quainton Hill. It was bellows to mend with the horses, for the undrained grass rode awfully deep. The hounds, however, pushed their fox past the earths, which were open upon Denham Hill, and, quickly crossing Pitchcott Hill, raced into him in the bottom beyond. Those who took the time differed as to whether it was a minute or two under or over the hour. An old sportsman from South Oxfordshire, upon a grey horse, had the best of all the young ones in this last run. The Squire gave him the brush, which he resigned to a lady. Said Bentley, in answer to an inquirer, 'What with

'the good scent, and the fine line of grass country we ran over, they were the two best runs I ever saw.'

Thursday, the 10th. The New Forest met at Ocknell Pond—the dog pack. Found in Melkam, ran very hard for one hour and fifteen minutes, and killed near Hale Park; unfortunately, coming away from Broomey, twelve couple turned back with a fresh fox, but Sir R. G. went on, with six couple racing over the hills, and was rewarded by a gallant kill and a seven-mile point. Trotted back to the Forest and met the body of the hounds and both whips, and drew again; found in Fritham Bottom at 4.40, and again a very hard run nearly the same line as the morning, and stopped the hounds at dusk, at 5.50, on the Fordingbridge Road, near Downton Common, a six-mile point. Captain Sherston, Rifle Brigade, and brother, were the only field who remained for the second run: a very severe day for horses and hounds.—Monday 14th. Brokenhurst Bridge. The bitch pack; a good deal of snow; did not throw off until 2 o'clock. Found in Mr. Morant's coverts; away very fast over the fields to Boldre village, over Beaulieu Heath, through Stockley and Frame, almost to Culverley, turned to the left over the South-Western Railway, and killed near Denny Lodge: time, fifty-six minutes, and a race all the way. The Master, Lord Percy, Sir C. de Crespigny, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Cumberbatch, and the second whip were up at the finish of this good thing.

The following misfortunes recently occurred to a very popular Q.C., well known with the — Hounds, showing how troubles never come singly:—In the first place, the learned gentleman got up at some very uncomfortable hour and presented himself at the Waterloo Station at seven o'clock, where he found he had left his purse in his chambers, and that he had only a cheque recently received, which he tendered, and, for want of current coin, had considerable difficulty in procuring a return ticket, having to deposit the cheque as a security: this was misfortune No. 1. On the journey down, his attention being attracted by something uncommon, and being of a curious turn, he looked out of the window, and thereby lost his brand-new hunting hat: misfortune No. 2. Having arrived at his friend's, well breakfasted, and got to the meet, they could not find their horses; at last a forlorn groom turned up with his host's hunter, and reported that in going through a gap the Q.C.'s horse had hung back, made his escape, and was at that moment careering over the country: this was No. 3. Ultimately he was recaptured; the learned gentleman mounted, but very shortly afterwards was told by a friend that he had lost a fore shoe: trouble No. 4. Next, how to get him shod, that was the question; countryman the first took him off to a man who was busily engaged in putting a lock on a trunk, so the Q.C. dismissed that guide with many benedictions; the trunkmaker then directed him to a man who lived about a mile and a half off, who was absent: misfortune the fifth. He was then passed on to a man whom he found at his dinner, who said he thought he had a shoe which would do, but it turned out to be a donkey's. Then he was sent on two miles farther, to a man who, in the end, really did shoe him. Then he went back to look for the hounds, which, after hacking up and down the country for miles, he found, just having killed their fox after a very good run. So pity the sorrows of this poor Q.C.!

The storm in the V. W. H. country, mentioned in our last, has not subsided with Lord Shannon's withdrawal of his resignation. It has been considered right by the Committee of the Hunt that steps should be taken to prove the identity of 'Red Coat;' and to this end, as general opinion pointed

to some member of Mr. Van Notten Pole's family, a letter was written to that gentleman. In his reply Mr. Pole indignantly denied that he or his had anything to do with the authorship of 'Red Coat's' letter. It had, however, come to the Committee's knowledge, and indeed it was admitted by Mr. Pole that Mrs. Pole had herself taken the letter in question to the office of the 'Wilts and Gloucestershire Standard'—a fact which certainly gave some colour to their suspicions, the more so as the letter was in Mrs. Pole's handwriting. That lady has written to the Committee in explanation, stating that Mr. Paul Butler called on her one day with 'Red Coat's' letter, and asked her to take it to the 'Standard' office; that as it was badly written she copied it out; and that after Mr. Butler's death (the unfortunate gentleman was killed out hunting about a month or six weeks since) she destroyed the original as well as another letter sent to her from him. This statement of Mrs. Pole's of course gives another phase to the matter, and the whole V.W.H. is in arms. It is known that Mr. Butler had openly expressed his disagreement with 'Red Coat's' letter, and, indeed, had told Lord Shannon this himself. He was a gentleman much liked and respected by every one in the hunt; and as his son is a minor, the matter has been put, we understand, into the hands of the deceased gentleman's solicitors. It is a miserable business altogether, and we are bound to add that Lord Shannon has shown an amount of thin-skinnedness, if we may coin a word, for the occasion which we should not have expected of him.

We have to lament the departure, before his time, of Earl Howe, one of the most popular men in society, and liked and respected by his neighbours, gentle and simple, in Leicestershire. He was not, perhaps, what we understand by the term 'a sporting man,' but he was fond of hunting, and liked a bit of riding when his horse and his country were to his mind. During his Mastership of the Atherstone he took great pride in his establishment, and nothing could be turned out better than everything was, from horses and hounds to boots and breeches, 'the Viscount' himself being a pattern in every respect for men to follow. He was always dressed *à merville*, and latterly would ride nothing but chestnut horses. With his accession to the title his health began to give way, and the sudden death of his only daughter about a year ago gave him but too plainly a shock from which he never rallied. In the later years of his life he took to yachting and seemed to enjoy it; but he was, after all, more at home in White's bay window, or cantering in Rotten Row, than anywhere else. One who knew George Curzon well, in his early prime, when his rooms in 'Peckwater' were the resort of a chosen company of good fellows who loved 'Blazes' for his own sake, who shared with him in many a harmless frolic, in many a Bullingdon gallop, and in many a Quintain carouse, pens these few lines in mournful memory of past days.

Lord Galway, too, has gone, but at a riper age than Lord Howe. A man of note in his generation was the Master of the Grove—a sportsman to the backbone, ever ready to come to the front in any difficulty and to give his services where they were required. He was Master of the Rufford for many years, and took the Grove when he thought, by Lord Scarborough's retirement, he might better serve the country. He was a wonderfully bold rider, and always would be with his hounds, his impetuosity sometimes putting younger men to shame. He won the liking of everybody he was brought into contact with, and few Masters of Hounds have died more regretted than Lord Galway.

Lord Exmouth too will be missed from his accustomed haunts this summer

and the Committee of Tattersall's has lost, until illness prevented his attending, one of its most active members. A kindly-hearted gentleman was the late peer, fond of racing and a good judge. He was not latterly an habitual attendant of race meetings, and with the exception of Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood, the Turf saw him rarely. Few were more liked or respected in his own circle than the late Lord Exmouth.

'Little Dan' Berkshire, the well-known huntsman of the Southwold, had been ailing a short time, and died rather suddenly at the beginning of the month, at the early age of forty-five. He was a 'cheery' little fellow and very popular. He was a native of Laverstoke, in Hants, his father having hunted Mr. John Portal's harriers, and, if I mistake not, was afterwards his coachman. 'Little Dan' began with Lord Gifford in 1847 in Hampshire, followed him into Herefordshire, and told curious stories of his Lordship's eccentricities in that country. 'The little man' came back in 1852 to the H.H. for a short time, when Mr. Pearse was Master, and then was engaged by the late Mr. Henley Greaves, than whom nobody knew better what a really good hunt servant was, and he was with him when he lived at Empsal Lodge, and assisted Lord Hawke in the Badsworth country, and followed him into Essex, where he whipped-in to that best of huntsmen, John Treadwell, whom he followed to the Quorn as first whip in 1857, when Lord Stamford was Master. He then came back to Mr. Greaves and hunted the Warwickshire. After which he went in 1861 into Devonshire, and hunted Lord Portsmouth's hounds for four seasons, then went to the Southwold. Although he was one of the very first to join the Hunt Servants' Society, he had, unfortunately, not insured for the benefit of his wife and children under the third table, whereby his widow will get nothing. This ought to be a lesson to all others to do so.—We are glad to say that this Society is making great progress. The Secretary is continually receiving fresh donations and subscriptions sent up by those gentlemen who have undertaken to act as collectors.

The sad and fatal accident that befell George Darby, 'Young George,' as he was familiarly known in Warwickshire, at Birmingham Steeplechases, has deprived the sporting world of a first-class cross-country rider, and his own immediate family and friends of one whom they loved and will much miss. The occurrence was purely accidental, his horse swerving at a fence and being cannoned against by St. Domingo, ridden by Mr. Lloyd. Both horses and riders fell, and Mr. Coupland, the Master of the Quorn, and Mr. George Darby, sen., helped to carry poor George on a hurdle off the ground. When on his way to the house he was taken to, he said, 'I am killed,' and his mouth filled with blood as he spoke. It is quite true that during the journey down to Birmingham in the train, he mentioned that he had dreamt that he should be killed—a dream that had a terrible fulfilment only a few days afterwards.

The death of poor Mr. Frederick Brockman, for thirty-eight years Master of the East Kent Hounds, has left a blank not easily filled. A more genial good fellow never existed. We remember one day out cub-hunting, when there were a lot of officers out from Shorncliffe, a fine old fox broke and went away across the best bit of country in Kent. One of the officers, who knew not Brockman, turned to him and said, 'I'll give you half a sovereign 'if you'll let the hounds go.' 'I would in a minute, sir,' replied Brockman, with perfect good humour, 'but it is as much as my place is worth.'

A modern master of hounds went to the kennel, about the annual period

when the huntsman publishes the banis of marriage between certain ladies and gentlemen under his charge, and on telling the master that he proposed an alliance between a noted line-hunter—who had often lent him great assistance, but who unfortunately had a 'stump tail'—and a very handsome 'lady,' the M.F.H. forbade the banis, and on his huntsman asking the reason, remarked, seriously, 'Why, they would all have stump tails, to be sure.' What would 'Billy' Williamson or Percy Williams think of such a muff?

There is a story told of an ex-Master of Hounds, somewhere about the Midlands, noted for an unhappy mixture of ignorance and parsimony, that we think ought to follow the above. He was one day at the kennels inspecting the puppies, just before leaving their mothers, and thus he spake:—'Hollosa, 'I ——! you have a nice lot of lap-dogs here, but I am afraid you are keeping 'them at my expense.' We need hardly say that Mr. —— was much regretted when he gave up the country.

The following anecdote of a late Carbineer, who afterwards kept hounds in Ireland, and then hunted in the Duke of Beaufort's country, is, we believe, true. Putting it mildly, he was a 'mighty archer,' and astonished his friends with the immense bangers he told. One day, a man who had hunted a good deal in Leicestershire, where our hero had not, said to his friends, 'I'll lay a trap for 'old Dick, and you will all see I'll have him.' So, biding his time and working gradually up to it, he said, 'Dick, do you know Barkby Holt?' 'Of course 'I do,' he instantly replied. 'He is one of the best fellows I ever met in my 'life.' The sell was perfect, &c., &c. For the information of our provincial readers, Barkby Holt is a noted covert in the Quorn country.

A country rector, not far from where wild deer do congregate, deals a good bit in young stock, and grazes them for profit. He had had a wrangle with the farmer two hundred yards from his own wicket-gate as to the price of two small Devons. Next day, while marrying a couple of chawbacons, and in the middle of the—to them, no doubt—interesting ceremony, he saw neighbour Brown cross the churchyard in his blouse and butcher's trim. So, begging to be excused for just three minutes, he slipped through the vestry-door round by his garden path, cut off the enemy's attack, and, with a voice all but out of breath, bellowed out, '*I'll take the bullocks at your price!*' returning in time to complete the tie which John and Mary had been checked in so unceremoniously.

Our old friend Monsieur Giglamps is not at Monaco; he has again taken to foxhunting, and we heard of him lately as careering over the Pytchley pastures, in a state of great excitement, smashing hurdles in the neighbourhood of Lilburne, and otherwise misconducting himself. Monsieur Giglamps in the Shires would afford some excellent subjects for that famous draughtswoman G. B.

We have been favoured with numerous letters in reference to the reward promised by us in the last 'Van,' for the correct description of what Maude meant when she told Reginald at the Royal Avenue Rink that 'he must not 'gamble.' Some of our correspondents, fair and otherwise, have guessed correctly; some are wide of the mark. There is a fair maid of Kent who evidently knows what 'gambling' means, but hesitates to tell. Sweet lady, will you not trust the 'Van' driver? To those gentlemen who have made correct guesses, we can only say that our prizes were offered to ladies alone.

1875

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. SAMUEL REYNELL.

MEATH, the Leicestershire of Ireland, with her grand scent-holding pastures dotted in all directions with well-stocked gorse coverts, stands unrivalled in Great Britain as the chosen home of fox-hunting; and when we remember that the fine sport which this country shows, and the improvements which have been effected in it, are mainly to be attributed to the ability and perseverance of one man, a short sketch of his career may be found of some interest to our readers. Mr. Reynell belongs to one of the oldest families in the county of Westmeath. His ancestor, Sir Richard Reynell of Pyttney, in the county of Somerset, lived in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., and during the absence of the latter monarch in the Holy Land, he was entrusted with the custody of the castles of Exeter and Launceston. From 1191 to 1194 he was Sheriff of Devonshire, where he owned large estates, but it was not until the commencement of the seventeenth century that the family settled in Westmeath.

Mr. Reynell's extraordinary keenness for sport, and the science he brought to bear in its pursuit, developed themselves almost from boyhood. He began with a pack of harriers, when, at a very early age, he learnt those lessons of patience under trial in the field for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished; and there are some who attribute the *suaviter in modo* of his maturer years to his early contact with currant jelly. In 1835 Mr. Reynell got together and became the Master of the Westmeath Hounds, which he hunted with marked success until 1842, when he was compelled to give up the country, owing to scarcity of foxes. The hounds were sold by auction in Dublin, the late Mr. Corbally, M.P. for the county of Meath—a true sportsman and a good judge of a hound—securing many of the best lots, whose descendants to this day are among the pick of the Meath hounds. Often, after an hour's steady hunting

or a rattling burst of twenty minutes, has the subject of our present sketch been heard to exclaim, with pardonable pride, 'And why 'shouldn't they be good? shure I bred them myself!' Becoming a member of the Meath Hunt in 1842, he saw the magnificent opportunities which this country presented. Meath, at this time, could barely stand five days a fortnight, and could only boast of a few gorse coverts. Setting to work with indomitable energy, Mr. Reynell started subscriptions, and never ceased until he had studded the country with gorses from the shores of Lough Sheelan in Cavan to Abbotstown, on the very outskirts of Dublin, and the country is now hunted five days a week, and could well stand a sixth. In 1852 he appeared in the character which he has since immortalised, that of Sam Reynell, Master of the Meath Hounds. It is not our intention to follow Mr. Reynell through his twenty years of brilliant performances in the field. Will Cox, Tom Matthews, and George Cox (now with Lord Eglinton) held office during his Mastership, till at length, taking the horn into his own hands, he attained, as gentleman huntsman, a degree of perfection seldom if ever met with.

The hatred, which we may suppose was felt for him by his natural but unsuccessful enemy the fox, in no way equalled the love we know was borne him by his friends and neighbours of every station, and of every creed; and when, in 1872, he resigned the hounds, deeply regretted by all, he took with him a testimonial of which any Master of Hounds might be proud.

SIRE AND SON.

FEBRUARY fill-dyke had thoroughly accomplished his aqueous mission, and each swirling watercourse and babbling runnel assumed an unwonted air of business as they hastened to 'join the brimming 'river,' waking murmurous echoes in copse and thicket, as if their channels had never lain bare and bleached under a summer's sun, with only here and there a fringe of whispering rushes to mark their winter's courses. On fallow and in furrow the dun pools rippled darkly beneath a driving wind, which, like some shrewish scold, in the intervals of railing blasts, burst into raving tones, sweeping over upland field and valley grange as if determined to find no rest until it had fulfilled its labour of washing the face of nature fresh for the smiles of spring. Here and there a wand of feathery palm, the yellow-green tassels of the hazel, or emeralds set in the grey elder's stem gave token of the advance-guard of a softer season; but overhead the low-flying clouds scudded wearily past, keeping horse and husbandman pent within homestead walls, and staying the hand of the sower from its appointed task. Only the grave community of rooks, knowing no variation from the laws and customs of their sable ancestry, strayed diligently about the skirts of forest and covert, gathering sticks towards making good dilapidations in their airy

homes, or cawed dreamily after relieving guard as sentries on the tree-top, swayed to and fro with the elmen branches. The hop-poles, clustered in sombre pyramids, showed like lines of extended skirmishers on outpost duty, or like arms 'piled' and deserted by a foraging party, unmindful of that jocund time when they shall feel the first tender embrace of the clinging bine, and mark their bare limbs festooned with clustering honours in autumn's yellow prime. All the land seemed cleaned and purified of last year's memories, and only waiting for the 'mellow equinoxes' of March, with its drying, sweetening influences. The stray dun leaves on sturdy oaks struggled manfully against a younger generation of shoots, aided by whistling gusts, but had to yield at last, tossed in the rough arms of the storm, and laid to rest among their fellows in ditch and hedge-row. Larks flew low in twittering squadrons to leeward of sheltering downs, and the shepherd's hut stood sentinel-like in the hollow, with its fleecy congregation gathered patiently around it, and voices of the fold borne fitfully on the gale. The poet's description of—

The cattle huddled on the lea,
And wildly dashed on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world,'

was fully realised, save that the transient gleams were too brief and watery for recognition, and the 'chief of the driving cloud' had power for a while to spread his leaden wings over woodland and waste. It was one of those grey, moist, blustering days which the Mynheers loved to depict with minute fidelity upon their canvas, with the sea and waves rolling muddily, and Dutch vrows, with the vaunted tricolor of Van Tromp, labouring in its yeasty trough. Not a day made to order for rambles afield among the *gravide matres* of Dewhurst, or the beauties of Buckland, but fitter for a box-to-box visitation, or a protracted audience of the Sultan and his seraglio. Like a 'watch-tower on some lonely hill' our destination looms through the misty distance, rising from its crowning cincture of evergreens; but with its southward range of boxes jealously barred against wind and weather, and with no sober troupe of elegantly-turned matrons scattered over laurel-girt inclosures, or clustered in quiet corners awaiting their summons to the high-built homestead. And not inappropriately does the hill-top hold such steeds of lofty lineage as trumpet defiantly across the stable square in the lusty spring-tide. The Scottish Chieftain rallies his faithful clans from a highland home; far and wide from yonder breezy eminence does the ever-watchful eye of the Vedette sweep ridge and plain; The Citadel is well placed on so commanding an elevation; and where better could Cecrops, founder of Athenian Acropolis, fix his perpetual home than on the airy summit whence the garden of England is seen trending away into the fair weald of Kent, and the rippling cornfields of Sussex sweep onwards to 'mingle with the bounding 'main.' We may linger in the Newcourt bay's box, listening to his owner fondly dilating upon the merits of the old Sir Hercules line,

as its elegant representative stretches forth his comely head for the other half of the apple so temptingly withheld ; we may contemplate the massive grandeur of the chestnut hero of a hundred showyards, for size and substance happily named, and to make a name ere long as a hunter sire ; we may take up the wondrous history of Vedette, his adventures and wanderings since the days when the spots of the blameless Earl knew him no more : now the Brigham Young of the Diss Agapemone, now vegetating in cold neglect, until the mighty name of Galopin caused his name to ring through the land ; but in heart we turn once more in the direction of the Chieftain's stronghold, where the bold Scot gazes round defiantly at intruders upon his solitude, his fine eye expanded to its utmost fiery limits, his delicate, velvety nostrils curled with disdain, as if Ascot ' memories linked him ' yet,' and he was once more breaking the pride of him, erst his neighbour and rival, upon whose new-made grave the first tributary leaves of winter have been shed from orchard bowers.

Ulysses-like, the Chief has known the men and manners of many countries. The ' accents of Cockaigne ' first fell upon his startled ears in the suburban retirement of East Acton ; then at Croft and Moorlands he held levees of sturdy yeomen discussing his points and performances in their broad Yorkshire dialect ; and later on, Hampshire, the land of many a trouty stream, received him fresh from his sojourn in the North. It was after the common-looking Morgan la Faye, with a sister to Marie Stuart at foot, her daughter the strapping Lady Morgan, the compact Masquerade, and sixteen-hand Lioness had averaged the magnificent sum of 1100*l.* each, that Scottish Chief came trotting down towards the sale-ring, and the hearts of Britisher and foreigner warmed towards the sherry bay son of ' Isles.' Mr. Gee's 5600*l.* bid finally settled matters, and made up the ' tottle' to 10,000*l.* for four brood mares and their handsome consort. Marie's crowning St. Leger triumph was yet to come, and on that September afternoon the Chief's fortune was made. Looking at him as he dallies with his chain and the proffered stick alternately, we note from whom his daughter inherits that superb forehand—the long, sloping, lightly-finished shoulder, grand depth of girth, and workmanlike setting on of the fore-legs. These are a study in themselves, and the charmed eye returns again and again to feast upon their proportions, after duly appraising the shapely, honest head and muscular neck, then following the line of beauty along back and over quarters such as no model can surpass. Add to this an aristocratic, dignified bearing, action sweeping and elastic, which tells its unfailing tale of robust health and light heart, and the fine nerve and temper which manifest themselves in the black-tipped ears pricked jauntily, and the full, expressive eye glancing disdainfully at disturbers of his solitary reign. Rumours come wafted from Newmarket of certain representatives among its yearling strength which shall be fought over in the July week, and the list of applications to be made at his Lord Chamberlain's office was no sooner issued than filled. Enrolled among the ' centurions,' the Chief must now hold

his own against rivals of such calibre as Blair Athol, Adventurer, Hermit, King Tom, Parmesan, Rosicrucian, Doncaster, and Cremorne; and who shall dare proclaim him unworthy of this best of all good company? There is a neat specimen of his handiwork from Violet hard by, whose filly is a bud full of promise, and the flowers of the flock are in reserve for his attentions during the season. Mandragora, with her Rataplan head and frame forged as compactly as the coil of some Woolwich infant, gazes listlessly from her box-door, carrying a precious burden to her old love Adventurer, and having happily shaken off that mass of fat which made her look even less than the 'fourteen three' she measures under the standard, and converted her into a well-to-do farmer's hackney, leading a life of ease in the intervals of market days. Agility is quite another 'sort,' but her young Palmer is spoken of as among the heads of the class at Newmarket, and again her time waxes short to the Neasham horse. Dulcibella's Parmesan filly reflected all her sire's grand quality; and it is worthy of note, and characteristic of the Rufford horse, that nearly all his stock came whole-coloured, and with especially beautiful necks, slightly arched, with fine muscle, and heads remarkably cleanly set on. Light's foal was a real credit to Cecrops; and among those matrons patiently biding their time we came across Repulse and Stockade, due to Adventurer and Parmesan, distinguished members of the Sortie family, so many of which have found a home at Dewhurst, despite the reproach of softness attaching to the blood.

Across country into Surrey, past the classic groves of Penshurst and Edenbridge, beloved resort of the curious in pretty 'bits' of colour and picturesque nooks, and we are hurried along under the long range of chalk hills from the beechen clump on the summit of which the eye, first losing itself in the blue distance, settles for a moment upon the beacon of Leith Hill, then, drawing nearer home, lights upon Buckland Church tower and, close at hand, the turret of the King's Palace, rising high above its leafy screen. Obedient to the early call of spring, flower and shrub are putting on their varied apparel, and though the blackbird's song is still herald of rain, the porous sandy soil shows no traces of the heavy shower passing away behind yonder pines, round whose feet the heather-bells are nodding saucily in the morning breeze. No wonder that the region round about is the home of many a loving disciple of his art, whose tutored fingers have learned to trace every line on Nature's face, be her mood severe or soft, and to whom the wooded dales, green lanes, and heathery uplands of Surrey afford unlimited food for pencil and pallet. The home county is as rich in resources for lovers of the horse as in varied picturesqueness of landscape, for nestling under the ridge of which Boxhill is the best-remembered feature, and on either side of it, we find Cobham, Sutton, and Buckland, while at Epsom, the Warren and the Durdans each holds its thoroughbred contingent. The lover of such quiet paths and byways as lead from one stud-farm to another could while away a week upon wheels

pleasantly enough, with note-book instead of sketch-book in hand, making Guildford a starting-point, and working his way past Thunderbolt's retreat to the Stud Company's headquarters and outlying pickets on the banks of Mole; thence through Leatherhead, sacred to the memories of John Scott and his Derby strings, making a detour to the nurseries of the downs, and back again over Walton Heath, descending the sharp gradients of Pebble Hill into the valley whose country roads and breezy commons are haunted by the Forest King.

The order of Foresters is not as yet a very ancient one, nor has their mettle been tried by a public appeal to arms, but Mr. Merry's prediction at Doncaster to his new owner, that the little horse would be sure to get good stock, has, so far, been borne out by appearances. Nor was the compliment paid by the Master of Russley to The King a mere empty recommendation; for Sunshine, Crocus, and Necklace had been his portion on starting in life; and, in addition to Mr. Gee's good word, Virtue and Rupee were a pair of Dewhurst beauties not to be thrown away upon some mere casual in the list of sires of the season. Now we are among the first-fruits of his reign at Buckland, whose half-score of yearlings is made up by a brace of browns sprung from his old Derby rival, the shapely Favonius. Bangle and Our Mary Ann are dams of this light, elegantly-moulded pair; and, so far as we have seen, the Mentmore chestnut has stamped these characteristics upon his stock, which will 'cast their beavers into the ring,' with Mr. Tattersall as referee, for the first time this season. The young Foresters are cast in more substantial mould and bear the strong impress of their sire in every point, upholding the family colour of bright bay, with here and there an argent star or stocking, and inheriting the graceful quality and fiery, elastic bearing which made Lord of the Isles a picture never to be forgotten by those who saw him canter down to meet St. Hubert on the Guineas afternoon of '55. For size and power Crucifixion's colt must bear away the bell; for length, commend us to Atonement's contribution; for action, to Battaglia's; for compactness, to Penelope Plotwell's; for precocity, to the Acropolis filly. But nothing, to our eye, is so beautifully turned, so full of level symmetry and surpassing quality as the young Lady Chesterfield. From 'old Vulcan's' dam we are shown a raking, bony filly 'hard as the forger of the Thunderbolt himself, and we linger lovingly over half-brother to Rosy Cross, as he ambles inquisitively up to make our acquaintance. A three months' ripening process will send them forth in sleek array to part company in the July week; and if the great expectations formed concerning a certain 'mighty hunter' at Russley should be happily fulfilled, they need have no fear of that awful 'take him away' sentence which has fallen on many a rejected one, as he circled mournfully, seeking in vain for a starting bid.

Up the lane come clattering in single file a string of natives and strangers, whose names are upon The King's roll-call: Crucifixion, whose hour of trouble is close at hand; Acropolis, with more of

Stockwell than of Newminster about her, striding jauntily along side by side with the lengthy Inquisition; Lady Chesterfield, the very pink of neatness and elegance, and a bevy of well-bred 'novices' bringing up the rear. Doncaster, Favonius, and Carnival have attracted a considerable following from among the Buckland contingent; and hard by, in the roomiest of boxes, we may look in upon Tisiphone, intent on watching the gambols of a new-born sister to Coronella, or pay a visit of inquiry to the massive Penelope Plotwell, where she jealously keeps guard over the sturdiest of 'coming K's.' Heath House, the Stud Company, Dewhurst, and establishments of lesser note are duly represented here; but, though all existing accommodation has been utilized, there is none of that over-anxiety to court the 'nimble ninepence' which exhibits itself in making every hole and corner available for strangers within the gates. The latter, once admitted, become members of the family, and are treated accordingly—a practice we heartily commend to those short-sighted enough to draw the line between themselves and their neighbours, thus losing the chance of again entertaining the aliens they are so anxious to attract. Valuable mares sent empty away are not the best advertisements for stallions; hence we find owners naturally preferring to keeping their pets 'at home,' to forming alliances however distinguished at some crack's headquarters notorious for its 'doubtful crumbs' and careless supervision.

But a springing stride is echoing down the laurel-cinctured path, heralding The King's progress towards his morning parade-ground in front of the mansion. Round and round the gravelled sweep he moves airily, arching his gleaming crest, and tossing his beautiful taper head, as he plays with bit or chain, on the look-out for apples proffered by fair hands on hall doorstep. With pricked ears and approving neigh he halts midway in his round, and advances in quest of his rosy dole. His large full eye gleams with anticipated pleasure, and curling a fastidious nostril, he gracefully bends towards the outstretched hand a nose as soft and velvety as the white palm itself. While thus engaged you may leisurely trace The King's fine proportions, marking more especially the fine slope of shoulder, depth of girth, and power distributed over as symmetrical a frame as ever delighted a connoisseur's eyes. Like his sire in one or two points easily discernible, and in general character, but differing in other respects. Rather shorter on leg is the son, with more sloping pasterns, and forehand diversely moulded, but with the same short strong back, muscular quarters, and hocks let down closely to the ground. Height, 15 hands 3 inches; girth, 6 feet 3 inches—it is here that the tape tells its tale; and the length detracts from the height until we stand fairly up to his withers. Now, as he starts for his morning's walk, we can mark the ease and elasticity of gait and truth of movement, which brooks no crossing of legs or twisting of ankles, but sets down hind-foot in advance of, but in direct line with, its leader in action.

Numerous as are the representatives of the great Touchstone line, its 'Isles' branch is one of those which we could least afford to

spare, combining as it does with its own stoutness the beauty and grace which are distinguishing attributes of the Pantaloon family. Dundee's early promise has been sadly discounted, and though Marksman not unworthily reflects his sire's worth, the erratic though magnificent chestnut has long since been lost to the land of his birth. In Derby honours the family have been singularly unlucky; for while Dundee and his son could only achieve the barren honours of a second place to Kettledrum and Hermit, by a similarly perverse fate The Lord, The Chieftain, and The King have had to rest contented with the humbler distinctions of third places, albeit to such mighty men of valour as Wild Dayrell, Blair Athol, and Favonius. The hands to be next dealt out by Dame Fortune to this line may be full of honours, but the chance as yet appears to hang by a single thread, which envious fate may haply hasten to divide. The thorough gameness and stamina of the tribe have been well and truly tried, and if they cannot boast of those ample proportions which contribute towards the make-up of the proverbial 'great slashing horses' of apocryphal renown as sires, their quality and neatness go far towards redeeming their reproach as Davids of the Turf. The conviction is gradually forcing itself upon breeders that our most successful stallions of the present day are not to be reckoned among the Goliaths courting public patronage, but should rather take rank in the division of which Hermit, Parmesan, Adventurer, and Rosicrucian are the leading types. And as the sire we have noticed has recently by common consent been permitted to rank with these worthies, so let us hope that a similarly glorious destiny is in store for his son.

AMPHION.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

BY R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON.

SPRING! I will give you the reason in rhyme
Why for hunting I hold it the pleasantest time,
When the gorse 'gins to blossom, the hazel to sprout,
When Spring flowers and Spring captains together come out.

When with smiles and with sunshine all nature looks gay,
When the fair one, equipped in fresh hunting array,
No splash of mud dirt to encumber the skirt,
Though no fox should be found, may find leisure to flirt.

When assured of success, ere the steeplechase day,
Jones writes to his tailor imploring delay,
When the silk jacket wins he will pay for the pink,
Is the promise, when written, worth paper and ink?

November's young fox, as yet timid and shy,
O'er a country unknown will scarce venture to fly;
One spared through the winter to wander astray,
Leads the pack stoutly back to his home far away.

Chilled by checks and wrong casts, which the scurry impede,
You may chance in December to lose a good steed ;
And what rider unvex'd can his temper restrain,
Urging home a tired hunter through darkness and rain !

Trotting homeward in spring on the hope we rely
That we reach it ere dark with our hunting coat dry ;
The horse undistressed by the work he has done,
The rider well pleased with his place in the run.

This world, can it show such a picture of woe
As a frozen-out Master imprisoned in snow ?
His feet on the fender he rides his arm-chair,
Even ' Baily ' avails not to soothe his despair.

Old steeds there may be, showing signs of decay,
Lagging last in the field where they once led the way,
With the glory o'er-burthen'd of gallops bygone,
Less of spring in their action as Spring cometh on.

Good sport with good cheer merry Christmas may bring,
But the joy of all joys is a gallop in spring,
By the thought, when a brook we encounter made bold,
That the stream is less rapid, the water less cold.

When each cheer is by song of sweet birds echoed back,
Their music a prelude to that of the pack ;
When clouds soft and southerly streak the blue sky,
When the turf is elastic and scent is breast high.

Pleasure's sweetness, says Moore, is so slow to come forth,
That ne'er till it dies do we know half its worth ;
What the joy which first welcomes the sport when begun,
To the keenness inspired by the season's last run !

POSTSCRIPT.

Exceptions there will be, and Spring, as we know,
On her face will sometimes wear a mask of white snow,
A note of this fact we may henceforth affix
To March eighteen hundred and seventy-six.

Such grieves us the more, since to visit our shore
And to share in our sport, a fair Empress came o'er ;
Still, howe'er chill and cheerless our climate this year,
Warm hearts are not wanting to welcome her here.

Oft again may her presence our hunting field grace,
When Spring more invitingly smiles on the chase ;
Well indeed in that sport may all England take pride,
Which can lure such a guest here a-hunting to ride.

FOX-HUNTING REMINISCENCES OF HERTS.

I HAVE been a fox-hunter now for forty-six years, and as I kept notes during the whole time of every day's doings, I thought that a few extracts might amuse my brother sportsmen.

I began to hunt just when Lady Salisbury gave up the hounds, which she had kept for some years. Bramingham, a famous covert, was her favourite meet, and whenever the hounds met there, she always went over-night to Mr. Hale's, at King's Walden, and slept there, to be ready for the next morning. But things had been carried on very slackly for some time past, as you may collect from the following anecdote told me by the late Lord Salisbury. They had lost their fox somewhere near Batch Wood at about 2 P.M., and Lord Salisbury rode up to the huntsman and said, 'Trot on to Gorhambury and draw Pré Wood.' When he piteously answered, 'Oh, pray don't, my Lord! for we shall find a fox that will take us the Lord knows where!'

With such want of energy you may suppose that the sport latterly was very meagre; and Lady Salisbury gave up her hounds and made them a present to the country—not a very valuable gift, but it formed a nucleus for a pack; and in the lot there were two very good dog hounds, Hymen and Hardiman, who were kept on for some years. Mr. Sebright took the reins of office, a kennel was built at Kennesbourne Green, and Bob Oldaker was huntsman. Mr. Sebright was the only son of Sir John, who was an eccentric character. He was a wonderful breeder of animals of all sorts, hounds large and small, dogs, poultry, &c., and was very clever in teaching dogs tricks at cards. When Gully and Gregson were to fight for the championship, he offered the use of his park at Beechwood to the P.R. fraternity, so that they might have it comfortable. The battle was fought there, and Gully won easily, I believe, in two rounds. Sir John was M.P. for the county of Herts for many years.

Bob Oldaker was a rare man across country, and, I should say, a good huntsman, as he generally accounted for his fox and showed good sport. The Rev. Charles Delmé Radcliffe of Holwell, a first-rate sportsman, had a very high opinion of Bob as a huntsman; and I have several sketches by him of Oldaker, on his favourite horse Prime Minister, now hanging up in my study. But Oldaker was of a convivial turn and lived pretty freely, and he frequently met his hounds on their way to the meet, after a night's carouse at some neighbouring farmer's. How long his nerves could have stood that ordeal I know not, as the poor fellow's life was cut short. He was upset in a gig coming home from the Ware races and broke his thigh, which could not be set, and it killed him.

Mr. Sebright was a good breeder of hounds, and soon got together a fair pack, but he was never keen as a sportsman. I remember him one day at the covert-side while his hounds were drawing, the wind,

a keen north-east, blowing, with sleet, in our faces, exclaiming, as he rubbed his hands together to keep in the caloric, 'Well! if this 'is pleasure, what is pain?' However, he kept the hounds some years and showed sport.

With this slight exordium, now to our narrative, verbatim, from the diary; and if in these accounts there should appear to be some egotism, I trust that it may be pardoned. I never had more than two hunters and a jumping hack, but with these I managed to see a deal of sport. I beg to state, that wherever I mention myself as being well-carried, I am desirous of my horse having the credit, and not any praise to myself. The diary was always entered either the day of, or the day after, the hunt, and is perfectly truthful and without the least exaggeration as to time or distance.

'1831. *December 23.*—With Mr. Sebright's hounds. Met at Marshals Wick. Found in a small gorse directly, ran through Kinder's Gorse, across No Man's Land over the river Lea, close to Wheathampstead; skirted Brocket Hall, bore to the left and ran through Lamer Park, again crossing the Lea higher up, through Symonds Hyde and into a drain at Marshals Wick, where we left him. Scent rather catchy. The first twenty minutes very fast; a good hunting ring of upwards of two hours.

'1832. *January 20.*—With Mr. Sebright's bitch pack. Met at Bramingham. Very foggy and white frost; did not throw off till half-past eleven. Found immediately in the Bramingham covert; ran straight through the Bedfordshire Bottoms on to Red Hill Furzes, four miles beyond Toddington, in an hour. Here a check, just where I got a heavy fall over a stile, my horse being blown. Hit him off, and had very good hunting through Flitten and Tigriff on to within a mile of Woburn, the Duke of Bedford's. Plenty of brooks in this country, and many people in them. Then back straight to Bramingham, the hounds being close at their fox, when he again gallantly faced the open, but, finding himself beat, he ran a ring of twenty minutes as hard as hounds could race, and they ran into him close to where found in the morning. This was a very fine run, as it is at least twenty-three miles on the map.

'*Monday, January 30.*—Bitch pack again. Met at Eaton Green. Found in Cockernhostleys; away to Winch Hill Wood, through Husk Wood, skirted Newness to Rose Grove to the Hoo, without a check, in fifty-five minutes, and ran into him. This was very fast. The Rev. Johnes Knight had a fall: he was not much hurt. He was a fellow of All Souls and vicar of Welwyn, and must at that time have been close upon seventy years of age. He was a rare old sportsman, and very particular as to his dress and the turn-out of his horse, &c. I shall probably have to mention him again. Found again in Hitch Wood, ran by Almshoebury nearly to Knebworth, where he turned to Wain Wood, then to the left to King's Walden, on to Offley Park, to Welbury, through Tingley Wood to Oughton Head. Here whipped off at 5 P.M. at dark, all horses being beat, and left out at different

‘places. A very hard day. As my old friend Philip Honeywood used to say, “Everything tired *except the fox!*”

‘*February 3.*—Met at Colney Chapel. Drew Messrs. Mason and Phillimore’s blank, and Combe Wood. Found directly in Mimms Wood, and ran one hour and a half, without a check, over a grass country, very heavy, and strong fences, without touching a covert, and back to Mimms Wood and changed, and whipped off. No horse could have gone more than a quarter of an hour more. This was the dog pack.

‘*February 13.*—Dog pack. Met at Hatfield Woodside. Drew Miller’s Park and Hatfield coverts blank. Found in Symmonds Hyde; ran through Dowdells and Mr. Dering’s to Pryor’s Wood in fifty-four minutes, fast, without a check; he broke from Pryor’s Wood, but we could not make anything of him, and lost.

‘*February 15.*—Bitch pack. Met at the kennel at Kennesbourne Green. A frost, so threw off late. Drew Flamstead Bury Springs and Halsey’s Gorse blank. Found at Beechwood; ran to Ravensdale, to Little Geddesden, across Hudnall Common, across Sir Astley Cooper’s park by Box Moor; turned at Shenditch, in Buckinghamshire, and went on to Berkhamstead Common, and whipped off the hounds, still running, at a quarter past 6 P.M.; quite dark. A beautiful hunting run.

‘*February 17.*—Dog pack. Met at Hexton, which we drew blank. Found at Bramingham; ran to Luton Park, six and a half miles, in twenty-five minutes. Changed foxes in Luton Park, ran up to King’s Walden by Bisket, and killed at Mr. Hibbert’s, East Hide, in one hour and fifty minutes. This was a good hunting run.

‘*February 28.*—Bitch pack. Met at Offley Park. Found, and ran for a quarter of an hour; slow hunting up to Offley churchyard, where the fox waited for us; he then turned back, and we were close at him, and he ran, leaving Tingley Wood on his right, straight over the Bedfordshire Bottoms to Wrest Park without a check, very fast, in fifty minutes. We then had an hour’s slow hunting and ran him into a drain, halted and killed him. The fifty minutes were remarkably fast, and the fencing very stiff. The Rev. F. Sullivan went out-and-out well on a black horse, which, I think, he afterwards sold to the Marquis of Abercorn. Mr. Sullivan was a heavy-weight, but a fine horseman; and in this run, I remember, he got into a line of stiles, which he hopped over like a bird.

‘1832. *December 7.*—With Mr. Sebright’s dog pack. Found at Sherrards; away fast, with a good scent, for twenty minutes, to close to Panshanger, where he turned, and hounds hunted well for forty minutes, when they got upon better terms, and being close at him, ran very fast over an open country for forty-five minutes, and killed him at Broadwater, in the middle of a field, whilst he was going up the hedge-green.’

At this time I was a good deal from home, as it was an object for

me to reside on my fellowship at Oxford ; but when I did hunt, it was generally with Mr. Sebright.

‘ 1833. *December 24.*—Mr. Sebright’s dog pack at Chiltern Green. Found in Hurst Wood ; hunted him for fifty minutes close up to the Hoo, and a ring back to where found ; then away in direction of Luton Park. Here a longish check, but we got up to him and ran him fast through the Luton coverts, and had a very fast ring of forty minutes, and ran into him up a hedgerow. A first-rate finish from scent to view.

‘ 1834. *January 6.*—Mr. Sebright’s bitch pack at Langley Bottom. Found directly in Almshoebury Wood ; a ring for thirty minutes, fast, and killed. Found again in Hitch Wood ; went up the covert, then to the right straight away, very fast, through West Wood and on to Offley Park and on to the other side of it, in forty-eight minutes, without a check, pace very good ; but here lost. This last burst was the best I have seen this season. In this run the Rev. Charles D. Radcliffe had a very bad fall, and I do not think that he ever quite got over it. He did not hunt much after this, and became a martyr to gout, which in a few years killed him. He left a large family ; and his eldest son is heir-presumptive to Henry Delmé, the Squire of Cams, in Hampshire, whose sister was Charles Delmé’s wife.

‘ *January 13.*—Bitch pack. Met at Hexton ; trotted to Bramingham, found and went away close at him for twelve minutes to Heatley, through the covert and away the other side, with the hounds close at him, across the open at a tremendous pace for five miles, in thirteen minutes, to Barton Leet, where they ran into him at the bottom of the open covert, without a check.

‘ 1834. *December 5.*—With Mr. Sebright at Cheverell’s Green. Found at Beechwood ; ran twice round the covert, then away to Deadmondsy, through it and away for thirty-two minutes, very fast, without a check, over the Dunstable line, and ran into him in the open.

‘ 1835. *January 13.*—Cheverell’s Green. Found at Beechwood ; away to Deadmondsy, round the covert and away to Kensworth Church, leaving it on our right ; crossed the Dunstable road by Carrington Bury through Onions to Stockwood. Here a check, then slow hunting round Luton Park, and killed him under the bridge. George Webb of Beaumont Hall had a very bad fall this day just as the hounds were coming away from Deadmondsy.’

At this time I took my two horses to the North and had three weeks’ hunting with the Belvoir, then under the management of Lord Forester, and had very good sport—one day in particular, which I must chronicle, as I think it was the cleanest run I have ever seen in my life.

‘ *February 15.*—As the hounds were going to draw Coston Gorse, a shepherd told Lord Forester that he had seen a fox a short time ago trotting about in the field. Lord Forester ordered Goosey

‘ (the huntsman) to lay the hounds on. They feathered for a short time and then hunted slowly a ring to Coston town. Here they set-to to run very fast to Sproxton Thorns, leaving them on our left, through Stonesby Spinney, leaving Stonesby Gorse on our left, to Waltham town, through Caldwell to Wickham. Here a very slight check; then on to Scalford Bogs, leaving Scalford town on our left, pointing for the Vale, leaving Piper Holes considerably on our right, nearly up to Clawson Thorns, and between Clawson Thorns and Holwell Mouth; they ran from scent to view, and catching sight of him in a large grass-field, gaining on him every stride, ran into him when about three parts across it. Almost the whole was grass. The run was nine miles from point to point; as we ran it, twelve and a half, in one hour exactly.’

My horse carried me wonderfully well. He was a chestnut I had bought of Mason, but he had very brittle feet and was constantly being lame. I rode him for three seasons and then sold him for a good price—a little more than I gave. He ran and won two or three steeplechases in the name of Red Rover, and at last became the confidential conveyance of Mr. Elmore the horse-dealer, in whose hands he died.

February 18.—I returned into Herts and finished the season with Mr. Sebright, but I had nothing particular to chronicle. This year (1835) was Mr. Sebright’s fourth season as Master. He had lost poor Bob Oldaker by the accident which I before mentioned, and he had secured the services of Henry Oldaker, his brother, who originally whipped-in to Tom Oldaker, their father, with the Berkeley Hounds; but Henry had not the dash or energy of Bob, and the sport consequently fell off, and at the end of the season Mr. Sebright gave up the hounds; and as they were the property of the country, they were handed over to F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, the Squire of Hitchin Priory, who consented to hunt the country.

Thus Mr. Sebright hunted the country for four seasons. I never saw him again in the hunting field. He went abroad and married, and on the death of his father, Sir John, he became Sir Thomas, and resided at the family seat at Beechwood. He took great interest in farming, and took a considerable quantity of land into his own hands and set up steam-engines. He also went in for baking on a large scale, endeavouring to undersell the bakers, and his yellow tax carts were constantly to be seen travelling about the country. This last performance did not increase his popularity. His wife lived but a few years, but left him a son, the present Sir John Sebright. *‘Laudator temporis acti.’*

IN 'THE FOREST.'

A WORLD of giant oaks and green glades, of broad spaces where the glades meet in what is called in some parts of the Eastern counties 'a four-want way;' a world of mossy turf, broken occasionally by open tracks of broom and heather, of hill and dale, with patches of cultivation sometimes approaching the dignity of a farm. A beautiful world in spring and summer time, and when

'Yellow autumn weighs the year;'

beautiful even now in wintry barrenness. Especially an old world; one that recalls mediæval days, and brings back to the mind's eye the time when Norman kings hunted and Plantagenet kings held parliaments within its boundaries, and when those boundaries extended from Nottingham Castle to Doncaster town—the world of 'merrie Sherwood.'

I hope there are many English people as ignorant as was myself, until a few weeks since, of how much of the old forest still exists. Perhaps some of my readers may have seen that sandy desert close to Nottingham, on which more or less distinguished thoroughbreds twice a year disport themselves, and where the gambols of the 'lambs' of the locality form an attraction in themselves. They may have heard it called 'the forest,' and carried away with them a rather depressing idea of its 'merry' qualities. But let them shake off the sand from their feet, turn their faces northward, and, leaving Newark spire behind them, make for the gables of Rufford Abbey—the Rufford of Mr. Savile and Cremorne—and there before them will lie what is left of the grand old forest—the forest of legend and song; the shades whereof are peopled with a thousand memories of the 'lytell gestes of Robyn Hood;' the woods through which rode Robyn's hereditary foe, 'the proud sheryf of Notyngnam;' the spots where he ate the king's venison, and aided by

'Lytell John, the good Scathelock,
And Much the miller's sonne,'

robbed mitred abbot and belted knight with strict impartiality; and then, unless they be of mind and heart unsympathetic and hardened, some of the poetry of the locality must creep into them, and they will be inclined to give credence to the old ballads, and believe in the imaginary beings who lived, loved, fought, and feasted in merrie Sherwood.

But these be old tales, and I must bury the dead past in front of Clipstone School-house on a certain blustering morning last month, when the Rufford met for a day in the forest. An old pack is the Rufford, for there were kennels and hounds close to the abbey in the days of Charles II., and here too would that estimable monarch come and favour Lord Halifax with his company, in all probability

hunting the stag where to-day Mr. Egerton and Gosden hope to find a fox. The meets of the Rufford are not large. This happy country boasts no fashionable watering-place, whence issue awful swells be-Pooled, be-Pealed, and be-Standished to ride over the hounds, d—n the huntsmen, and tender the minimum subscription (fortunate if they give even that) to the secretary. There are few or no strangers. Sheffield may perhaps furnish a hard-riding sportsman now and then, but as a rule a little band of brothers meet at the covert-side, and squire and farmer know and are known. A charming country—I should say emphatically a gentleman's country. Not one that a hard and thrusting rider would select, and they would probably sneer at it at Barkby Holt or Kirby Gate. The forest is very delightful to ride in, but it is difficult to get away from, and elsewhere there are big woods through which it is a hard matter to push a fox. But all countries have their drawbacks, and big woodlands are not alone the feature of the Rufford. The meet is a very pretty one—a stately semi-Elizabethan school-house on the summit of a hill, with broad slopes of turf in its front and rear, and the forest all around it. I think happy ought to be the scholars in such a case, though I am at the same time somewhat puzzled to account for the fly-in-amber situation of the school. How the d— did it—But here is Mr. Egerton, the new Master, and here are Gosden and the hounds. Here too is a figure well known A.F. and on the R.M., and Mr. Savile gives me courteous greeting to Nottinghamshire. Why do my thoughts immediately revert to the Lincolnshire Handicap? Just now they were divided between Leicester (my horse) Parliament Oaks, and a contested election, about which I hear a good deal. Now they are off at a tangent to that sloppy, dirty, straight mile on which the towers of Lincoln Minster look down. But a move is made, and away trots Gosden with the hounds down one of the broad rides; we cross the road, and are again on the springy turf of the forest. I am splendidly mounted, for I am staying with a friend, himself a past Master of the Rufford, who has nothing but first-class horses in his stable. Leicester is,—well,—say a middle-aged gentleman's horse, a gentleman himself, and with the manners of one; somewhat inclined to pull at you in the first burst, but amenable to reason and conforming to your views long before the day is over. There are steeds of name and fame in his stable, and my host is on an Islington prize-winner to-day, Chief Constable, a grand weight-carrier, as they are all.

But there is a whimper as we are cantering up one of the broad rides, and a 'halloo' on our right sends us galloping down another. There is not very much scent, however, and in another ten minutes or so we are again in front of the school-house, with the hounds at fault. But no lack of foxes in this country, and we trot on to one of the Rufford coverts, and again do no good. More than one fox is afoot, and a fine dog one breaks close under Leicester's nose at a corner of Culloden Wood, but the hounds make nothing of him. There is a pretty find about a quarter of an hour later in some gorse,

through which the hounds press him gallantly; and Mr. Egerton and Gosden, at the risk of a nasty fall—for the place is mined, not with rabbit-holes, but pits—are in the midst of it. Fortunately there are no croppers, however. But again the scent fails, and though blood rewards them later in the day, it is a chopped fox that gives it to them.

I could dwell longer on my forest theme, but space and my reader's patience warn me to hold hard. I could speak of Rufford and its equine treasures—Cremorne, Parmesan, and brood-mares not to be surpassed. Young stock, too, among them an own sister to Cremorne, handsome enough to carry the yellow-and-scarlet to the front as often as did her distinguished brother. The stately pile of Thoresby, the roof-tree of the Pierreponts, with its forest surroundings, beautiful to behold, I could tell about; but as Doncaster—they called it 'Dankastere' in those days—was once the termination of Sherwood, it shall be mine now. I performed a pilgrimage to that shrine, but it was, I regret to say, not entirely unconnected with Doncaster Steeplechases, a sport of which Robyn Hood I think would hardly have approved. However, St. Aubyn won, that was some comfort. But I am straying out of the record into that dreadful racing. Let me only add here how much I enjoyed my week in 'the Forest,' how pleasantly my lines were cast, how pleasant the memories I retain.

J. C. C.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XXV.

A KEEN, pitiless north-easter, but happily two degrees above the freezing-point, had been blowing steadily for some days over the flooded vale of the Cherwell; and, although under its drying influence the waters had subsided considerably, and were again fast retreating within their natural bounds, the country on every side lying between Gossford Bridge and Bicester remained still in a state of swamp, exhibiting on the lower land many a shallow lake of diminutive and grotesque appearance, and on the higher ground a surface of clay, strong and holding as pitch itself. The country, however, was now fairly huntable; and scent proving breast-high during the prevalence of this steady weather, a fox found at Bletchington, and crossing the vale in the direction of Gravenall, needed all his legs to bring him safely even to that covert, where, with a turn of luck in his favour, he might rake up a less fortunate brother to take his place and bear the brunt of the sylvan war.

At that time the Mostyn Hounds were probably the fastest in England, and stout, indeed, they need have been to kill the wild foxes bred in that heavy and strongly-fenced clay district, extending from Marsh Gibbon, in Oxfordshire, to the Clayton Woods, near Buckingham. Great, too, was the fame of their huntsman, Tom

Wingfield, who, as a judge of hounds' work, was considered quite equal to his noted predecessor, Stephen Goodall; while the latter, as a horseman, from his unwieldy weight, could never have held a candle to Tom, than whom a more thrusting, determined rider never crossed a country.

Frank had now been a month at Oxford, and yet, much as he had heard of this pack and their doings, it so happened that circumstances over which he had no control had hitherto frustrated every plan he had made for seeing them. Twice a week, however, had he contrived to air his new purchase with the Old Berkshire and a pack of fast harriers kept by a wealthy brewer in the immediate neighbourhood; and although, when pressed by other horses, The Ferryman took the bit between his teeth and almost pulled Frank's arms off, he scarcely ever made a blunder at his fences, taking double post and rails in his stride and topping the quicksets as if he meant flying into the next parish. On one remarkable occasion, when the hounds met at Lew Heath, and ran their fox as if they were glued to him, from that covert to Long Handborough, Frank and his friend Lloyd Price, afterwards surnamed 'the Black Captain,' from the colour of the coat he so often carried to the front, were the only two out of a large field that really enjoyed the cream of that run from first to last.

So far, therefore, Frank had reason to be well satisfied with the result of his bargain.

'Sir Thomas meets at Chesterton to-morrow, Potts; so get 'breakfast ready directly after chapel, and lay for ten,' said Frank, addressing his scout, who at that moment had entered his rooms.

'Yes, sir; beef-steak and oysters, ham and eggs, devilled kidneys 'and anchovy toast, from Cox's, as usual, I suppose, sir?'

'With coffee, of course, to any amount; and, Potts, don't forget 'to order two tankards of swig and one of proof from the buttery. 'When there's a good fox afoot, it's wonderful, Potts, what a 'charge or two of jumping-powder will do for a fellow who can't go 'a yard without it; makes a man of him at once; shoves him along 'and keeps his horse's head straight at everything.'

'So I've heard, sir; but Mr. Price, the fellow, says *you* don't 'want no such priming,' replied the wily scout, who, for a master so given to hospitality, had a word of flattery always ready at the tip of his tongue. He then vanished to execute the orders Frank had given him.

The next morning, cold and cheerless as it broke over the dark walls of St. Columb, a goodly muster of undergraduates might have been seen emerging from all quarters of the college in answer to the noisy, jingling summons of the chapel bell; some, indeed, by their haggard looks and blood-shot eyes, gave plain token of prolonged wassail and short rest, as they hurried across the quadrangles, dragging on their gowns or their surplices in the utmost confusion; while a few, and a few only, of a very different stamp—the steady men of the college—appeared to be going to their devotional duties

with as much earnestness and solemnity as if, on a Sabbath morn, they were wending their way to their own parish church.

Had the keen eye of the officiating dean been able to penetrate the white flowing vestments of many of his congregation on that raw morning, he would have discovered beforehand, but probably not with surprise, that they at least were not likely to attend a single college lecture for that day; in fact, that, being habited in pink, and booted and spurred for the chase, they were prepared to cultivate 'the noble science,' under the cheery tutelage of Tom Wingfield, in preference to the science of Aristotle, or any other philosopher, under the snarly guidance of a college don.

But the very fact of their being in attendance at early chapel, indicating, as it did, a desire on their part to conform to the discipline of the college, would be alone sufficient to disarm the dean, and dispose him to regard the 'cutting of lectures' as a very mild and amenable offence. Indeed, regularity in that respect alone has pulled men through many an ugly scrape—men whose habits in every other way had been most irregular, and who would probably have been rusticated, or even expelled, but for this salutary attention to morning chapel. It would be invidious to say that devotion was not, as it should have been, the first object of the authorities in attaching so much importance to this rule; but, certainly, the moral object of getting men to quit their nocturnal orgies and betake themselves early to bed was a feature strongly intended by that requirement; though, in the heavy drinking bouts of those nights, it may fairly be doubted if it ever shortened a symposium even for the brief period of a single minute.

Long before the rest of the party entertained by Frank had finished their breakfast rose Lloyd Price to depart, it being his usual practice to ride his hunter gently on, instead of hacking it to covert. Among nine others, all sporting pink, he alone had appeared in a black coat, the sombre hue of which, however, was amply compensated for by the well-cleaned boots and faultless leathers that adorned his lower limbs.

'It's a short ten miles to the meet,' he said, buttoning up his square-cut, double-milled hunting-coat over his well-developed chest; 'so I'll jog forward, and you'll overtake me, I daresay, long before I reach Chesterton.'

'Very likely,' replied Frank, 'provided you stick to the road; but across country, with a flying fox and a start of only half a minute in your favour, you'd be bad to catch, sir, by the best man alive.'

The hall clock had already struck ten, and Price had been gone nearly an hour, before the hacks were all mounted at the back gates of the college walls. A leggy, weedy lot they looked at the best of times; but now, barely clad with a loose rug, and led slowly to and fro by their several grooms, the cutting north-easter, driving directly down the lane, had made every hair on their thin skins stand on end, stiff as those of a blacking-brush. So gingerly, too, was their action over the hard stones, that a spectator watching them could scarcely

fail to be reminded of the King of the Amalekites when, anticipating the cruel fate that awaited him, he came forth 'delicately.' They seemed to treat the hard street stones as tenderly as if they were stepping on eggs. But, though now so apparently decrepit, once set a-going over the softer high roads, and their blood fairly warmed, they became rapidly metamorphosed into flying phantoms; and the spectator, viewing them halfway to covert on the Gozzard Flat, would be scared to see them travelling *ventre-à-terre* and tearing madly at their bits; and he would be a good judge indeed to know them again as the same animals.

About an acre of six-year-old gorse constitutes, or rather then constituted, the chief covert to be drawn at Chesterton House; but it is thick, strong, and prickly as a cactus hedge, and requires a high-couraged hound to face it, without the vestige of a drag to entice him in. Nevertheless, at the first wave of Tom Wingfield's hand, ten couple or more disappear at once within its spiny bounds, forcing their way, as if against a *chevaux-de-frise*, at every advancing step. But ere a hound speaks (for the wily animal must be at home in that warm, close retreat) a glance at Frank and his friends and the well-mounted field will be necessary, before the dreams of that slumbering marauder are disturbed even by a single note.

The popular Master being laid up with gout, did not appear; but a relation of his, one of the sacerdotal order, fulfilled effectively, if not so courteously, the usual duties required in that capacity. Around him, as the noble pack were being paraded to and fro in a sheltered spot, were gathered a small but select knot of devoted houndsmen—Drakes, Peytons, and Lloyds—men of whom, as daring and accomplished riders, Tom Wingfield was wont to say that 'no fences were strong enough, and no hounds fast enough, to shake them off: they'd be with them, go where they would.'

While in the act of putting his foot into the stirrup-iron and throwing his leg over The Ferryman's back, Frank was struck with a peculiar look about the horse's near-eye, which he had never before observed. It seemed to him to be wider open than usual, as a distinct rim or edging of white gleamed forth ominously from under the upper eyelid, giving to the coloured iris, and indeed to the whole countenance of the nervous beast, a look of disturbed and malignant temper, too probably provoked by some recent row.

'What on earth has happened to the horse?' exclaimed Frank, confronting the groom, who, being on the off-side, and carefully keeping the head of the animal between them, had thus far screened himself from Frank's observation; 'and you've had an ugly fall, I see,' continued he, aghast at beholding a frightful gash and contusion on the man's face, extending from his left eye to the lower jaw-bone.

'Bolted with me, the beggar did; and here I be, as Ned Wheeler says, blemished for life; I wish some un had a cut his throat afore he com'd into our stables, I do.'

'I'm very sorry for it,' said Frank, sympathetically; 'but you

‘know I have ridden him frequently, and the horse has never played ‘any tricks with me.’ He then gave the man a sovereign, telling him to go at once to Paxton, the eminent surgeon of that day, and get a plaister put upon his cheek, adding, if there was anything more to pay, he would be answerable for it.

The groom, with a look of unfeigned astonishment, grasped the golden coin with avidity, being fully conscious that if Frank had only known the circumstances that had led to the accident, so far from receiving one shilling in compensation for it, he might fairly expect immediate dismissal from his master’s service. He then mounted the hack, touched his hat, and rode away directly for Oxford.

His back had scarcely been turned, however, before Lloyd Price, who had taken advantage of a by-lane diverging from the high road to Bicester, and which was supposed to shorten the distance to the meet by several hundred yards, made his appearance, and coming up instantly to Frank, he inquired, with considerable excitement, for the groom who had been sent on with his horse to covert.

‘Because,’ he said, ‘I saw the villain and three others taking a ‘grind across country as if they were riding a race; I’ll swear to The ‘Ferryman, for he was ahead of the rest, and I knew him by the ‘style of his fencing and the pace at which he went. If Weller ‘don’t sack that fellow, I’ll never recommend him again.’

‘Then that accounts for it all,’ said Frank; ‘the change in the ‘horse’s eye and the awful gash on the man’s face. They must ‘have come a tremendous cropper together, and the horse won’t forget ‘it, I expect, for many a long day.’

‘Nor the man either,’ said the junior fellow, somewhat appeased, on hearing that speedy retribution had already overtaken the culprit; ‘but that’s the way that noble horse has been ruined, I’ll undertake ‘to say.’

‘Can’t be a doubt of it, sir; the fellow told me the horse had ‘bolted with him, and left me to infer it was on the high road; so, ‘instead of a kick, I gave the rascal a sovereign.’

‘Coals of fire on the villain’s head!’ exclaimed Price; ‘but if he’s ‘well marked, that’ll teach him a lesson, I hope, never to take such ‘liberties again.’

Subsequently Frank discovered that a steeplechase across the flat lying between Islip and the Bicester road had been planned by the grooms, The Ferryman to give his competitors a start of one hundred yards, for a gallon of beer. Seeing the others so far ahead of him, that spirit of rivalry which is given to most horses burst forth with fury in him; and the groom very quickly losing all control over his mouth, which he sawed at in vain, the game beast, in attempting to take a double in his stride out of some rotten ground, came down with a mighty crash into the next field, and in struggling to recover himself kicked the rider in the face, and left a mark on it for life.

Those were the simple facts of the case; but the man’s story to his master gave a very different complexion to the whole affair. —

'You see, sir,' he said, 'there's a short cut across the fields over 'against Bletchington, and, thinking to save the horses' legs, we 'took that line. The beggar then bolted, and afore I could stop 'him down he come and me under him; then he turned-to to mill, 'and it's a mussy there's a whole bone left in my body.'

Lloyd Price, however, told Watkins what he had seen—a veritable steeplechase between the grooms, and that led to the immediate discharge of all four engaged in it—a summary punishment that failed not to check this cruel practice for many a day, not only in Watkins's stable, but throughout the university.

'Have at him, Lucifer, my lad!' shouts Wingfield, who, standing on the down-wind side of the covert, catches a glimpse of the hound, feathering freely and all but speaking, as he struggles on to the centre of the close-matted brake. That cheer has its instant effect on the rest of the pack, every hound of which dashes in, as if eager to share the glory of the find, now imminent.

'Stand a little back, if you please, gentlemen,' says Wingfield again, addressing some of Frank's breakfast-party, who are edging forward towards the end of the gorse, 'or they're safe to chop him, 'tis so thick.'

Not quite so polite was the parson in command, whose round, weather-beaten face became lurid with rage, like the sun setting before a coming storm. 'If you haven't learned where to stand, 'gentlemen,' he said, gruffly, 'you should go home and be taught.'

But he might have saved his breath; for at that instant the fox, breaking covert almost between his own horse's legs, a triumphant chuckle is hurled back by one of the lectured party, adding fuel to the fire of the choleric man.

Escaping for dear life, the fox glances into the first fence, like a comet into a cloud, while a short and sharp scream from his reverence rings in his ears; and at that signal out spring the hounds from all quarters of the gorse, and, catching the scent, dash after him like a hailstorm pelting in his rear.

'Hold hard, you fellows!' yells the old parson at the top of his voice, as he observes the same wild lot charging the fence simultaneously with the leading hounds. 'Give them room, do, you pack 'of fools!'

A few strong fences, however, before they cross the Bicester road quickly bring the mischief-makers to grief, and the hounds, no longer pressed, settle to the scent at a swinging pace. But now a strange sight presents itself to Frank's eyes. A sea of water, through which the hounds are dashing knee-deep, stretches far and wide over the plain; and as the scent is fairly breast-high they are literally enveloped in a cloud of spray, insomuch that to distinguish one hound from another is now an utter impossibility. Still, led by a cloud, like the Israelites of old, the field follow on, cheered, if they do not see them, by the deep, sonorous chop of the dog hounds—the tambourine music of this noble band; and though many are the sousings to which both the wary and the unwary are condemned, no real

damage is done ; they kick up a great commotion, but fall lightly on their watery bed.

The fox, hitherto pointing for Gravenall Wood, which, owing to the sea in front of him, he probably despairs of reaching, now turns for Islip, and getting upon higher ground leads the pack almost down-wind and as yet without a check over the rough and heavy pastures lying to the north of that village.

By this time, out of the hundred men that appeared at the covert-side, not ten are to be seen within a mile of the hounds ; but of those ten Frank, who has taken Tom Wingfield for his pilot, and stuck to him like glue, is well up ; The Ferryman, too, notwithstanding his morning adventure, is apparently as full of 'go' as when he first left his stable. Close up also, though wide of the pack, is the junior fellow, Lloyd Price ; but his horse, so carefully and well ridden, is showing unmistakable symptoms of distress, and his rider is evidently edging away for the Bicester and Oxford road before he is reduced to a dead standstill in face of the field.

'More water, gentlemen, and a drop too much this time,' exclaims that noble horseman, Sir Henry Peyton, seeing the hounds now carrying a desperate lead, and pointing direct for the Cherwell.

'Go along then,' shouts his son, of whom, as a bold rider, it might almost be said—

"Tydeides melior patre."

'sink or swim, if the hounds cross it, I'll cross it too.' Nor was it an empty boast ; for the Styx itself, if above ground, would not have stopped him in those days.

'Better go for Gozzard Bridge, sir,' says Wingfield ; 'if the fox will have it, there's no other way of getting over.'

The river, now within three fields of them, and the hounds going straight for it, is a bumper to the brim ; its width at least forty feet, and the foul colour of the stream more like pea-soup than any other mixture. Wingfield, at that moment, would gladly give a month's wages to any labourer who might do him the opportune service of heading the fox ere he reaches its bank, or he would even bless the sheep-dog that would now turn him from his course ; but neither the one nor the other is in sight, and the hounds still hold on, running with determined and terrible purpose straight for the stream.

One fence more, and then comes the deluge ; but that fence is a strong quick, with a wide ditch on the off-side ; and Frank and Mr. Webb, who are in front of the field, are putting their two horses at it almost at a racing pace. An overreach, however, or some such mishap, brings the latter to the ground with a heavy thud, while The Ferryman, with a mighty stride, skims over it like a bird on wing.

But The Ferryman's blood is now up, and as the leading hounds are dashing into the Cherwell not fifty yards ahead of him, Frank suddenly finds that the horse is pricking his ears in view of the water, and he has no more control over him than if he were riding an

alligator. Nevertheless, with all the leverage that his knees and muscles can command, he clutches the curb-rein and takes a last mighty pull at his mouth; but the horse has his bit fast between his teeth, and only shakes his head as if in ridicule of the attempt. The feat, then, of John Roberts suddenly flashes across his mind—a noted Devonshire huntsman who, when his horse was running away with him, and closely approaching the cliffs at Scobscombe, rose high in his stirrups, and dealing him a tremendous blow between the ears with his iron-headed whip, felled him to the earth, and so saved his own life—but, lacking the cool resolve and instant action of that veteran, Frank sits hard in his saddle, measures the water with his eye, and awaits the ducking he sees is inevitable.

And now, from the very edge of the bank, with a desperate spring worthy of a better fate, the game beast seems to fly; but wanting wings, falls far short of the opposite side and disappears, rider and all, midway in the turbid tide.

'*Volvitur in caput!*' exclaims the junior fellow, who witnesses the scene from a bit of rising ground in the distance; 'down, down' he goes like Palinurus, and if he can't swim it's a hundred to one 'the poor fellow is drowned.'

But Frank has no fears for himself on that score, the coracle having long ago made him almost as much at home in the water as out of it; and although he clings hard to The Ferryman's ribs, he does so with the faint hope that, when the horse rises, they may yet land together, and get on with the hounds on the right side. But on rising, as they soon do, to the surface, he finds to his horror that the horse is in difficulties, and that one of his hind-legs is apparently paralyzed; so, quitting him in an instant, he strikes out and swims vigorously for the opposite bank.

An awkward scramble through a willow-tree, which, however, only drags off his hat, brings him safely to land, when his first impulse is to turn round and look after The Ferryman, hoping to give the poor beast some help in this his moment of need. Alas! his own hat is the sole object now floating on the water; not a vestige of the horse is visible; nor is there the slightest commotion, not even a ripple, to indicate his whereabouts beneath the dark, rolling tide.

Utterly bewildered as to what has happened, he is preparing to rush down-stream, thinking the strong current may have carried the animal beyond the next bend in the river, when Mr. Webb and a few others, who have now reached the left bank, explain the mystery: 'The horse has caught his off hind-foot in the stirrup-iron; I'll swear to it!' shouted the former. 'I saw it distinctly as he struggled to the surface, and then went down like a lump of lead.'

But, true as the statement was, there were other impediments by which the unfortunate beast was fatally hampered; for, more than a month afterwards, when the floods had subsided, and his carcase was found fast hooked by the snaggy roots of an old willow, it was dis-

covered, not only that his hind-hoof had been caught in the stirrup-iron, but that his two fore-legs had become so entangled in the reins that, in attempting to swim, they must have dragged his head under water at every stroke; so jammed too was his whole frame by the force of the current, and probably by his own struggles, into the powerful network of the long, twisted roots that, if he had been caught by the arms of an octopus, he could scarcely have been held by a tighter grasp. About fifty yards below the spot at which Frank landed, the down-stream course of the horse had been arrested by these roots; but before the saddle and bridle could be recovered it was found necessary to fasten a hand-saw to the end of a long pole, and, with that tool, a couple of men were able, after a hard day's work, to release the carcase, and, sodden as they were, to save the accoutrements. Blackwall and Evans, however, would never have recognised them again as the same highly-finished articles for which they had measured The Ferryman, and which they had turned out from their well-known laboratory in the High Street, spic and span new, not a month before.

But where are the hounds? Three couple only are across the Cherwell, and they chiefly puppies, or one-year-old hounds, the flingers of the chase. But as they fail to hit him off on that side, Wingfield holds the body of the pack down-stream for some distance, when, headed by a long-faced hound called Nestor, they soon pick up the line, and again are in full swing down the meadows, pointing for Woodeaton, and running for blood.

'Yonder he goes, by Jove!' exclaimed the gallant young Peyton, as he views the fox, now a miserable, dark-looking object, rolling in his gait, and just crawling ahead towards a large willow-pollard close before the hounds.

'They'll have him now in a second or two; he's dead beat, and 'can't go another yard.'

But he has counted without his host; the fox crawls into a narrow aperture in the bole of the tree, as the leading hounds are snapping at his brush, and happily saves his life for another day.

Mr. Webb proposes cutting the tree down, and giving the hounds their desert, there and then; but Tom Wingfield, much as he would have liked it, was forced to admit he dared not attempt that job. 'For,' said he, 'I mind old Stephen running a fox into this very tree, and then the tenant warned him not to touch it, telling him 'the Dean of Westminster loved that grand old willow, and wouldn't see it injured, no, not for its weight in gold. And I'll warrant ee,' added Tom, with a sigh, 'that this is the same fox.'

'Then spare him, Tom, by all means,' exclaimed Sir Harry Peyton, taking off his hat as if in honour of the gallant brute; 'if he has beaten these hounds twice, may he long live, I say, to beget his like, and beat them again on many a future day.'

UNPRETENDING AND PRETENDING SPORTS.

GREAT trials of physical endurance have been and always will be regarded with respect by the British public, though really to enlist the universal sympathy of a large concourse of people the principal actor must have at heart a fixed determination to win which outweighs all love of stakes or bets. To do and to do well what he undertakes against great difficulties is a noble object for any man, whether the feat is of an intellectual kind or otherwise.

We read now with admiration of Captain Barclay's great performance of walking the thousand miles in the thousand hours, because we know that it was the undertaking of a thorough sportsman, who would not have condescended for a moment to have broken out of a fair toe-and-heel step, or have shirked a yard of the journey, had he been left alone and unwatched.

We have the same feeling in perusing the account of Mr. Osbaldiston's great ride of two hundred miles against time, which he accomplished in between eight and nine hours.

Turning again to a record of athletic performances in which Captain Ross took part, which is contained in a very interesting publication called 'Sportoscrapiana,' we find that the gallant Captain—who was asleep in the dining-room of Black Hall, in Aberdeenshire, after a heavy day's snipe and flapper shooting, attired in full evening dress, and clad as to his understandings in silk stockings and pumps—was called upon by the late Sir Andrew Leith Hay to jump up at once and start as his umpire, dressed as he was, in a walk of from ninety to ninety-eight miles across country to Inverness, which he and the Baronet accomplished in two nights and a day in frightful weather, across mountains and morasses, in spite of Captain Ross's servant having brought him to a named trysting-place a pair of light wellington boots instead of a pair of shooting shoes, one of which wellington boots came in two, leaving the Captain barefooted as to one foot for a great part of the journey. This is a rare example of determined British pluck, without any vainglory, as there was no one to look on.

Reverting for a moment to two or three feats recorded in a paper of last month of things which occurred a hundred years ago and more, we cast a stone on the cairn to the memory of an eccentric fishmonger, who ran seven miles with half a hundred-weight of fish in a basket on his head; or of a certain George Noble, who walked six miles to the Borough Market under the hour, with three hundred asparagus in a basket on his head, for a bet of three guineas (which asparagus possibly Pierce Egan would have described in the days of ultra-slang literature, '*with three hundred of grass on the roof of his nut*'); or of Mr. John Powell, who, for a bet of a thousand guineas, walked from London to York and back in six days and nights, saving his time by five hours and a half.

Or coming down to comparatively more modern times, the reason

why great fights, such as those between Cribb and Molyneux, Spring and Langan, and Sayers and Heenan, attracted so much notice, was simply because they were *bond fide* trials of pluck and endurance, with a determination to win for the honour of victory first—of course, with consequential advantages. The three last-named contests represent trials of strength almost of three generations, and the reason why these three contests will live in men's memories is because they were real.

The late Mr. Frank Dowling told me, a day or two after the fight, that when Sayers was going into the ring at Farnborough he said to him, 'Sayers, isn't the Yankee too much for you?' and Sayers answered, 'Mr. Dowling, I will either beat the Yankee, or 'be carried out of that ring dead.' No doubt that Heenan, whose pluck was unmistakable, had the same feeling; and to show how Englishmen admire unpretending courage, the 'Times' recorded how, on the day after the fight, cheques, notes, and post-office orders showered in upon them; many of them anonymously, many from those who wrote and said that they hated prize-fighting as a barbarous and horrible custom, but all sent money for the same reason, which was simple admiration of thorough British courage.

Sports such as these we may honestly call the unpretending sports. Men backed themselves to undertake enormous physical exertion; and in every case above recorded we knew that they were lion-hearted men, who would have taken the penalty of defeat, but they undertook extraordinary performances, and carried them through for the pride of success. The eccentric performances of the fish-monger with his fish, and the market-porter with the asparagus on his head, carry a good moral. Each man prided himself on expedition in his business, and did his best.

Very much in such a spirit as this Mr. Weston, the great American walker, came to England to lick the Britishers. Of course his was a commercial undertaking, but beneath that outer crust of a money-paying business, those, of whom I happened to be one, who saw the last nine hours of his great walking feat of four hundred and fifty miles between Sunday and Sunday, must have said, if they spoke the truth, that they never witnessed more indomitable pluck and courage than was displayed in the finish of his task.

Only look at the facts. I am not going to recapitulate all his performances, which every one has read in the papers within the last week or two, but put yourself in his place. Here you are, towards the close of the fifth day, having lost the match, as it were, by having forfeited all prospect of carrying out your first undertaking of doing the five hundred miles in the time. You commence your task without sufficient rest beforehand to give you proper training, to say nothing of having a sprained knee. You are advised by your medical man to give it up. It is on the stroke of four o'clock in the afternoon of the Saturday, and you have eight hours left in which you have to walk a distance, within a fraction, of halfway from London to Dover before twelve

o'clock. If you rest you are done, and go on you must; you must take your meals as you go, and you must be run to a few minutes of time at the finish in order to secure second laurels by walking four hundred and fifty miles. True it was that Mr. Weston had an admirable track, under cover, but at the same time it required most extraordinary nerve and self-denial to carry out his undertaking. Perhaps a personal narration may not be now thought impertinent.

I arrived at the Hall soon after three, and saw him commence his final journey about half-past three, and just before four o'clock he completed his four hundred and sixteenth mile, leaving thirty-four miles to do.

Now, considering that throughout his match Mr. Weston was on his legs for one hundred and eight hours and eight seconds, and only rested, including sleep (according to the 'Sporting Life,' whose account seems remarkably accurate), for thirty-five hours fifty-three minutes and fifty-two seconds, taken by one of Bennett's chronometers, it is a sight which I shall never forget when I witnessed myself a man walking, as I saw him, for eight hours and a half without stopping, except twice for two minutes whilst he joined the band in playing 'God save the Queen' after a march round.

Now, what is the fun of seeing the same man walk round and round a large hall seven times to the mile? Now I will tell you, Mr. Baily. It seemed so real and so plucky, and recalled to my mind the scene which I had read of, and which old men have told me of, of Captain Barclay's great performance, that I became fascinated with it and yearned for a kindred spirit to enjoy it with me. Curiously enough I came across a real old-fashioned English sportsman, much older than myself—a neighbour of my own—who has bred a rare number of good horses and dogs in his time, and who, in days gone by, fought many a main of cocks, and who has an abomination of all pot-house slang sports of the present day. My friend said to me, 'By Jove! this is something genuine; I can't leave this; let us go down by the 7.30 train.'

To cut a long story short, the journey by 7.30 was postponed till the 9.30 train; then my friend remembered a charming train at five minutes past eleven, and then we agreed that we were a couple of humbugs, and that all along we meant to see it out and spend twelve shillings in a cab home. Now, this personal matter about the trains must be supplemented with the fact that all we could get to eat was three penny buns each, which is a very small ration for two middle-aged Britons who weigh thirty stone between them, and the facts are recorded as illustrative of the excitement occasioned by the match. As the man walked so the fascination increased, and we kept on exclaiming, 'The man must rest!' but no; on and on he went, sometimes slackening and then putting on a tremendous pace, taking refreshments as he walked, sometimes out of a kind of glass teapot, sometimes carrying a plate in his hand and eating with a spoon.

At twenty-one minutes to eleven, within a fraction of two seconds,

he had six miles to do before the clock struck twelve, and he had walked four hundred and forty-four miles.

Before this hour, at intervals, a hacking cough was heard, doubtless occasioned by the blackguards—I use the word advisedly—who, against all police rules and Mr. Weston's urgent entreaty, were smoking, and he perspired on his forehead. He was very tired, evidently.

Twice before this he had the band out to march round with him—speaking from memory, somewhere near six o'clock and nine—at the double-quick step, himself playing the cornopean, for a mile.

From nine o'clock onwards the Hall was very crowded, and those who say that twelve thousand were present at the finish were not far out. The audience, or rather spectators, included an immense number of men of rank, and ladies also, especially American ladies; and the large majority of those present were people of respectability. Nothing could be better than the way in which the course was kept and order preserved, and during the last hour or so the excitement was really painful. As Mr. Weston progressed, it was just like the crowd when the Queen opens Parliament. You saw and heard on the farther side of the Hall the waving of ladies' handkerchiefs and the cheering, and the sound travelled round and round as he passed. Numerous bouquets were thrown to him, which were picked up and handed to him, and he never forgot, as he passed again, to bow to the fair donor; for he is a very well-bred man, evidently, and of good manners and bearing, and well educated.

The general impression was, as announced in the bills, that it was to be all over at a quarter to twelve, and at eleven hours twenty-five minutes thirty-six seconds, two miles were wanting of the four hundred and fifty, and we trembled for the result. He put on a tremendous spurt, and as we learn things by intuition, we felt happy in the assurance that he would walk till twelve o'clock, that he had near thirty-five minutes in hand, and to show the man's pluck, he did the last two miles in twenty-three minutes and twenty-one seconds.

No man perhaps ever had a larger number of spectators—nineteen-twentieths of whom probably had not a halfpenny on the match—who were so heart and soul with him. We all dreaded the crowd breaking in, in their excitement, but such was not the case, until the last round, when numbers followed him round. Only one real interloper offended, in the person of an excited stout gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion; who, conspicuous for much nose and jewelry, ran in front of him cheering him on, and I don't think the Jerusalem exists to which that Jew was unanimously voted by the excited crowd; at any rate, if it did exist, he never got there, for policeman X, to our endless comfort, collared him and shoved him out of the course.

The ovation which Mr. Weston received at the finish was worthy of him and worthy of England; and no man was more worthy to say a few words to the crowd than Sir John Dugdale Astley of Crimean renown, who was one of the finest runners of his time in the army,

and who, at the battle of the Alma, raced his brother Guardsman, the late Lord Chewton, up to the Russian battery, the worthy Baronet, then Captain Astley, being shot through the neck, and Lord Chewton being mortally wounded.

It is said that Mr. Weston will try again. I sincerely hope he will not, unless challenged; for nothing would more distress those who were delighted with his courage and gentlemanly behaviour than to know that he had injured his health by trying to prove his greatest powers, which we all take for granted.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to the manager of the Agricultural Hall for the admirable arrangements which were made, or to the band, whose music Mr. Weston seemed much to rely on, for their hard work; for they played, to my knowledge, with very little intermission, rare good music for nine hours, and wound up fresh, like Charles Dickens's fiddler in the 'Christmas Carol,' 'who buried his head in a quart pot, and commenced again as if he was a new man, and the other fiddler had been carried home exhausted on a shutter,' or words to that effect.

Mr. Weston walked every step as fair as could be in a peculiar style, placing the foot flat down without the spring from the instep.

I do not think, considering that he was under cover, with every means and appliances at hand, his feat greater than Mr. Powell's, who, in 1773, walked to and from York in six hours shorter time, considering what English roads then were, and considering wind and weather; but query, did Mr. Powell in 1773 walk fair toe and heel? I doubt it. At any rate, it was a great performance. The Yankees are very 'cute. When they sent the *America* over in 1851 to sail against our yachts, they had learnt the new dodge of flat cotton sails, and walked over us. When they sent Heenan to fight Sayers, they knew that they had the best man they ever saw. When they sent their base-ball players and cricketers combined, they sent men who were trained to catch and throw in a manner which many of the lady-like young gentlemen of the modern school, and some of our second-rate professionals who call themselves county players, may well imitate. And, by-the-by, the Americans were, in my opinion, very shabbily treated by the London clubs, and not made half welcome. And so in this case, Mr. Weston, who has trained himself by temperance, by endurance of labour, and by self-denial, has come at a time when professional pedestrianism is not much in the ascendant, and has, considering his insufficient training and damaged knee, unmistakably wiped the eye of the Britishers up to this point, and has, we must all sincerely hope, done himself a substantial pecuniary benefit.

I have talked hitherto of unpretending sports, thereby meaning great trials of strength and endurance, and undertaken by men of unmistakable courage and nerve—with a determination to win if possible—who are wholly unbiassed by the opinion of the outward world and low gamblers. There is not the least reason why a man of fortune should not breed a horse, and back him, or undertake any

sporting feat to any amount he can afford; or why a young fellow who can walk, run, jump, or swim should not make a match with any one or more of his fellow-men to do any given feat, provided that they all mean winning on their merits, without any of the 'win, tie, or wrangle;' that kind of thing belongs to pretenders, but matches, walking and running, without some dispute are not, or at any rate used not to be, very common.

'The sporting bungs of the right sort' (though really very much of the wrong sort), as they are styled in low papers, who get up walking or running matches, fifth-rate suburban races, and other matches, for the purpose of selling poisonous spirits and even worse beer, are the curse of England, and stamp out all honest sport. They get about them all the worse kind of loafing vagabonds who have some pretensions to carry out their objects in a way, and perpetrate the most open robberies.

In illustration of this I will record one instance of a steeplechase which was got up at Easter by a lot of low publicans. I was in the grand stand, or what passed for the grand stand, and was in the back row, and so was enabled to see and hear what took place in the rear, where a temporary stable was erected. A horse (which evidently might have distanced the field) came in second, held hard, and when the jockey dismounted to weigh, a storm of execration burst out from an assembled group of flashily-dressed men, and the trainer shouted, with a string of oaths, 'Didn't I tell you to be third 'or nowhere?' To which the jockey replied, 'I couldn't hold him, 'sir; he would go by!'

Here is a nice specimen of English sport, though I saw a flaming account in the papers of the great success of the meeting.

I saw again, one Sunday afternoon on Mitcham Common, a sudden rush of cabs, with two or three roughs on the roof of each, light carts and pedestrians, to a quiet spot, and out jumped from the cabs two men in running costume, who ran their hundred or two hundred yards, whichever it was, and a double event came off; for it appeared to me that a swearing match took place at the same time, and it would have required a very good judge to have placed the competitors in the latter contest. And this, I suppose, was called sport.

We all know the end of these things. Young fellows may get a low publican to back them for sums of 5*l.* or 10*l.*, and eventually for higher stakes; but they pass through the prime of their youth dependent on the smiles or frowns of their backers, and make a kind of draw for the house, and run, walk, or carry on their performances very much to order. These houses attract a certain number of idlers who think themselves sporting men, who too frequently mix their employers' money with their own, and do not know which is which, and who like to be hand-and-glove with those whom they suppose to be sporting characters, under the patronage of some flashy landlord who sports a large mock-diamond ring on his finger, which strangely contrasts with his dirty hands, which his customers are too proud to grasp.

One of the weekly comics, Mr. Punch, I think, had a splendid caricature, some year or two back, which admirably hits off the low sporting house. In the foreground stands a clerical-looking, quiet man, to whom a dirty ostler is earnestly talking; in the background is a flashy-looking man in a dog-cart, who is shaking hands all round.

OSTLER, *log*. That is the Aylesbury Chicken.

CLERICAL MAN. Eh?

OSTLER. I tell you that is the Aylesbury Chicken: he'll *shake hands with yer if yer ask him!*

An old friend of mine used to tell a good story of having a sporting character brought under his notice when riding on the roof of a coach, very many years ago, to the match between Moonraker and Grimaldi at St. Albans. He saw a wonderful trotting pony, with the harness covered with brass, driven by a man attired in green cut-away, brass buttons, top-boots, white cords, scarlet belcher neckerchief, the whole being set off by a broad-brimmed white hat turned up with green eaves.

An excited sporting 'gent' sitting next him rattled out the following sentence as quick as ever he could speak, winding up with a shout: 'Do you know that gentleman, sir, coming along with that little pony, sir; I've had the honour of being in his company, sir, and shaking hands with him; sporting chimney sweep, sir; HOW ARE YOU, JEM MILLER?' And then my friend's informant folded his arms and threw himself back with a new-acquired dignity, derived from his acquaintance with Mr. Miller.

The line between amateurs and professionals in all sports is very narrowly marked now, alas! even in cricket; and gentlemen are being gradually driven into private grounds for their sports. Men who call themselves amateurs go about pot-hunting for prizes as athletes all over England, and their name is in every one's mouth, and they are practically professionals. I saw an amusing incident at some athletics in a public ground near London, where all competitors had the right of challenge if they suspected any one of being a professional. One of the so-called amateurs—a well-known pot-hunter—went up to another and said, 'I shall protest against you; you ran for money,' at some place he mentioned.

The challenged man turned round (pardon the recital of the incident) and, taking his nose between his finger and thumb, performed an operation which is usually carried out with the aid of a pocket-handkerchief, shouted out, 'I never did, sir; I am as much a gentleman, sir, as you are!' I think the man was very nearly right.

Although not a racing man, I would go any distance again to see the race between Mr. Naylor and Lord St. Vincent for first and second in the Derby, when Chaloner rode Macaroni and Fordham rode Lord Clifden, and the judge gave a short half-head; or to see what really was the match between Hermit, Achievement, and Julius for the Leger, for both matches were real. But fancy a specimen of sport (?) such as was described in a sporting paper some few years

since with reference to a race meeting in very much these words. I quote from memory, but I know that I am not exaggerating :

‘ Sunday was a *dies non*, but Messrs. A. and B., and a few of the ‘ right sort, formed a betting-ring in an unused skittle-ground ‘ during church hours, and a deal of speculation took place ; and in ‘ the afternoon two well-known sporting pubs put their prads into ‘ their traps and had an off-hand spin of six miles along the road ‘ for a champagner,’ and a lot of money changed hands.

I venture to say that a lot of country bumpkins running for a new hat, or village lasses running for (fine ladies of England, hide your heads) a shift, a hundred years ago at a village wake, represented real sport much more than half our so-called modern sports, which are artificial and much dependent on betting and slang and public-house support.

The essence of all sport is that those who take part in it mean fair play, with honest intention of making a mark and doing their best ; and on this ground I claim for Mr. Weston, the American, that he has set an example of chivalrous courage which we of the old country may well bear in mind and remember. There was no attempt at besting, and umpires and referees had a perfect sinecure, and the charm of the thing was that the ‘ *five to one bar one* ’ gentry were utterly out in the cold. Old Mountjoy is reported to have done seventy-nine miles a day for six days ; if so, he has outdone Mr. Weston’s feat, though of course Mountjoy was in special training. It is no use carping at Mr. Weston because he carried out a novel and popular undertaking before an exceptionally good audience or gallery of spectators. If any one thinks he can beat him, let him challenge Mr. Weston, and put down the money, for a six day and six night walk, or to do Mr. Powell’s feat of walking from London to York, or both ; the proof of the pudding will be in the eating.

Mitcham, April, 1876.

F. G.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE OLD SURREY.

PART II.—*Conclusion.*

‘ IN 1836 Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart., of Cheam—of whom I told ‘ you when we discussed the Tedworth, and whom the Old Surrey ‘ sportsmen all describe as a very pleasant man in the field— ‘ became Master, and the kennels were again removed to their ‘ present quarters, Coulsdon—Garston Hall, the ground on which ‘ they were built, belonging to Mr. Byron.

‘ Tom Hills at first was his huntsman ; and here I must observe ‘ that it is impossible to say too much of him. Mr. Assheton ‘ Smith, than whom there was no better judge, fancied him very

‘much, and would have taken him only he was subject to gout. ‘He was a very civil man, though well able to take care of himself ‘when occasion required, as his fight in a sawpit with a bumptious ‘keeper, whom he licked into fits, showed. In the field he was ‘quick, considering his weight, and a capital horseman. He had also ‘the advantage of a rare voice, and was as active as a kitten; and ‘when riding Paddy over a succession of gates downhill, somebody ‘asked how he kept him up under such a weight. “Dardn’t fall, ‘“sir; knows I should crush him,” was the reply. He was jealous ‘up to the last, and would not stop for anything or allow any one ‘to go before him. In fact, he was a character; a very good-looking ‘man, who never seemed to lose his spirits, never to get out of tone, ‘and had such a knowledge of the run of a fox as is vouchsafed to ‘few men. He had also a wonderful eye as a cricketer, and his ‘bowling once won the Westerham eleven the game. An irritable ‘person, on the other side, said it was all luck, and that he would ‘play any member of the Westerham eleven for 5*l.* a side. After a ‘little consultation Tom was selected as their champion. He bowled ‘his opponent out for three runs, then went in for two hours and got ‘forty, not out; and his friends gave him a glass of local sherry for ‘every run which he scored, and which, strange to say, had no effect ‘on him as long as he was playing, but when the excitement was ‘over he could not walk away from the wicket. His memory for ‘locality was great. One of the field once gave him a sovereign ‘while drawing a covert, and in pulling off his glove away flew the ‘coin. This elicited a short observation, and before he could get off ‘a hound spoke. “Hark to Rampish!” he shouted, and forgot all ‘about the money. Six weeks afterwards, passing the same spot, he ‘thought he might as well look for it, and sure enough there he found ‘the sovereign lying quite safe on the top of an anthill. After he had ‘seen fifty years’ service, and lived ten more, his portrait was taken ‘sitting in his arm-chair, which was covered with the skin of his ‘favourite little horse Paddy, which he once rode three days in the ‘week, and which horse carried him thirteen seasons. The painting ‘is by Sir Francis Grant, and one of his happiest efforts. Nothing ‘can exceed the painting of Glory (a favourite hound by the Oakley ‘Grappler out of Prudence), on whose head Tom’s right hand rests. ‘She died in April last. But he had been some time out of office, ‘and his green coat and silver buttons and general costume give him ‘the appearance of being connected with harriers. A wonderful ‘critic of the likeness was a sheep dog of Tom King’s, who frequently paid old Tom a visit, wagged his tail, and asked for food as ‘plainly as he could. One day, however, when Tom had a bad ‘cold, and a screen was put between the door and fireplace, the dog ‘came, all over mud, so that Tom ordered his daughter to turn him ‘out. Hearing the well-known voice he would not be denied, ‘and, entering, jumped on the sofa, stood before the portrait and ‘wagged his tail, thoroughly believing that the portrait was his old ‘friend. This is not the first time the pages of “Baily” have

‘ recorded such criticism to the fidelity of Sir Francis’s portraits, for many will remember when he was painting Mr. Anstruther Thomson, how Governess, one of the Pytchley *ladies*, was with great difficulty restrained by Tom Firr from jumping up to him. After a misunderstanding he retired for three years, and took a public-house at Bletchingley, lost five hundred pounds, and observed to Mr. W. Goldsmith, who chanced to call, that he would far rather draw coverts for his old customers than beer for his new. Packham, who had whipped-in to him, declined to take the horn, so that Tom Webb, who came from Mr. Hodgson, carried it for three years, with Will Bentley, father of the present huntsman of the Surrey Staghounds, and Will Enever, who was Webb’s nephew, as his assistants; but he was considered very slow. Enever is now living as stud-groom to Mr. Adams, at Bedford. Then came Morris Hills, from Mr. Assheton Smith, and afterwards Shepherd, who whipped-in to Tom Hills for four seasons, and is now huntsman to Lord Leconfield. Then came Sam Hills, on his father’s return. Morris, who was afterwards with the Royal Buckhounds, is now living at Bracknell.

‘ Sir Edmund went on with the management, but, alleging that he could not attend to the hounds as he had hitherto done, he took, in 1843, as an assistant Mr. John Castendieck, a gentleman who had to give up hunting on account of illness; and Mr. William Mortimer, the present Master, took the management of the field in the absence of Sir Edmund. The latter gave up on account of the great scarcity of foxes in the low country; but there were some who supported him well and preserved the animal. Amongst them there was no better than Mr. Thomas Alcock, M.P. for Surrey, of the Warren, Kingswood, who did not hunt, but always strictly preserved foxes. He used to say to the Master, “I only want game enough for my own table, and if you don’t find a fox in my coverts just let me know.” Colonel, afterwards General, Cator was not only a great supporter of the hunt, but took a very active part in the management, and was so minute in his arrangements that old Tom could not stand his military regulations, and, as I said, retired to a public-house. Mr. Francis Gosling, the banker, of Purley, and afterwards of Sutton, was a great supporter and a very nice man, most kind and hospitable. He frequently rode to the meet with his daughters, and was quite a feature in the hunt, looked like a sportsman, and was one. The railroad drove him away from his house near Croydon. Mr. Boyce Combe of Barrow Heath, a brother of Mr. Harvey Combe, lived at a house called Cold Blows, and came out hunting a queer figure; Mr. George Robert Smith of Selsdon, banker, John Henry Smith of Purley, who was a great amateur farmer, and their brother, Mr. Thomas Charles Smith of Heathfield; Mr. Peter Rolt, the timber merchant, owner of Collingwood, who afterwards hunted from Winslow and did everything very expensively, was a good subscriber; Mr. Thomas Parker of Lewisham, very neat and well turned out,

‘ father-in-law of Mr. W. Hine Haycock ; Mr. W. G. Farmer of
‘ Nonsuch Park ; Mr. Tom Bainbridge of Sutton, the distiller, and
‘ his brother, the brewer ; Mr. Yatman and Mr. Adlington were
‘ regular attendants ; Charles Turner of Carshalton, a vet, rode very
‘ hard, and bold as a lion ; he had many bad falls as a lad, but never-
‘ theless went well all his life, and knew how to take care of a horse,
‘ and he still hunts regularly ; Mr. Joseph Carter Wood, the brewer,
‘ rented Marden Park from Sir W. Clayton, and was generally called
‘ the Prince of Westminster ; Mr. John Shaw of Beddington, a very
‘ good man to hounds throughout the whole of his career, especially
‘ great with the stag, can still beat half the boys, but he is one day
‘ laid up with the gout and the next out with the hounds ; Mr. Cole-
‘ man, the veterinary of Sutton, a very cheery, big, broad man, and
‘ one of the best vets in England, came out occasionally, especially
‘ with the stag, and he was a great ally of Mr. Arthur Heathcote ;
‘ since his third marriage he hunts more than ever. Mr. Jolliffe,
‘ M.P. for Petersfield, used to come from London to Mersham to
‘ hunt the next morning. So many City men now hunted with
‘ these hounds that it was said the field was either “ all stocks or
‘ “ stockings.”

‘ In 1847 Sir Edmund Antrobus would not go on any longer, and
‘ the hounds were managed by a Committee of three, consisting of
‘ Mr. Tom Hood, an ironfounder, of Earl Street, Blackfriars, who
‘ was fond of hunting and contributed very liberally to the expenses.
‘ Mr. William Mortimer took the management and worked very
‘ hard, of whom it is said that he has now done more for fox-hunting
‘ than any man in Surrey ; and his friend Harry Nicholl, so long
‘ associated with him in the management, was a truly *fidus Achates*.

‘ Mr. William Mortimer was born at Lewisham, 1809, and com-
‘ menced hunting as a little fair-haired boy on his pony Robin,
‘ which he once rode sixteen miles to the meet in 1819, and he
‘ was said to have stolen a handful or two of his father’s oats and
‘ beans after church on the next day, Sunday, in order to bring the
‘ pony out again the following Monday.

‘ Sir Edmund Antrobus lent the country both hounds and horses,
‘ and Tom Hills continued as huntsman, still assisted by Charles
‘ Shepherd, a smart fellow, who had been with Mr. Conyers, who
‘ stayed with him until he went to Mr. Scratton and thence to Lord
‘ Leconfield, as stated before ; this was in 1857. Tom was very
‘ jealous of him, as he hunted the hounds when he had the gout.
‘ In 1857 Sam Hills was first whip, and Harry Jennings, then a
‘ very neat, active young man, who went to the Essex Union, was
‘ second. The season before Tom gave up the Old Surrey he found
‘ the same old “ stumpy ” fox three consecutive fortnights at Tye
‘ Copse, which always took them down a clipper to Julians (where
‘ Mr. Herries, the banker, lived) into some laurels, where he was
‘ lost. The reason was that he ran to a little cascade and up or
‘ down the stream where there was a big hole in a rock, into which
‘ he jumped, but one of the gardeners found out his secret, the

‘hole was stopped, and Tom could have brought him to hand, but ‘he was spared, and eventually killed in Banstead Park, having ‘buried himself under some leaves.

‘The reign of the Triumvirate continued until 1859, twelve years, ‘when Mr. Hood retired, and Mr. Mortimer and Mr. Harry Nicholl ‘became joint Masters. On the 1st of May Sir Edmund Antrobus ‘gave the hounds and horses to the country. Old Tom Hills, after ‘fifty years’ service in the field, resigned the horn in 1860 to his son ‘Sam, who has held it in the full maintenance of his father’s good ‘character ever since. He was at first assisted by Jack Colestock, ‘a cheery fellow, very fond of porter, and commonly called “Neigh- ‘bour;” then by Tom Hedges (just left), a brother of Alfred’s, ‘from Lord Leconfield, and the unfortunate Tom Melrose, who ‘was with the Tynedale, and died from the severe accident he met ‘with in the hunting-field; then by Tom Johnson, a grandson of ‘old Jem Morgan. Hunting with them were—Colonel W. S. H. ‘Fitzroy of Banstead, Colonel George Warde, Mr. Charles Warde, ‘of Squerries, who had a good voice to speak to a hound, hunted ‘occasionally; Mr. John Board of Westerham, Mr. Granville ‘Leveson-Gower of Titsey Park, Mr. Vincent Nicholl of Redhill, ‘and frequently Mrs. Nicholl. Mr. W. Hine Haycock of Little ‘Heath, Charlton, was the first Honorary Secretary, which office ‘he filled with great tact and good temper; he came to the Old ‘Surrey about the time that Mr. Horlock was in his prime. He was ‘a most active secretary and looked after the poultry and damage ‘funds. He resigned, to the regret of all his friends, on leaving the ‘country in 1874. W. D. Starling of Bromley, Edward Stenning ‘of Godstone, recently deceased; Captain Martin E. Haworth of ‘Beckenham, formerly Master of the H.H., came out occasionally; ‘Henry Rose of Godstone; Sampson Copestake, a barrister, who ‘gives coverts round Chevening and Knockholt; C. F. Devas of ‘Bromley, now of Pickhurst; E. B. Forbes of Caterham, the new ‘Honorary Secretary, and who keeps a pack of draghounds; and his ‘brother, F. A. Forbes; E. B. Harvey of Tooting, and Mrs. Harvey, ‘who is a very neat and plucky horsewoman; A. H. Slade of Chisel- ‘hurst, a capital performer, especially on the grey; R. W. Fuller of ‘Croydon, A. A. Collyer-Bristow of Beddington Place, F. A. White, ‘brother of Captain W. H. White, M.F.H.; James and John Dudin ‘of Hayes, who until lately owned the stables in Bermondsey occu- ‘pied by the original Old Surrey Hounds; W. C. Quilter, who now ‘resides at Brighton; Edward Warren of Streatham, Henry Butler of ‘Chipstead; the late Mr. F. P. Miller, the Surrey cricketer, nephew ‘of old Mr. Haigh, was a good supporter, but he knew the country ‘too well, and took advantage of it; Mr. Nathaniel Gould was a ‘tremendous welter-weight, who once, when there was a frost ‘which stopped hunting, rode down to Brighton to see his family ‘staying there. At this time there were three very big men ‘hunting with the Surrey whose united weights must have been ‘nearly sixty stone; and the fattest of the three once said to his

‘ friends, while drawing their attention to an immensely fat farmer who was out, “How these farmers thrive; they are so deep in the brisket.” Mr. Horlock of Limpsfield, a nephew of “Scrutator,” who one day jumped over a great ugly railway gate on to the line and out again, which feat was so admired by a nobleman who witnessed it that he said if he had a barony, he would give it to him. He was a very hospitable man, but rather fond of taking his friends, whom he mounted, home by short cuts and popping them over curious places. Mr. Mowbray Morris of the “Times,” of whom somebody said, “There goes the leading article;” but, after five minutes, another observed that he was wrong, and he should be called the “following article.”

‘ In 1871 Mr. Harry Nicholl retired from his share in the management after a service of twenty years, and took up his quarters at Greens Norton, near Towcester, in the Duke of Grafton’s country, and thus left Mr. Mortimer alone. Mr. Nicholl was presented, at the London Tavern, with a testimonial from the gentlemen and farmers who hunted with the Old Surrey, for his great courtesy and sportsmanlike conduct while acting as one of the Masters. No better man to hounds ever crossed a horse.

‘ Mr. Mortimer also, in October 1873, had the portrait of Tom Hills which was painted by Sir F. Grant, and sold by auction after Tom’s death, presented to him by a few friends on commencing the thirtieth season of his Mastership. Mr. Butler of Chipstead gave the breakfast, and Mr. Waring was spokesman.

‘ The country has undergone some changes, as Banstead Park, which was one of Colonel Jolliffe’s best coverts, is now sold for building purposes.

‘ The best preservers of the present day are—Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower of Titsey, Colonel Warde of Squerries, a nephew of the great John Warde, the father of fox-hunting; Lord Stanhope of Chevening, Lord Hylton of Merstham, Colonel Wigzell of Sanderstead, and formerly one of their best sportsmen and a good rider; Colonel Farnaby Lennard of Wickham, who also rides very boldly and well, and whose son is being brought up in the right direction; Mr. Arthur Smith, the banker of Selsdon Court, always would have foxes; the Archbishop Tait of Addington Palace is also a friend to the foxes, and his son, Mr. Crauford Tait, lends his support and sometimes joins them. And here I must say that all the Archbishops have been good fox preservers at Addington.

‘ When Lord Cairns was at Gatton there were foxes, and he used to hunt now and then. The Lord Chief Justice of England was until lately an occasional attendant, and was piloted by his nephew, Mr. Frank Cockburn.

‘ Others who are supporters of the Surrey and hunt at the present time are—Mr. John Young, who lives at Kenley House, near the kennels, and takes the field management in Mr. Mortimer’s absence; Mr. W. M. Coulthurst, now the senior partner in Coutts’s bank; and Mr. Edmund Coulthurst, his nephew; Mr. William Gold-

‘ smith of Norbury Park, Streatham ; Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, M.P.,
‘ comes from London after Christmas ; Mr. James Brand of Bedford
‘ Hill, Balham ; his brother, Mr. Andrew Brand, two of the best
‘ fellows under the sun ; Mr. Edmund Byron, the proprietor of
‘ Coulsdon Court, where there is a capital cricket ground, is a good
‘ supporter, a bold rider, and has, I hear, hunted lion as well as fox ;
‘ Mr. Alfred Christy, the popular owner of Aperfield Court, Cudham,
‘ is a good preserver of foxes, and all his brothers help. Sir
‘ John Lubbock’s place at High Elms is a certain hold of foxes
‘ on the Kent side ; he is a capital man and a staunch preserver of
‘ them. During his father’s lifetime he did not hunt, but now goes
‘ well on a grey which he turns from no fence. When two hundred
‘ were out, the day after Christmas, Mr. Mortimer said to Sir John,
‘ “ We have to thank you and the Bank Holiday Act for this
‘ “ attendance.” Sir John Hartopp of the Warren Kingswood
‘ Lodge, is Mr. Alcock’s successor, but does not hunt in this
‘ country ; Mr. W. Waring of Woodlands, Chelsfield (who was
‘ Master of the West Kent with the Hon. R. Nevill), is a true
‘ friend and a great supporter of hunting in the Surrey country.
‘ He learnt to like and understand hunting from old Tom Hills, and,
‘ I am told, he would get up at midnight to save a cub. Mr. William
‘ Mortimer, jun., is a very fine rider, and went well when he was
‘ at Oxford. On Artifex few could beat him, and he is a thoroughly
‘ good sportsman all round ; first-rate with his gun and rod. His
‘ boy’s birth gives four distinct generations now alive and in good
‘ health, running from ninety-six to one. Now, or until very
‘ lately, hunting, may be mentioned Mr. A. Sillem of Laurie
‘ Park, Mr. J. Shaxson of Croydon, Mr. W. D. Starling of Bromley,
‘ Mr. Edward B. Forbes of Clareville, Caterham ; Colonel Lennard
‘ of Wickham Court, Bromley ; John Akroyd of Bedford Park,
‘ Croydon ; and his sons John and Swainson ; Hylton C. Barker of
‘ Stone Hall, Oxted ; John Board of Westerham, W. L. Brooks-
‘ bank of Glebe Knoll, Bromley ; William Bush of The Grove,
‘ East Dulwich ; H. Butler of Chipstead ; Mr. Alfred Christy
‘ of Aperfield, Mr. Stephenson Clarke of Croydon, and his jolly
‘ little sons ; George Cutt of Welcomes Farm, Coulsdon ; Mr.
‘ C. F. Devas of Bromley ; Mr. J. W. Dudin of Woodside,
‘ Keston ; J. Fagg ; F. A. Forbes of Bromley Common ; Henry
‘ J. Gardner of Aldermanbury ; Charles Gassiot of Clapham ;
‘ Hon. Pascoe C. Glyn of Banstead Place ; Sir F. Goldsmid of St.
‘ John’s Lodge, Regent’s Park ; Captain Kemmis of Boodle’s Club ;
‘ Arthur Lloyd of Pale’s Hill, Ewell ; Vincent Nicholl of Oakwood,
‘ Red Hill ; C. W. Price of Merton Lodge, Putney ; B. Rawlings
‘ of Bensham House, Croydon ; A. H. Slade of the Stock Exchange ;
‘ C. J. Staples of Knight’s Hill, Norwood ; William Taylor of
‘ Court Farm, Wickham ; Richard Wheen of Lancaster Gate, Hyde
‘ Park ; Edward Warren of Manor House, Streatham ; F. A. White
‘ of Caterham Valley ; J. Wark of Caterham ; G. Armstrong of
‘ Foxley, who has bought a nice property there and built himself a

‘house, which offers a welcome to all; C. Mumford of West Coomb Park, Blackheath; S. P. Mumford of Bromley; Edward B. Harvey of Upper Tooting; J. Percival of Marden Park; E. J. Baker; S. B. Bevington of The Elms, Bickley Park; R. J. M‘Cabe of Wimbledon Park; Mr. Crowley; W. Gridley; E. von Glehn; John Mortimer, Iden Lodge, Red Hill, brother of the Master; J. Nothard; J. Rhodes; R. F. Sandon, Ewell House, Bromley Common; H. Selby of Bromley; F. T. Tummins of Thornton Heath; C. W. Wilson of Beckenham; J. Bovingdean; R. B. Berens of Kevington Park; A. Brandram of Lee; Captain Farmer of Nonsuch Park, Cheam; Robert W. Fuller of Duppas Hall, Croydon; Thomas Garness of Floor Cottage, Godstone; J. Harker; F. Herring of Brasted; Tom Nickalls of Nutfield; H. A. Soames of East Hall, St. Mary Cray; A. A. Collyer-Bristow of Beddington Place; John Shaw of Beddington; W. F. Tipping of Brasted Park; Arthur Christy of Edenbridge, and Captain Christy; J. H. Daniell of Fairchilds, Croydon; W. Grantham, M.P.; G. Gray, T. W. Nunn, James Turner, W. W. Karslake of Mayfair, J. McRae, E. C. Goad of Hackbridge; R. Davis; Lord Hardinge of South Bank, Penhurst, is very keen and fond of a run; and several of the brothers Russell, of harrier notoriety, come out on the Kentish side.

‘Many officers in the Royal Artillery have hunted with the Old Surrey. Thirty years ago, or thereabouts, the leading men were—General Sir Edward Warde; then came Captain, now Colonel, Sarsfield Greene, familiarly known as “Snipey,” and Colonel Calvert, the Master of the Crawley and Horsham, whom nobody could beat; and then Captain Majendie, “Plucky” Penn, Schreiber, Brigade-Major Pearse, and Colonel Lukin. A little later were Joe Forbes, Dr. Ward, poor Driver Browne, and Mr. Annesley. And with these I may safely wind up my list of Old Surrey names.

‘Amongst other celebrated runs these hounds had in November 1860, was an extraordinary one from Long Coppice up to Lord Stanhope’s Park, and, after running by some cucumber frames, the fox was killed under Lady Mary Stanhope’s petticoats, and Harbinger got him out. Sam Hills, cutting off his brush, naively observed, “I never knew a fox killed under such favourable circumstances before.”

‘In February 1873, a thing worthy of record happened with them. They found at Croham Hurst a brace of foxes, a dog and a vixen, at the same moment. The dog broke at the upper end, and after him the whole of the field, the two whips, and all the pack but one couple and a half of hounds; while sticking to the latter were the huntsman, the Master, Mr. W. Hine Haycock, Mr. E. B. Harvey, Mr. George Armstrong, and one or two farmers. This fox, the vixen, took a direct southerly course, and the dog went northerly, but after two excellent runs both ran to ground in the same earth at the same moment; the two sets meeting almost together to discuss the merits of their respective runs.

‘Intimation has been given that with this season will end Mr. Mortimer’s Old Surrey reign, equally to be remembered for the sterling qualities of the Master, whether in relation to hounds, horses, or servants. No better pack can be handed over to any successor. Thirty years ago, Thomas Vann (who afterwards married old Tom Hills’s youngest daughter) came to Mr. Mortimer, and is still his stud-groom. No horses could possibly look or go better. Commodore and The Cobbler in earlier years, Liberty, ridden since 1861, and Snowden since 1863, among his present stud, must bear the palm, and be chiefly had in remembrance.

‘For quarters, as may be gathered, Croydon is the principal place; and a year or two ago horses were very well taken care of at the Greyhound, while many still stand at Bignell’s; and care is taken of them at Mr. J. R. Cox’s farm, a branch establishment from Mount Street. Mr. James Roffey, too (with his son John), does all horses well.

WITH THE OLD SOUTHERN HOUNDS.

‘Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron Taygetique canes.’

‘The hounds of Taygetus, and ferocious echoes of Cithæron invite,’

says Addison or his fellow-labourer, Eustace Budgell, under his editorial eye, in introducing the Coverley Hunt to the notice of their readers. Perhaps I cannot adopt a better heading in reproducing a nearly similar scene in this year of grace 1876. Do not stare, kind reader, I pray you. I am no writer of romances, and have no desire to impose on your credulity. It requires some degree of faith, I admit, to believe that one who now would, perchance, take offence, should you allude to him as having passed that somewhat elastic period known as middle-age, can have seen a chase which, save the stopping the hounds and picking up the hare, to preserve as a pensioner, is just the counterpart of that glorious bit of prose penned in the first decade of the eighteenth century. But so it is: in this age of hurry and iron are yet to be seen a Master and pack which might just as appropriately have sat for their portraits to Addison and Budgell as they have done to Stephen Pearce.

Do you doubt it? Come with me, my friend, and I will show that ‘there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’ It’s slow, you say. Not a bit. Come and have a day with the deep-toned ones, and if you don’t own that you never knew what hound-music was before, I’ll eat my—no, say a good rumpsteak, and pay for your share as well, with the best bottle of port we can find to wash it down; for no Gladstonian liquor must be mixed up in such an affair as this.

Well, that’s agreed; so we will take our tickets for —; but, as Byron says, perhaps it’s best to break no squares by naming streets; let it suffice that we find ourselves in a wildish-looking country, with

heavy clays, small fields, wide hedgerows, coverts of no small extent, a good share of marsh-land, not altogether unknown to the student of English history, and, to crown all, the rolling waves as a boundary on one side at least. It is, without doubt, a country that would break the heart of a Meltonian in half an hour, and play sad havoc with Job himself in the matter of patience did he attempt to hunt it in any other form than the one in use there now. And that form? Why, as near as possible the one used by our squires and wealthy yeomen a hundred and sixty years ago, and how long before that deponent sayeth not. There is, as I said before, nothing Meltonian about it; yet people here continue to hunt and enjoy themselves. They like the Squire; they like his hounds, and so, being contented, extract the greatest amount of amusement out of their somewhat rough country, in the way which best suits its capabilities, without pining for the unattainable. Now let us, being at Rome, do as Romans do, and see if we cannot learn a little, in a hunting sense, from their old-world ways.

There, before the house, but on the other side of the road, are the pack. Let us just look them over and see the kind of hounds with which our ancestors were wont to

‘Awake the mountain echo in her cell.’

But, my friend, come with no sarcastic remarks anent necks, shoulders, straight legs, and so forth. Let critics like ‘Cecil’ and ‘H. H.’ stand aloof, or at any rate leave pencil and note-book behind them, should they deign to eye a pack bred on totally different principles from those they are used to see. Here, nose and voice are more thought of than beauty of proportion; and yet they are beautiful. Look at that old hound, the patriarch of the pack and father of many of them as well: note his solemn head, eye like a bloodhound, and low-set, long-hanging ears set far back. Deep-flewed is he, and throaty withal, but compact and full of bone; and the veriest tyro who ever looked a dog in the face must see at a glance that hunting is his mission, while his black-tan and blue-mottled coat bespeak the old southern hound. Some amongst them are flat-sided and gaunt, others below the regulation standard, for they are not very level as regards height; but in one and all there is the deep-flewed head and drooping ear, soft and flexible as silk. In their midst stands the huntsman, proud of his pack as Frank Gillard at Belvoir, Nimrod Long at Brocklesby, or Tom Firr at Kirby Gate; albeit, instead of being mounted on a sixteen-hand thoroughbred in the pink of condition, a pair of stout hobnailed boots have to carry him through the day. He is a thorough sportsman nevertheless, and points out the favourites of his pack with as much gusto as Tom Firr would call Racer or Alfred into the show-yard at the Yorkshire tryst in August. Right well he will do his duty; and where the hare is killed, Jack will be there to see.

But hold! here comes the Squire, on hospitable thoughts intent, to ask us to refresh the inner man; and so, leaving Jack to a joke or two with the rustics anent certain hares of prodigious proportions

which have, since harvest, been fattening on their cabbages, we turn towards the fleshpots, not, however, before we learn from our new mentor that these are not quite pure old southern hounds, though very nearly so ; that the blue-mottled colour has little to do with the matter, as he once knew a gentleman who had a pack of pure-bred ones entirely white, and that he has a dog, newly come from the North, a badger-pied one, with a cross of the Sinnington in his composition, and, consequently, partly a foxhound.

This second inspection over, we join a real hardworking crew around the groaning board, and find such mighty ale being handed round as Thomson must have had in his eye when he wrote—

‘ Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years ;’—

ale such as lives alone, in memory of ancient days and some few houses like unto this. Around the walls hang hunting prints from pictures such as Sartorius sketched and our ancestors delighted in ; and over the wide-stretched fireplace, guns which had served to thin stubble and covert ages ere breech-loaders and driving were thought of. But at length time is up ; our genial host mounts a gelding of arching crest and massive frame that you could almost fancy had leapt bodily out of one of the pictures we have been looking at ; and in his long green coat, broad-brimmed hat, and white tops, carries us in idea back at once a generation, if not more. His son is on a really good-looking chestnut ; the fox-hunting element is represented by a couple of sons of a late well-known M.F.H. There are a dozen or so of others on steeds of all kinds and descriptions, and no end of ‘ fut people,’ as Dicky Boggledike would have called them ; for be it known the whole village hunts to-day, save and except the parson, who we see afterwards, spade in hand, getting a footpath across the glebe meadow into order, and set him down at once as an enthusiastic, if mistaken, disciple of Ruskin.

There is no long draw when once a move is made. A rushy meadow hard by puts them on the line of a hare, which some kind villager has just given a hint to move ; and when the great twenty-three-inch harriers feel the line there is such a burst of melody as never greeted our ears before. I have heard foxhounds run hard in covert on a good scenting day ; I have heard the chiding of the Devon and Somerset when their stag was set up in the stream below, re-echoed from some deep combe ; I have heard the tones of fifteen couple of bloodhounds, like the angry roar of the ocean, as they drove their deer through the shade of Veny Bridge and Bolderwood, but never did I hear such hound-music as this—such a full volume of sound with such melody of tone. Then the swing ; the way the great brutes went, lashing their sterns, all abreast, like the horses of the sun, and topped the first fence. Say what you like of slow coaches, it was a sight to see ; and so thought all who were there, for neither bank or quickset stopped the infantry division, and they were hard

on the track of Jack, as, having charged a big place and gained a good elevation, he waved his hat and shouted 'Gone away!' so far they had the best of it, for the country was scarcely calculated for cavalry manœuvres; but now, by help of a friendly lane, they made play, and, being down-wind, there was no fear of losing the pack as they rattled their hare all alone through a wood beyond the village, where the words of Somerville came back to us with a force never before remembered:

'Hark! from yon covert where those towering oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravished ears!'

Then they brought her round, and we could see with what precision and fidelity they traversed every 'work' she made, and rung her knell at every footstep. The issue was not long doubtful. A high piece of rape sheltered her for a few moments, and then, at the end of forty minutes, they ran into her in the open after a magnificent piece of hunting.

Killing not far from the scene of the fixture, the Squire thought that, after the exertions all had undergone, a little more in the refreshment line would do no harm; and right-willing listeners he found to the reasons set forth for again doing justice to his good things. However, eating and drinking can't last for ever, even with the best of cheer, and on this occasion, though all were glad of a refresher, they were anxious to be at work again. A move was made to the rough meadow in which the first hare was found, and ere many minutes the pack were discoursing sweet music on the line of another, who also appeared inclined to run the village. Those sort of shifts, however, which would play sad havoc with less tender-nosed hounds have very little effect on these, who, I believe, would run their game up Ludgate Hill or Fleet Street at high noon were they required to do so. And now, hunting the line inch by inch, they forced her from the village gardens into the open, taking a wide ring over as stiff a bit of country as ever I saw, a very respectable brook being included amongst its numerous beauties. It was a beautiful sight to see the pack sail away all alone, though a gentleman who, I fancied, came from somewhere Windsor way, was loud in his censure of the cavalry division for not 'riding up to the hounds,' as he called it; but then, it must be remembered, he was sitting on a gate instead of a horse, which at times makes all the difference in the estimation one forms of the practicability of a country. Had he been mounted on a living steed, perchance he might have taken a different view of the matter. During this ring it became evident that the badger-pied hound with the Sinnington blood, though in voice and everything save colour he matched the rest, was too fast for them, and, moreover, inclined to be very jealous and skirt, so that I expect ere this he is drafted, unless, being a good-nosed hound, he is kept for the sake of a cross. Swinging round, they now brought their

hare once more back to the village; and it was a real treat to see the way they came over a gate in their line, all in a body, like steeple-chase horses at the first fence. We then had some very beautiful slow hunting through a nursery garden, across the playground of the national school, where even hard gravel and a multitude of children could not choke the pack off the line; here there was some difficulty in getting the gates (too high to be jumped) open to let the hounds through, and this delay gave the hare a bit more law, of which she took good care to avail herself. So far, those who rode 'Shanks' 'mare' had the best of it; but from this point the tables were turned, and, stretching right away, she led them, straight as a crow could fly, through the covert traversed by the first hare and out on the far side; neither did she turn her head when the open country was reached, but, holding on like a fox, made over two or three miles of open to another large covert, thus, of course, leaving the infantry far in the rear. Thanks, however, to the superb voices of these hounds, even if out of sight they were by no means out of hearing; and though at times they could not have been less than a couple of miles from them, they could note, by ear, every turn as they worked out her twists and foils (for when I say that the hare went straight away, it must not be supposed she so far forgot her nature as to run a straight line without making work, but that she never came round or turned back, as hares generally do). The next covert being reached gave the runners another chance to get up, and every one fancied they would change in it; but no, they stuck to the line, and having taken their hare in at one side forced her out on the other, and away again in the open, soon leaving the ploughed land for meadows and marshes. Here the first and only check was caused by a fresh hare jumping up close before them and taking them from the line; this mistake was, however, soon rectified, and they once more settled down to hunt with a will; before them is a broad and deep river, and across it they go straight for another small covert, where we are in fear of changing again; but no—she is driven out of her country, and knows it not; or, if she did, is perhaps too tired and hard-run to enter, and, running up the outside, reaches the hill beyond where, as Shakespeare has it—

'By this poor Watt, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.'

Verily, our quarry had no difficulty in hearing the loud alarums of her foes, and they must indeed have sounded ominous as the passing-bell to a sick man, for they were rung out now with depth of tone and a persistence in the music that portended a speedy death. In vain, having reached the length of her strength and tether, she now turns short and doubles back; like 'the Squire's' pack in the celebrated 'Quarterly Review' run, they turn shorter than she does. In

vain she runs the road ; the deep-toned hounds seem glued to her footsteps ; nor does a cur dog, having chased her, check them for one single moment—on they go, ringing her knell, and, as Dick Burton said, ‘preaching her funeral sermon’ at the same time. One other chance to shake them off remains, and she embraces it : there runs the railway with its arid gravel line, and beyond it rolls the sea, girt with the cold and pebbly shingle. If they can hunt her there, the last chance for life is gone. Over the railroad she goes and runs the beach beyond, though she dares not trust herself on the waste of waters, as some hares have been known to do when hard-pressed in this country. Do these manœuvres shake off her pursuers or gain any respite ? Not one moment. Alike to them seems verdant lawn or arid shingle ; yard by yard they gain upon her now ; their long lopping stride is like that of fate. They catch a view, once more she crosses the line down the bank they roll, hounds and hare together, to the green sward beneath, and the next moment Jack, who has run the whole chase, with a mighty ‘Whoo-hoop !’ that would have done credit to the lungs of a Stentor, holds her up dead and stiff.

‘One hour and three quarters,’ says the Master, looking at his watch, ‘and the hounds have never been cast, save when stopped from the fresh hare, and no check has occurred.’

‘That’s what I call real hunting,’ remarked a man who appeared delighted at the sport ; ‘for the hounds hunted her out every inch of themselves—no holloaing or lifting.’

The Master decides that enough has been done for the day ; though, as I take the road home with Jack and his favourites, they seem, by their manner and action, to say that they could tackle another yet, and totally alter the opinion I had formed, at first sight, that a long hard day would be likely to tire them. There they are, blue-mottles, black-and-tans, and black, white, and tan, one and all apparently as fresh as when they left their kennel in the morning ; and Jack, in the absence of a whip, is much exercised in mind, as we cross the fields, lest they should get wide from him and put up a fresh hare—a thing which more than one of them seems bent on doing—and not only the young ones, but the elders even, are continually being called to order.

At length the station is reached, and, amidst hearty good wishes from one and all to the stranger, and congratulations that the sport turned out so good, I step into the train and start for home, after one of the most enjoyable days I ever had with hounds in my life. Long may the Squire live to keep up this grand old breed of hounds, which has been in his family for generations ! And when he passes ‘the bourne,’ may his descendants follow in his footsteps ; for I am sure no hounds could be better calculated for the country they hunt than these are.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A March Medley—Cross-Country Courses and Flat Finishes.

THE dry bones we spoke of in the last 'Van' have indeed come together; the breath of fashion has breathed upon them, and 'an exceeding great army' is now rapidly gathering under her banners, and fast occupying its West End camping-ground, there to abide and keep possession till the host melts away under the same influence that called it together. In plain English, Town is full, and will be fuller. The season seems to have commenced earlier than usual; our thoroughfares are nearly as crowded as they are in May, and the gay world is taking Time by his head and shoulders instead of the forelock. The world of sport and pastime has not been behindhand in the race; from Sandown Park to Warwick Common the ball has been rolling, and the game has been played under more than usually exciting conditions.

We are glad to say that Sandown began right well. No one expected much of a meeting on this occasion, the 2nd and 3rd of last month; but the fields were for the most part large, and the sport very good indeed. The Club, too, mustered in force, not only the members who reside in the neighbourhood, but a goodly contingent from Town; and the weather being singularly mild for the time of year, the ladies evidently enjoyed it. Sandown has got a future before it, we verily believe; and as we were rather inclined to be dubious on the point when it was first launched, we the more gladly own we were wrong. The whole thing is getting into shape—has got so, indeed; and many as are the difficulties it has had to contend with—from a game of logger-heads coeval with the foundation of the Club to the exhibition of the *auri sacra fames* on the part of (presumably) indigent landowners—these difficulties are being overcome. Mistakes then were made during the first year of its existence which experience has since corrected, and as the *locale* is so easy of access, and the course and park about the prettiest thing of its kind to be seen anywhere, we have grounds for thinking that, favoured with tolerable weather, Sandown will have a good time. Picturesque sites and pleasant surroundings are not, we are aware, much in racing men's way; in fact, they rather look with contempt on such trivialities. Still there may be some weak brethren who appreciate a race in pretty scenery, and Sandown Park will commend itself to them.

There was some little hitch in the arrangements on the opening day, consequent on a change in the management, and several people's feathers, especially those of members of the press, were rubbed the wrong way. The mistakes made were purely unintentional, we need scarcely say, and they were remedied directly they were discovered. The Sandown executive is very properly rigid in its rules as to admission to the grounds; and as some people had forgotten their tickets—and some who were entitled to free admission had not had tickets sent them—there was a little confusion at the gates. Prince Christian, who was in the first-named category, quietly paid his half-crown like a man and a prince, but others, who seemed to think that their assurance that they were members ought to have satisfied the gatekeepers, kicked up a tremendous row. Then the gentlemen who had been forgotten kicked up a 'wusser,' so that the manager came in for a large amount of abuse and indignation. Oil was sought to be thrown on the troubled waters by Sir Wilford Brett, one of the members of the committee, but with partial success.

Press feathers are peculiarly sensitive, and when once rumbled take a deal of time to get smooth. However, Mr. Whittaker Bushe was so evidently anxious to do all in his power, and it was no less palpable that the little disagreeables they had been subjected to were the result of want of thorough acquaintance with duties comparatively new, that the hardest-mouthed—and there were some *very* hard—and most obdurate-hearted reporter ought to have been appeased. He was not quite, however, but having relieved his feelings by penning his little say, will, let us hope, be found at the next meeting in a state of mind more consonant with—

“ That soft season when descending showers
Call forth the greens and wake the rising flowers.”

The sport, as we have said, was very good, and again did Ireland take the honours, both over hurdles and across country. A very good horse is Revenge, and though his party did not seem to fancy him much in the Home Counties Hurdle Handicap, he was backed, when, after his canter, it was seen how well he went. Most people were eaten up about Hesaleden and Friar Tuck, but the former turned out an impostor at jumping as well as on the flat, and Friar Tuck, though he looked well once, was soon out of it. The race was a splendid finish between Leveret and Revenge, the former having apparently the race in hand opposite the inclosure, but Revenge, who had run through his horses below, came with a wonderful rush at the last, and did Captain Machell's horse by a head, as fine a piece of riding on Mr. Moore's part as we have seen. Previous to this race, Oxonian had cut a very bad figure in the Maiden Hurdle, which was won by Cross Keys, a horse with much the best of the weights certainly, but still who won easily enough. He was a wretched plater when Mr. Reginald Herbert had him, but Mr. K. Walker is rather good at transmuting the base metal into something like the true. Good also is Mr. George Crook at hunters' races, for which he lays himself out, and has such winning ways with him, that when Mr. W. Bevill was seen on Ebor, and it was known that this was one of Mr. Crook's peculiar good things, every one tried to get on. Arbitrator, The Swan, and Burford, the latter from Mr. F. Rowland's stables, were among the runners, and there was a rather strong tip about the latter, who eventually tried to make a race of it with Ebor, but was defeated easily, while neither Arbitrator nor The Swan was in it. Revenge, in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, was the good thing on the second day, and people were lucky who could get 2 to 1. There were only five runners, and three of these were disposed of by refusals at what has been called 'the formidable obstacle' near the railway entrance gate. Certain it is that horses do refuse it, but we are puzzled to make out why. The fence has been lowered a little since last year, and to walk up to it, it hardly warrants the epithet of 'formidable.' However, the mishap here only left Revenge to beat Daybreak, who had got the best of him at Liverpool last November. But Revenge was a different horse to-day, and Daybreak had not a chance with him. Mr. Crook was again to the fore with Ebor in a hunters' hurdle race; and with this we think we have mentioned the leading incidents of Sandown First Spring.

We are inclined to take exception to the term 'Grand International' as applied to a hurdle race. Is it not making too much of a mountain out of what ought to be a molehill? Does a hurdle race come strictly under the head of legitimate sport, and is it not artificial in every way? We may be told that a good deal of steeplechasing is artificial, particularly in the neigh-

bourhood of the metropolia, but still the sport itself is an imitation of a far nobler one, which cannot be said of hurdle-racing. The latter is amusing, certainly, and a race of the kind here and there, when the ground permits, is an agreeable change; but we would, *pace* the excellent Croydon C.C., question the propriety of 'grand international.' However, there is 'the money,' and there is no gainsaying that; so Mr. Verrall's race has been a great success, and speculation on it very lively. Perhaps an international 'moke' event at Barnet Fair, with 500 added, would wake up the Victoria Club, especially if it was international in reality, and some of the Poitou gentlemen could be induced to cross the Channel. They would, however, judging from the specimen at Badminton, have a most unfair advantage in a close finish, for they would certainly win by their ears. The Croydon 'International' turned out a sort of Aaron's rod, for it swallowed up the whole of the speculation, and the rest of the racing with it. There were three days down there, but beyond the excitement of the first day, the sport was hardly worth going to Woodside to see. The International was the means of one or two more or less great reputations being blasted, and the win of Ingomar was another and very big feather in the cap of Irish success. The much-fancied Clonave was evidently untrained; and Congress, who appeared to be genuine business at one time, retreated in the betting before the rush at the last moment to get on Ingomar. The Irish had turned out one of those wonderful good things on which your whole wardrobe, together with the family plate, might have been put, if you had been only worthy to know it. He won in the commonest of canters, and Harmonides, who had been beaten by Leveret in his trial, finished such a second as it was. Hessedlen again ran badly, the Curate (mysteriously spoken of about a fortnight previously as the winner) was never in it, and Clonave walked in with the crowd. The Irishmen did *not* win the United Kingdom, which is something to say; and but for Regal coming to grief at a fence, Captain Machell would in all probability have taken the prize, seeing that Shifnal only just got home in front of Little Tom with the utmost difficulty.

Bristol, 'Royal' Bristol, turned out something very like a failure, we are sorry to say. It began right royally three years ago, graced with the presence of H.R.H. and 'the nobility and gentry' generally; the directors declared a dividend of 10 per cent., and the future of the meeting was apparently secured. But it has not prospered since. The elements have fought against it, for one thing; the supply of cross-country performers has failed, for another. Sandown Park, Croydon, and the half-dozen minor meetings on the home circuit have run through the form, such as it is, and everything of a superior class is in reserve for Liverpool. Then, Bristol is some distance from all the training stables, and has no great landowner or rich man in its neighbourhood who will back it up by something more tangible than his presence. The Bristolians are somewhat apathetic about sport. Clifton, if she does not avert her face, looks coldly on, and the county gentlemen will hardly be persuaded to give up a day's hunting for City Grand Annuals or Bristol Royals. So the meeting depends entirely on extraneous help; and though Lord Fitzhardinge comes to the rescue with a large party from the Castle, and Sir Greville Smythe is an equally good neighbour at Ashton Court—that is all. The sport this time was wretched; and though Messrs. Frail had succeeded in getting capital entries, the fields dwindled away to nothing. That the date is too near Liverpool we feel convinced, and we hope, indeed we believe, an alteration therein will be an important point to be considered by the Directors of the Company. If, next

year, they can find an opening for it a fortnight after the Grand National has been run, we feel sure they will find their advantage in so doing. There is the question of flat-racing, too, which we hope has not been entirely abandoned at Bristol. It has a capital flat course, and the straight run-in is not to be surpassed; so we trust the Messrs. Frail will be able to give us a mixed programme for '77. We do not think—and the experience of this year confirms us in the idea—that with the quantity of steeplechasing going on, our supply of jumpers is equal to the demand. Three consecutive days of steeplechasing and hurdle-jumping alone are too much. We have not—at least this year we have not—enough horses; and there is another thing, too, worth considering, whether the three days are not too much in another sense: the perpetual jumping, fond of it as we may be, is apt to pall. All this is for the Company to think over and act upon. We sincerely wish well to Bristol, and hope to see it in fresh life and vigour next year.

There is another circumstance to which we feel bound to allude. There were symptoms this year, both among Bristol and Clifton hotel-keepers, of a desire to 'stick it on' beyond the point which racing men know too well they have to submit to. We have before in these pages, and elsewhere, spoken of the comfort of Clifton quarters, the delightful situation and other *agrémens*, and though we paid sufficiently high for these delights—we did not grumble. Clever landlords and managers know how far racing men will stand the infliction of the screw, and are careful not to give it a turn beyond what they can bear. But this time an extra turn or two was given; and very foolish was it of the said landlords and managers, because we immediately kicked against it. At a certain hotel which we will not name, with the hope that next year it will have mended its manners, the bill, for a party of eight, was over 85*l.* for the three days, and other people staying in the house were similarly mulcted. Now this is a suicidal act on the part of the perpetrators. There are other hotels in Clifton and Bristol that did not give the extra turn to the screw, and there is snug lying at Bath, only half an hour distance by rail. If Clifton and Bristol hotels are wise they will next year abate their tariff. If they do not, they most assuredly will discover that they have killed that racing goose who, if he had been properly treated, would have laid them so many golden eggs.

The sport then was bad. In the three days there were but three races that commanded any interest. The City Grand Annual Hurdle Race with the 300 sovereigns added, on the first day, was chiefly remarkable for the running of Palm, in which he contradicted his Warwick performance last November in a very remarkable way. As the public have long been waiting for this horse, he was, of course, made favourite, though it was stated that his owner did not fancy him very much. Knowing Palm's antipathy to deep ground—it will be remembered how he laboured through the mud at Warwick—we were surprised to see how kindly he took to the holding clay here. Horses are strange animals, and, like men, have their good and bad days. Something in the air of Warwick, then, was not favourable to Palm's constitution; and we are glad, for his respected owner's sake, that he found the Bristol breezes more bracing. He won in such style that of course he came into notice for the Liverpool, and in the little betting there was, was speedily made second favourite. As Emerald is in such rare form now, of course Palm giving her 10 *lbs.* and a good beating was something more than respectable; and though there were some rumours of 'Mr. G. Brown' having been forestalled for the Liverpool event, yet it was understood that matters had been arranged, and it was clear that the Grand National, and not the Royal Bristol, was Palm's journey. Old Silvermere showed

there was life in him yet, by winning the Selling Steeplechase; and as Banker had shown a liking to this course before, he had no difficulty in carrying off the Badminton Steeplechase. Mr. Crook had brought Ebor for the Open Hunters', and of course he was a real good thing for it, and won in a canter; but there came an unfortunate objection from Mr. A. A. Jones, the owner of Acton, the second horse, against Mr. Goodwin, Ebor's jockey, to the effect that the latter had ridden for hire—the old, old story which the wild waves of the racing world have been saying until we are tired of the tale. It will be referred to the Committee of the G.N.H., and will open up a much-vexed question. We wish Mr. Jones had let the sleeping dog lie.

The second day was the poorest of the three, and, except that Mr. Baltazzi had a good thing for us with Weathercock in the Ashton Court Steeplechase, there was nothing worth coming to see. Bookmakers had an awful time, and we did not hear the sounds of revelry by night at the hotel where they most did congregate—as was the case last year, on a memorable occasion, when The Duke of Cambridge won. Then, readers of the 'Van' will perhaps remember, the feast was held in St. Vincent's halls, and the noble conduct of the Stewards of the meeting was the cause of much enthusiasm and a good deal of champagne. Alas! Coronet this year was not a Duke of Cambridge; and when the former fell in the Maiden Steeplechase with assured victory in his grasp, we felt that the song and feast would not flow that night in the halls aforesaid, and that Mr. Perceval would not again witch his auditors with his oratory. The last day was not much better than the second, and when it was known there would be only six runners for the principal stake of the meeting, Bristol ill-fortune had reached its climax. Indeed, there were not six runners, for Victoire, for whom Mr. Crawshaw had weighed out, was not allowed to start, on account of 'a scrap of paper,' and so but five little niggers remained. Of these, if one took the last Grand National form as correct, Dainty was the best, but there was just the question whether it was. Mr. Thomas stoutly maintained that Peter Simple would be sure to beat Dainty, and some of the clever people thought Little Tom would do both. All of which came to pass; though we can hardly believe that Little Tom's backers expected him to make such a tremendous example of his field as he did. Mr. Thomas was second, on Peter Simple, and beat Dainty handsomely, as he said he would. The fortunate Mr. Gomm, who turns half-milers into stayers, and platers into racehorses, was not present to see Little Tom win, being kept away, we are sorry to say, by illness. The horse was once sold for 15*l.*, and we believe Mr. K. Walker was his fortunate possessor. What that gentleman sold him for we do not know, but it is stated that 500*l.* has been given for him more than once.

Although the fixture was made nearly a month later than last year, the Grand Military Steeplechases were once more interfered with by the weather, and a postponement rendered unavoidable. The Committee of Management had paid careful attention to the course, everything was in apple-pie order, and the unprecedentedly good entries for all the chases, both for soldiers and civilians, gave promise of great sport; but the said Management had neglected one of their duties—they had forgotten to square the clerk of the weather, and, consequently, all their other well-meant energies were thrown away. On Sunday, the 12th of March, the trains to Rugby, both from north and south, were filled to overflowing; fresh arrivals of men and horses kept pouring into the ancient scholastic town, and so did the snow; it snowed as though it had never snowed before, and never would snow again. Dire were the fore-

bodings, fervent were the prayers, on that Sunday night ; and the following morning brought no comfort ; the snow was several inches deep, and there were no signs of a thaw. All the houses, however, for miles around were filled ; all the stables in the town and neighbourhood of the course were occupied by high-mettled chasers ; and what was to be done ? Moreover, all the luncheons (and tremendous affairs are the Rugby luncheons !) had been made ready : nothing could be done but to go to the course and there wait until the Stewards gave their decision, which they did at 1.30 P.M. : 'Postponed to Friday and Saturday.' A good deal of difference of opinion was expressed, but no doubt the Stewards were right. It would have been impossible to race. The hill, the well-known hill, was covered with coaches, carriages, &c., containing the *élite* of the Midland Counties, with their guests, among whom the military element strongly predominated, and disappointment was pictured on every face. At first a general retreat seemed to be the order of the day ; but a council of war was held, and 'no surrender' was the countersign. Everybody stood their ground ; hampers were unpacked, luncheon-baskets opened, and in a few short minutes the transformation scene was complete : a gigantic picnic covered the whole hillside. The popping of champagne corks became fast and furious, and, considering that we had no racing, a most agreeable afternoon was spent under considerable difficulties.

On Friday we returned to the charge, to find the commissariat again most perfect. In addition to countless private equipages, there were the coaches of the 5th and 12th Lancers, the 7th and 8th Hussars, all groaning under the weight of good things ; while Mr. Shoolbred, as is his annual custom, had a spacious tent behind the Stand, to whom all were bidden, and none sent empty away. Unfortunately, a succession of blinding storms spoiled the comfort of the visitors, while, as is always the case, the deplorable postponement played mischief with the sport. Many horses had gone home, several officers had been recalled from leave, and the racing was tame in the extreme ; very little need be said about it, probably the less the better. Only one of the four competitors got round the course for the Veteran Stakes, the fortunate 'veteran' being Captain Riddell, who, however, intrusted the guidance of his mare to Colonel Harford. Of the eleven subscribers to the Gold Cup, only three put in appearance, *Revenge's* exploits frightening away most of the others ; but Mr. Swaine's beautiful horse missed the guiding hand to which he owed his successes at Sandown, and he could neither keep on his own legs, nor his jockey in his saddle ; and Mr. W. Hope-Johnstone, who is evidently the crack soldier-rider of the period, landed Earl Marshal the winner by a quarter of a mile. Old Crawler had but a solitary opponent for the Hunters' Steeplechase, which he won easily ; he also won a similar kind of race on the next day ; and Sultana, the property of Mr. Robertson of the Royal Dragoons, also gained double honours, winning the Grand Military Hunt Cup on the first, and the United Service Hunters' Plate on the second, day. Colonel Byrne, who preferred the Rugby pastures to the Cockney course at Croydon, where his brother officers of the Artillery were having a day to themselves, was rewarded by winning the Light Brigade Grand Military, Mr. W. Hope-Johnstone again in the pigskin. Considering the times the good field of eight went to the post for the Rugby Open Handicap, of which Royalist proved the winner, the meeting was altogether as jovial as ever ; and, but for the postponement and wretchedly cold weather, would have been the best ever held at Rugby, although it grieved us much to see the rough element had encroached even to this once so exclusive gathering. On more than one occasion jockeys were

assaulted on their return to scale, which may be all very well in the Black Country, but can scarcely be countenanced at a meeting like the Grand Military. One of the delinquents got more than he bargained for at the hands of a noble Marquis, whom he attacked when he was in the act of unsaddling his horse. And we should strongly advise the Birmingham division to confine their brutal behaviour to their own peculiar district, or they may probably come off second best. *Verbum sap.*

That little hardy *gamin*, the Road Club, had a day out on Saturday, the 11th. Like the Albemarle Club, in its best day, and like most of our cavalry regiments, the Road determined upon a day to itself; and with the help of the ever-popular 'Billy,' who not only allowed the Club to hold their chases over his farm at Windsor, but also gave a silver cup to be run for, a most enjoyable meeting was celebrated. Favoured by lovely weather, the course in excellent order, a luncheon which the Eton boys put away rather more quickly than the Heathen Chinee disposes of his surplus cards, the light of beauty, the presence of several leading actresses, and many fair performers, the meeting of that Saturday bids fair to be a permanent success. Briefly to recount the day's proceedings, Lord Maidstone's Quicksilver was beaten by Mr. Parland's The Poacher, and the Road Club Cup, which was filled more than once during the afternoon (and emptied), was won by Captain Jones's The Barrister, who owed his victory over five others in this race, and in his subsequent match with La Perichole, to his superior condition, he having all the look of having been trained to the minute. Mr. Hale, who rode The Barrister in each race, frames better than any gentleman-rider we have seen for many a day, and with a little more practice a brilliant future can be predicted for this gentleman if he adheres to the sport. Beyond recounting the ill-success of Mr. Parland, who was second every time he ran, and congratulating Mr. Hale upon a brilliant piece of riding upon Lord Maidstone's Red Rover, there is no more for us to do than to hope for such another day and that we may be there to see it. Meetings such as this, where gentleman's horses, ridden by gentlemen, and free from all the rowdiness of the Ring, should be heartily encouraged; and we are glad to say the first word for the Road Club.

The V.W.H. have had a run of sport that may be said to be unusually good. The unclean spirit that disturbed Lord Shannon entered into a Braydon fox, and leaving the highest possible scent, has been killed, of which we shall give an account. Tuesday, February 22nd. Ashton Keynea. Found quickly and went away to Driffild, forcing him straight through the covert to Poulton village and Maiey Hampton, across the meadows, and running into him after a brilliant run of one hour and ten minutes.—Friday, February 25th. Oaksey. A stout fox went away from Flitridge, going fast to Stonehill, to Ravensroost, running round the covert, through which he was forced to Braydon Pond, holding on to that wild covert, where they killed after a hunting run most creditable to hounds.—Saturday, February 26th. William Strip. A brace of foxes were quickly on foot at Bibury Court, and killed one after fifteen minutes covert hunting. Another went away from Barnsley Gorse, making for Chalk Hill covert in the Cotswold country, racing away at extreme pace, and earthing in view. Six miles in a straight point; a grand burst.—Tuesday, February 29. A clipping fifteen minutes from Bibury racecourse; found afterwards in Nash's Gorse; away for Snowstorm Gorse, rolling him over after a hunting run of thirty-five minutes. The hounds well deserved their fox, carrying the line most steadily.—Thursday, March 2nd.

Minety House. A right good fox was found at Braydon Pond, taking his line for Stonehill covert, and away for Lord Andover's Gorse at a ratling pace, when the hounds threw up suddenly and the scent died away to nothing, when Mr. Charles Sisum, a yeoman of the Braydon country, brought the intelligence that the fox was well placed in a tree, and looking down complacently at the doings below; he jumped down in view, and they raced him a cracker to Swatnage, round and round which covert they forced him, being headed in every direction; at last he got away at the bottom of the covert, dashing away for Brayley Pond at a clipping pace, the hounds well at him, and, getting a view, raced him for four fields; but he dodged short when out of view, and hounds overrunning for a moment, he went away, leaving Stonehill covert to Flistridge, over the meadows, where a post and rail with water caused grief to many; through the gardens of Eastcourt House, for'ard away again at a cracking pace for Lord Andover's gorse, to Condwell and Kemore; here he was headed going back to Dean Plantation, where he went to ground, after one hour and three-quarters. The hounds settled well down, hunting him cleverly from first to last, and with their fox dead-beat would have had him in a couple of minutes—a rare good fox. Found again at Flistridge; a ring in covert, and away to Minety old inn, towards the railway; here turned to Minety House, to Skew Bridge and Minety Pound, to a covert of Mr. Fitzgerald's, through it straight and away for Red Lodge—the pace, which was very fast, had upset him; then he crossed the brook in the bottom, and ran parallel with the railroad, which he crossed with the hounds close at him; gauged his way, black and dirty, but the hounds gained upon him inch by inch, and rolled him over at the Three Horse Shoes, on the Crocklade and Malmesbury road. One hour; a first-rate run, in which the hunt, pace, and stay of the hounds were put to the test, and on all counts they performed admirably. One of the leading men writes: 'On Tuesday, the 14th, we had an out-and-out day—three good runs consecutively; hounds in first-rate condition, with rare good foxes, a genial Master, and every appurtenance to make Cirencester an attraction for those who love hunting for hunting's sake, enlivened as it is by the social hospitality of the neighbourhood. But to bear this strain upon horses and hounds, the means ought to be proportionately forthcoming; and in such an aristocratic and liberal county, with Lord Bathurst exerting himself to the utmost, no spur is requisite to obtain the object, which is to preserve the V.W.H. intact under its present most efficient state of management, as to Master of Hounds, Committee, and sport.'

In Leicestershire the sport has been not otherwise than good.—February 21st. Shearsby Inn. Found at Little Peatling; away for Willoughby, turned to Aahby, back to Peatling and Buntinhorpe; the hounds pressing him, he turned to the right by Walcot village to Kingcote and Gilmorton, then to Thornborough Spinney at Misterton, and ran into him before reaching the covert: time, one hour and twenty minutes.—Monday, February 28th. From Bosworth Gorse, went away to Laughton Hills, over the valley to Theddingworth, through Hothorpe Park on to Sulby covert in the Pytchley country; here he dwelt; then away for Sibbertoft to Clipstone windmill, through Alford Thorns, and away to Thorpe Lubenham by the riverside, following the line of railroad, over the Harborough turnpike to the canal and Bowden Hall, where he was run into; the pace from Sulby fast, the country deep, and horses standing still in every direction.

Cheshire, Friday, February 25. A long and good run from Crowsnest fast to Huxley, crossing the river Gourey to Stapleford Gorse, Duden Heath,

and Foxholes, back to Ashwood: time, fifty minutes; distance, eight miles. Got away to Tarporley village, and running to view in a rabbit-hole, where he was left.—Monday, February 28. A twenty minutes' burst from Brereton Hall.—Tuesday, February 29. A fast run from Philo Gorse. Twice he returned to the gorse, first after a burst of fifteen minutes, and again another, and a finisher of ten minutes, when he was rolled over at Culverley Park.—Friday, March 3. Forty minutes from Whitley Gorse without a check, earthing him in the Arky coverts.—Tuesday, March 7. A couple of runs over the Tarporley Vale, the last of forty-three minutes, in each case earthing in a rabbit-hole. The coverts in many parts of this country are a perfect honeycomb of rabbit-holes, which are very seriously injurious to hounds, as the best will become slack for want of blood. The unfortunate death of Mr. Radclyffe of Wernerth Park has cast a sad gloom over the hunt.

The Hambledon have had a most successful season, not only as to killing, but in many real good runs. The first meet after the frost was on Tuesday, the 15th of February, a by-day; found in Teglease, ran by Stoke Woods to Old Winchester Hill, Moody's Hanger, and Henwood, and ran into him in the open near Bierly: a good fifty minutes.—February 19th. They met at the Trooper's Inn; found in the Old Warren, ran a ring to Oakshot Hanger, Hawkley Hanger, and back through Old Warren to Oakshot Hanger, where they killed him at the end of one hour and thirty minutes; this was a fine woodland run, hounds doing their work all themselves. Mr. Long drew again, never being satisfied, and found in Basing Park; ran to Stony Brow, a ring by Rotherfield Park and back towards Froxfield, where, being turned two or three times by Ploughman, the scent failed, and they gave him up near Noah Hill.—February 21st. Met at Leigh Park, the residence of Sir F. Fitzwygram; found in Emsworth Common; ran through Stansted Forest to Watergate Hanger, Lordington Wood, to Aldsworth, where they changed and ran back to Stansted: a good hunting run of one hour and forty-five minutes.—February 28th. Met at Charlton Windmill; found in the gorse, ran by Idsworth to the Folly, from thence to the edge of Ditcham, where he turned back and ran the same line to ground in the gorse: a very fast thirty minutes. Found again in Idsworth Hanger, which the fox would not leave, killed him and ate him on the lawn. Found again at Charlton Park, ran through New Barn Hanger, Ditcham, and on by Ladyholt Park to the Barnet, and killed just beyond the covert: time, twenty minutes.—February 29th. Met at Waterloo Inn; found in Southwick; ran all the line of the small coverts to the Portsmouth Road, which they crossed between Waterloo and the windmill on the hill. At this point there was a slight check, Mr. Long, by a very judicious cast on to Bedhampton Woods, hit him off; ran quick through Bedhampton to Sir J. C. Jervoise's forest, near Horndean, and from thence to Havant Thicket, and killed him near Sir F. Fitzwygram's house (Leigh Park): a very capital one hour and ten minutes, with fencing enough to satisfy the hardest riders.—March 4th. Met at Basing Park, the seat of Mr. Nicholson; found in the park; ran to Stony Brow, back towards the Hangers, when a snowstorm came on, and the scent totally failed. Found again in Fisher's Copse, ran quick by Froxfield to the Hanger above Bordean. More storms coming on they were obliged to leave him, after a good thirty minutes over a country that required a deal of doing.—On March 6th they had a very good woodland day, running for two hours between Stansted and Emsworth, and ran to ground in Stansted.—March 7th.

Met at West End, at the hospitable house of Captain Andrews, who always provides good cheer; drew all the coverts, of which there are a great many, from West End to Mr. Bradshaw's at Fair Oak Park, where they found at four o'clock in the Park Hills; directly hounds went in he went away by Deeps to Slatfords and Arsons, headed back by Hurst Common, over the Winchester and Bishop's Waltham turnpike road, by Marwell Park Farm to the Park Hills, then to Hall Lands Copse; turned back and went nearly the same line to Deeps, then away for the Marwell covert. As it was six o'clock, Mr. Long blew his horn for home: time, two hours. Most likely they would have got upon a fresh fox in the Marwell coverts. They had an excellent hill day on March 12th from Butser Hill, and a hard day from Lordington House, finding at Watgate and killing at Walderton Gorse after two hours, of which fifty-five minutes was at racing pace, very few being with the hounds at the finish.

The Hursley have been doing well. The meet on Thursday, March the 7th, was at Leckford Hut, instead of on Friday, to accommodate some of the Tedworth people. Colonel Nicholl had Mr. W. Long, the Master of the Hambledon, and Mr. Sam Taylor, staying with him. The day began badly, drawing, till after two o'clock, without finding—a most unusual thing in that part of the country; they then went to Crab Wood and found directly they went in; most merrily the pack run him for one hour; the cry was most beautiful, and they kept running altogether through the thick covert as if they were in the open; the fox was headed four times. What a pity it is that people will ride outside of a covert instead of keeping inside! The fox at last broke away over Teg Down, and ran entirely in the open into the H.H. country and killed close to Burnt Wood, in fifty minutes. Alfred Summers made, just before they killed, a most splendid cast, worthy of the late Dick Foster, formerly huntsman to the H.H., or of his father, Old Summers.

The H.H.—Mr. Deacon. February 22nd. Hinton House. Found in Blackhouse Wood; a large covert, making a ring, and then away for Riversdown Farm, crossing the Warnford Road for the Beacon, turning back and skirting Lomax Farm, Wheeley Farm, and on to Brookwood, skirting Blackwood on to Tipping Wood and Bere Farm—here the hard and deep ground had told upon the horses—through Sutton Park to Shute's Cottage, making for Fitmore Hill to Basing Park, and was pulled amongst the shrubs of a garden: time, one hour and twenty minutes; distance, fourteen miles. The run not being straight from point to point many of the turns were favourable to the field, otherwise few would have been at the finish.

All is settled for the next season in this part of Hampshire. Mr. Deacon goes on with the H.H., Mr. W. Long with the Hambledon, and Sir Reginald Graham with the New Forest; he has been showing the Foresters some good sport.

The following small parcel comes to us from the New Forest:—

'March 11. Sir Reginald Graham has again shown us grand sport with a "Brockenhurst fox," this time with the dog pack. After a longish draw, not finding till three o'clock, a splendid fox went away from New Coppice through Perry Wood, taking a good line for Brockenhurst Manor, but, for reasons best known to himself, turned sharp to the right across the railway in Whitby, circling back through New Coppice, Lady Cross, Frame, and Hawk Hill on to Beaulieu Heath, heading right away for Norley, across Norley Farm on to the heath again, the hounds rolling over their fox, dead

'beat, in the open, within fifty yards of Norley Wood. The run lasted one hour and a half, with hardly a check. The country was terribly heavy, and the pace, from Hawk Hill, very fast; in fact, we think quite as severe as our run from Brockenhurst on February 14th with the "ladies," when we killed near Denny Lodge. Out of a field of about thirty, only seven were up at the finish, viz., the Master, Lord Henry Scott, M.P., Sir Claude de Crespigny, Messrs. Powell, Montgomery, Duplessis, Eams, and second whip. Since the melancholy death of his kennel huntsman, Sir Reginald is only able to take out one whip, Charley Hamlin temporarily doing duty at the kennels. On the 14th we had a hunt meeting, at which the Master, to the great satisfaction of the whole hunt, expressed his willingness to continue hunting the country.'

Mr. Selby Lowndes' hounds met at Wingrave on Tuesday, the 14th, and drew Aston Abbotts covert. Found a vixen, which was left; a long trot to High Havens, and, unfortunately, had to whip off another vixen; then on to Winslow Spinney, and found at Rodemore, and run towards the College Woods, where he was headed back and went to ground, where he was found. On returning the Empress of Austria came to grief over a broken fence and blind ditch, the horse coming a regular somersault, the Empress escaping by being thrown over the horse's head. She was completely covered with mud from head to foot; her attendants got her washed and made comfortable, and then Her Majesty returned to Leighton.

A recent case of hound-shooting having come to the ears of an inspector of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that official paid a visit to the kennels and requested that the injured hound might be produced for his inspection. The animal, which had only been slightly hurt, was accordingly brought forth, and a very critical examination of the injuries commenced. After rubbing all the hair the wrong way, the inspector at length came upon the place where the brand of the initial letter of the pack had been applied. Turning round to the huntsman with a look of horror, he exclaimed, 'My God! it must have been a *terrible wound!*' and immediately departed to acquaint his employers—with what result we have not yet heard.

We some time since gave our hunting readers a receipt for a rump-steak pudding that found many friends. We are now older, and after a long day and a little off our feed, the following mixture, Scotch broth, for which we are indebted to Mr. John Grieve of the St. James's Hall, will be found a real blessing to fathers:—For Scotch broth sufficient for six persons, take a neck of mutton trimmed, and when ready should weigh 3 lbs., also 6 ozs. of carrots, 6 ozs. of turnips, 4 ozs. of onions, 2 ozs. of leeks (which must be cut into small dice a little more than $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch square), and 2 ozs. of pearl barley. Put on the barley in a stewpan with a little cold water and let it boil for about twenty minutes, strain off and add 3 quarts of cold water and the meat and the vegetables, as before stated, cut up, with a dessert-spoon nearly full of salt and half a small salt-spoon of white ground pepper; put on the fire, and when the scum rises skim-off until boiling; then add a small bundle composed of a sprig of parsley, one of common thyme, and half a bay-leaf; let all boil together for about an hour and a quarter, when, if the meat be done, it should be taken out; let the soup boil gently for another half an hour, when skim off the fat, take out the small bundle of herbs, and, if not sufficiently seasoned, add a little more salt. The soup should not be boiled fast, only gently simmered. If required, the meat may be served with the soup, and a cutlet with each portion. After a hard day this is very good.

But Mr. Grieve has omitted one thing, and that is a dessert-spoonful of brown sugar at the last moment. Then what is good becomes simply perfection.

There are some cool people in this world, as the following story proves:—Not long ago a foreign gentleman, very like Monsieur Giglampe, was hunting with the H.H. in Hants; and once, when a long way from home, and falling in with a most popular 'gentleman in black,' after hunting, asked him if he would like some luncheon. The proposition being agreeable, they called at a farmer's house, where the foreigner first asked that some gruel should be given to their horses, and then entered the house and requested to be served with something to eat. The farmer was not at home, but some excellent sherry and biscuits were produced, to which ample justice was done. Prior to leaving, the free-and-easy man asked his companion if he had a card with him, which being produced, he then brought out his own, and giving them to the servant, said, 'Tell your master that Monsieur G—— and Mr. Blank have called, and will be very glad to see him whenever he passes their ways. Imagine the horror and disgust of Mr. Blank, who is a most modest and retiring man, to find, on inquiry, that Monsieur G—— did not know the farmer at all. This is what boys at school would call 'cheek,' and grown-up English gentlemen confounded impudence.

We thought Ascot perfection or very near it, and imagined that Lord Hardwicke and the Trustees would find it difficult to discover a spot on which to lay their improving hands, but they have. The old thatched entrance to the Grand Stand has been replaced by Italian colonnades, a hall 120 feet long by 25 feet wide, with pavilions on either side, in one of which is located the telegraph department, in the other the officials of the building. There is an approach from the central hall to the lawn through a handsome arch of 22 feet span, and the whole thing is worthy of Royal Ascot. The Trustees, who are Lord Hardwicke (*ex-officio*), Captain Thomas Bulkeley, Colonel Salisbury Ewart, and Captain Garrard, deserve well of all Ascot *habitues*.

We have great pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to Mr. Henry Lees' highly interesting work entitled 'The Octopus; or, the Devil-Fish of Fiction and of Fact.' This accomplished naturalist is a wonderfully close observer of the habits of aquatic animals, and an enormous charm is added to the matter of his work by the delightful manner in which he has treated his subject. The pages dealing with Victor Hugo's great novel 'The Toilers of the Sea' are excellent, and will be read by all who may possess this volume with eager pleasure. We do not know of any familiar scientific work, save and except White's 'Selborne,' that addresses itself to so large a public. The book has an exceptional fascination that is all its own. The writer unbends his mind so easily, from a conviction, in which he is fully justified, that he has the power to carry all those happily along with him who will but listen to what he has to say. The chapter upon 'The economic value of cuttle-fishes,' with its quotations from the 'Phaon' of Plato, and the works of other classic writers, is one that deals most felicitously with the appreciation of artistic cookery by *gourmets* in those days. The work is very scholarly and thoroughly exhaustive, and the literary faculty exhibited is so fine that we believe the author must speedily establish for himself, in his own way, a very high reputation. The whole tone of the book is, so to phrase it, singularly pleasant and genial.

'The Complete Angler; or, A Contemplative Man's Recreation.' By Izaak Walton. Being a facsimile reprint of the *First Edition*, published in 1653. London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, E.C., 1876.—Who

of us does not remember with what satisfaction he landed his first fish? Whether it were a perch, a trout, or, as in our own case, a gudgeon, we felt with Walton's 'Scholer' that we had done 'that which joyed our hearts.' And how often when at school, on half-holidays or after class, and, later in life, after business, have we left the town behind us and, rod in hand, trudged now over green fields, and now along the winding bank until, at some 'likely spot,' on a bridge, beneath a beech-tree or English chestnut, or concealed from possible passers-by in an osier-bed, we have

. . . . 'sat still,
Watched our quill,
Till we've fish entangled.'

When the sun has scorched our backs and no sound has broken the stillness save that of the humming millions hovering over and about the stream, or that of the swift as it has skimmed the surface of the water, how pleasant has been the shelter of the high hedge or giant willow, and how our impatience for a 'bite' has been allayed by consulting the 'Handbook on Fish and Fishing' which it has been our lot to possess. Of all such helps to anglers the best on many grounds is good Izaak Walton's own; and of the many editions of this published since 1653, we must say of Mr. Stock's reprint as David said of Goliath's sword, 'There is none like that; give it me.' We had seen two copies of the rare original before this facsimile was issued, and can therefore bear witness to the excellence of the volume now lying before us. The publisher deserves the support and warmest thanks of all anglers, none of whom should be without this charming old book, and the price of which none will regret.

The square man in the square hole and the round in the round ditto are getting, we are happy to say, more common than they were, and one has been fitted into the Royal Aquarium. Square or round, Mr. Coleman, the lately appointed Manager, is, we are inclined to think, in his proper hole. A soldier and a gentleman, he brings to his new duties habits of business as well as habits of command. Well known and well liked in society, at home in several worlds, the world of St. James's, and the world of Bohemia among the number, he seems singularly fitted for the task set him. Much requires doing at the R. A., no doubt. It was not born in a blaze of triumph, and its infancy has been dull, only redeemed by the excellent dinners of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts. But there is a future in store for it, we feel convinced; and with Mr. Coleman at the helm, we have no fear for the result. The Aquarium Theatre will be opened, we hear, at Easter; and the tanks are nearly finished. The orchestra is perfect, and we have above alluded to the food. The Aquarium table d'hôte has become a feature in London dining, and, unless we are much mistaken, will continue so to be.

Spirit-rapping, as most people will allow, is one of those mystifications that no fellow can understand, while it offers a tempting field for the exhibition of feats which we are obliged to accept as something supernatural. The cleverest exhibition of this kind at the present moment to be seen in London is that presided over by Dr. Humes and Miss Anderson at the Queen's Rooms, in Argyll Street. For two hours every evening the 'spirits' are allowed to revel in the wildest absurdities, and the only controlling power they acknowledge is the lady and gentleman we have just named. There are *séances* both light and dark, the manifestations at which, particularly the

latter, have fascinations that partake fully as much of a material as of a spiritual character. Leaving our readers to investigate for themselves we frankly admit that nothing is wanting in the way of wonder-working novelty to secure for the entertainment a foremost place in the attractions of the coming season.

Our friend Pawkins is going to launch a new yacht this season, and has been much exercised as to its name. He greatly inclines, it being built in a very celebrated yard and on some peculiar lines, to having it called Birch Rod, because he has an idea that it will whip anything; but his wife (Pawkins has only lately married) strongly objects. She says that she is not at all assured about the sailing qualities of the boat, and that, on the contrary, she feels certain it will always be behind, and go to the bottom at last.

A hunting friend, who is as fond of his horses and his terriers as many are of their children, who would not tread on a worm if he could help it, has lately been much troubled by some ardent local members of the 'Society against Cruelty to Animals' urging him to use his influence to put down pigeon-shooting, polo, and even to protest against stag-hunting. His answer is that pigeons must be killed somehow, that there is no harm in polo if the ponies are not overweighted, and, he says, as to putting down stag-hunting, that the society, if left to its own devices, would regularly old-womanify this country; fox-hunting itself would be next attacked, and add, that then there would be nothing left but 'the curate's amusement,' and some of the society would, perhaps, object to the fishing.

A certain lawyer, who had learnt to ride late in life, was at last moved by curiosity to see what hunting was like; and having taken some extra lessons, betook himself to the South, to the town of W——, where resided an old friend, who, for his health's sake and his own true enjoyment, hunted regularly. The lawyer accordingly came out with the H—— Hounds, and followed the huntsman as closely as he could, watched all his movements, and listened attentively to all his dog-language. 'Tally-ho,' of course, he had heard of and understood, but after they came to a check, and the huntsman said 'Yo-hote! yo-hote!' he was completely puzzled; and probably thinking of the old, familiar red 'bus which had so often taken him home to Westbourne Grove, he said, 'Why does he keep on saying "Royal Oak!" "Royal Oak?"'

Not very long ago, on the — Circuit, a young barrister was defending a prisoner, on a docker (*i.e.* a brief and fee handed down from the dock). The facts were that the prisoner was charged with stealing two ducks. He was seen near a field where the ducks, which were tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, were found, and the handkerchief was proved to resemble one he had been seen with. But this fact the counsel had entirely overlooked or forgotten. He cross-examined as to whether he was fond of fox-hunting, and led up, as he thought, very cleverly to the fact of there being hounds in the neighbourhood; and then asked the farmer, with an air of triumph, if there were no foxes there? who scornfully answered, 'What would be the use of hounds if there were no foxes?' Whereon the counsel, apparently sure of his case, and winking at the jury, asked the farmer, 'Now, my good man, might not a fox have taken your ducks, and having been disturbed, dropped them?' The farmer grinned, then very slowly and deliberately answered, 'Well, fox might have taken ducks, but fox would na have tied 'em up in a blue cotton handkerchief.' This was followed by a roar of

laughter from bench, bar, and audience, and the counsel's progress to the Woolsack was manifestly retarded. The moral of this is: 'It is as well, 'both in law as in hunting, to look before you leap.'

The finish of a run, recently, in one of the home counties was on this wise: A fox, supposed to be an old dog, ran into the stable-yard of a certain parson and up into his hayloft. Mrs. Vicar blew up in no measured language, and, running down the drive, was unmerciful in her benedictions of the wrong sort. Presently the worthy parson appeared upon the scene to soothe matters. 'Ah!' said an old *habitué* of the pack, 'we'd a brace of foxes, sir—the *vixen* has just 'run down to your entrance-gate.' The rebuke was well received even by the man of many blessings.

We hear that the idea of a New Turf Club is on the *tapis*, and will soon take form and embodiment. Its promoters urge that the last splendid addition to the Piccadilly palaces, now being finished at the corner of Clarges Street, has in some sense ceased to be a Turf Club, as understood by the name. It has shown a great partiality for whist, and is now, it is believed, going in strongly for gastronomy; but the interests of the Turf proper receive, so it is alleged, scant consideration at its hands. The objects of the New Turf Club, or rather some of them, have, we hear, the promotion of more weight-for-age races, the encouragement, if it can be effected, of the breed of gentleman-riders, and last, but not least, the ventilation of the question as to the raising the weights in all handicaps.

It was with much regret that everybody heard of the awfully sudden death of Mr. John Hope Barton, the Master of the Badsworth, who had a seizure in the hunting field on the 20th of last month, which proved fatal almost immediately. Mr. Barton, who succeeded Lord Hawke about five years since, was a most popular Master of Hounds, a pattern country gentleman, and a good steward of his vast property. He was a very bold horseman, a member of the Four-in-Hand Club, and had a good eye for both horse and hound. If we remember rightly he was a judge at the Alexandra Park Show last summer. His loss will be much felt in Yorkshire.

We have reserved our Lincoln and Liverpool say to the last, and it must be a brief one. Two of the most fortunate men in England just now, viewed through racing spectacles, are my Lord Rosebery and Captain Machell. The former has won an important handicap with a horse that he bought to lead his Derby favourite in his gallops, and the latter, just when his confident expectations were blasted by an unlucky fall, finds his second string good enough to win the great steeplechase of the year. Such remunerative prices, too, adding an extra savour to the sweets of victory. It is not given to everybody to back winners at 33 to 1. The majority of us toil painfully to do the trick at 5 to 2—fortunate if we get even that. The overthrow of the favourites at Lincoln was disastrous, and in some instances too bad, we feel convinced, to be true. Thunder seems to have been the only horse save Brigg Boy who made a fight of it; the others were apparently chopped at the post, after some extraordinary fashion beyond our comprehension. Lacy, backed for a heap of money at the finish, is said to have run fast for a long way, but Woodlands was never in it, and the same may be said of The Mandarin, who was greatly fancied from the easy win of one of his trial horses, Sweet Note, the previous day. It may be that the state of the ground stopped them as well as others, and we shall look with curiosity and interest to their next appearance. The Woodyeates people were very sanguine about Vittoria, and she got a situation, though, we believe, on sufferance. Controversy, in fact, ran away with the

race from the start, and very surprising is it that such a good thing should have been so neglected.

Regal was not exactly a good thing in the Liverpool, and we suspect the game little horse owed something to Joe Cannon's riding. That he should turn the tables on his Warwick conqueror was certainly surprising, and more surprising still were the positions of some behind him. What undiscovered treasures the very cleverest of us possess; gems of purest ray serene that have hidden their lustre in the dark and sometimes dirty ways of the metropolitan circuit, only to shine on Aintree. It is almost certain that if Shifnal had not incurred a 10-lbs. penalty for his Croydon win he would have carried off the Grand National, and we think that is the most surprising circumstance in connection with the race. It beats the fall of Chandos and the win of Regal, in our estimation, and goes far, very far, to prove that the horses that started must have been, with one exception, a moderate lot. The confidence of Captain Machell in Chandos was something sublime; he entreated all his friends to back him, and was inclined to be angry with them if they did not. It certainly was hard lines, for the general opinion, as expressed by the jockeys who were near him at the time, was that the horse had not galloped, and that, bar the fall, he must have won. And yet how can we call it 'hard lines' when Captain Machell found his other one so ready to come to the rescue, and save him his money, and a little bit besides? Of course there is the natural *chagrin* which a man feels when he innocently puts his friends wrong, and that, we are sure, Captain Machell did feel intensely. But apart from that, we must class him, with Lord Rosebery, as one of the most fortunate men of the day.

One thing we must mention before we close our budget. In the last 'Van' its readers will remember that our respected friend the Incumbent of Punchington-cum-Kicks favoured them with his views on the Grand National, summing up a brief though lucid analysis by declaring himself in favour of 'Rattleaway, Regal, and "Rolly,"' to beat the field in order named. We have received a triumphant but rather incoherent letter from him, and couched in language which we should not, we regret to say, like his diocesan to see, wherein he stoutly maintains that but for Rattleaway having gone amiss, and the fall of Zero, the prophecy would have been fulfilled in its entirety. We have reason for believing that our reverend friend is right; but at present he must rest content with all the honour his selection of Regal gives. As the one and only prophet he stands without a rival, and we are proud in having discovered an instructor that we hope may again point the right way to 'Baily' readers.



A. Holme Sumner

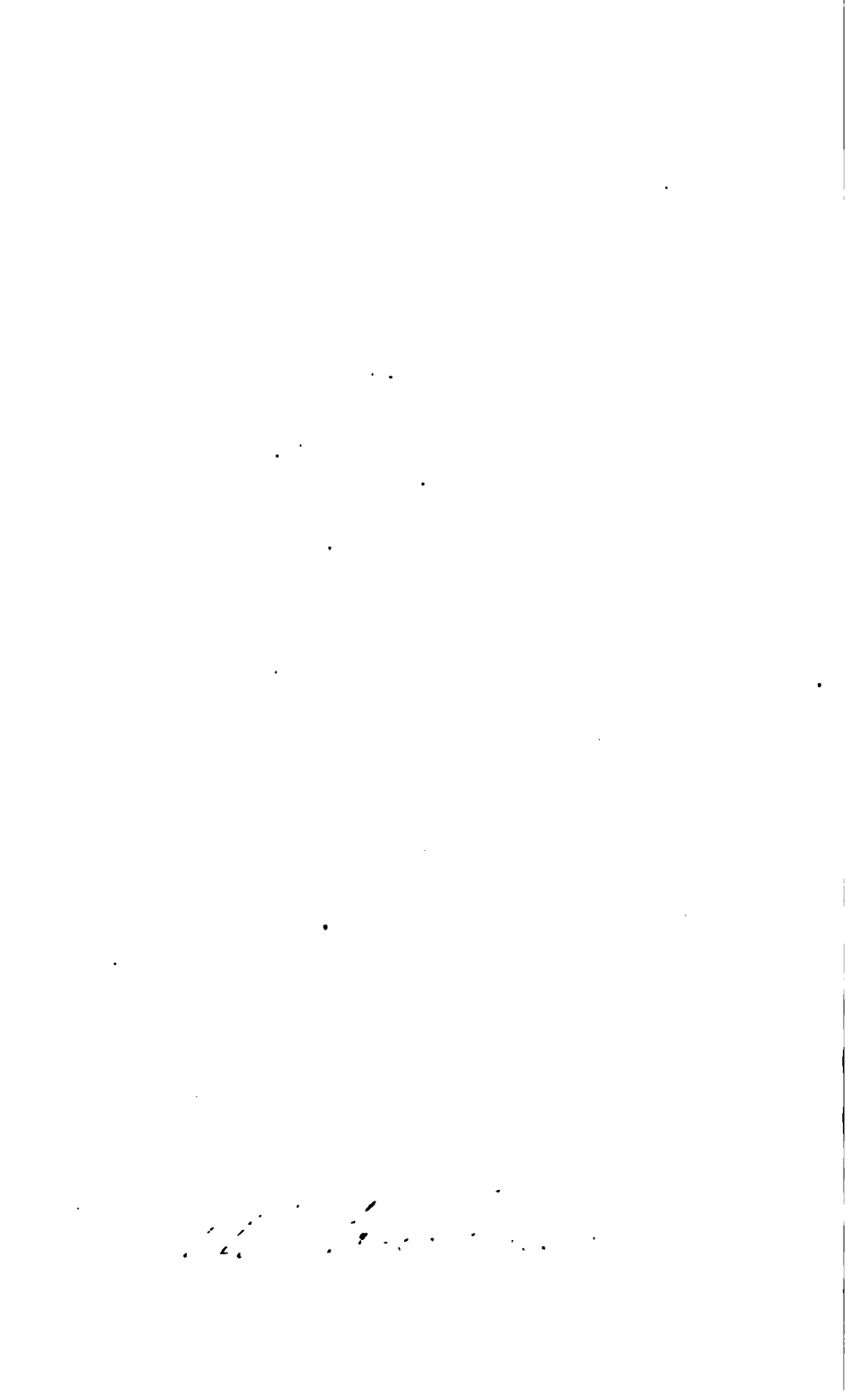
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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. ARTHUR HOLME SUMNER.

'To the manner born' is a phrase that we are apt to think as English as its language. It may be insular vanity that induces this belief, and probably the boy is his father's son in other countries than that which the streak of silver divides from a great portion of the world. But probably in no other country in Europe are certain tastes so hereditary, and that for the simple reason that they are part and parcel of the soil from which they spring. Great warriors and great diplomatists—come they from the Neva, the Seine, or from under the Lindens—do not necessarily hand down their gifts to their children; but how rare the example in this country of a sportsman whose son is not his father's counterpart, and the subject of our present sketch is certainly no exception to what is almost a rule.

Born in 1836, Mr. Sumner is a son of the late Colonel Holme Sumner, of Hatchlands, near Guildford; his mother a daughter of that John Barnard Hankey who was a mighty hunter in his day, and about whom, when Master of the Surrey Union, Surrey records have much to tell. Colonel Sumner, too, was for many years at the head of this celebrated pack; and so we must quote the present Master of the Cotswold in support of what is not a theory, but rather an axiom. Early initiated in the art and mystery of hunting and riding by his father's huntsman, John Dale, who is now with Lord Radnor—and than whom there is not a cheerier man in England—Mr. Sumner had learned the rudiments of the noble science before his Harrow days. Later on he for some years made Market Harboro' his head-quarters in the season, and was one of the regular B.H. division, although he was frequently to be found with the Pytchley also. On the marriage of his sister with Lord Fitzhardinge, Mr. Sumner went into Gloucestershire, and his face was a familiar one, not only in the vale but also up in the stone-wall country, of which he is now the Master. When Sir Reginald Graham retired from the Cotswold, about two years since, the eyes of all hunting men were turned towards Mr. Sumner, for it was felt that he was not a stranger in the

land, and that, from his connection with Gloucestershire, he was the proper man to be at the head of affairs. That the country has not regretted its choice we need scarcely say, nor that the new Master has found his past one entirely to his mind.

Mr. Sumner has been very fond of steeplechasing, and was one of the original framers of the Grand National rules. If we mistake not he had a leg of Alcibiade along with poor 'Cherry' Angell; but, at all events, he took great interest in the horse, was at some pains to have his training-ground laid out as much as possible like the Liverpool, and personally superintended his preparation. How his pains were rewarded, when Mr. Coventry landed him an easy winner, we all know. The Master of the Cotswold is a good shot, too, and is equally well acquainted with the swamps of Florida and the moose forests of Canada as he is with the glens and corries of Scotland. He rides straight, but without any useless display; and can keep his field in order with a happy mixture of the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*. Married to a daughter of the good old Gloucestershire house of Kingscote of Kingscote, the hereditary taste has descended; and a young daughter of Mr. Sumner's is already an institution, and a very charming one, with her uncle Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds.

Very popular in society, very cheery in the field, it is no wonder that Mr. Sumner has ingratiated himself with all classes and degrees of men, both in Cheltenham and throughout the Cotswold country. He has had a very good season, bad as the weather has been—plenty of scent and plenty of foxes; and we can only hope that the good sport, the good feeling, and the good fellowship may long continue.

HOLIDAY SOLDIERS.

WHETHER the British volunteer, under cover of his claim to be reckoned a sportsman as 'carrying a gun,' is a bird fairly entitled to nestle in the evergreen leaves of 'Bailly' is a moot question; but as rifle-shooting may assuredly be reckoned among English pastimes, perhaps a few words may not be out of place in connection with those who have brought the art to so high a pitch of perfection. Times have vastly altered since the late lamented 'Gentleman in 'Black' penned his article on 'Volunteers and their Views' in these pages some fifteen years ago, while the force was yet in its infancy, and formed from vastly different elements to those which now enter into its composition. In those days of French menace and apprehended invasion, the trumpet which sounded its danger-note rallied round our volunteer standards the *flos juventutis* of the realm; and prophecies were abundant that, along with renewed public confidence, the movement, which arose under such brilliant auspices, would pass away unnoticed, like the sun upon some cloudy day. The National Rifle Association, when they struck their medal with 'Sit per-

'*petuum*' as its motto, little dreamed of the likelihood of its happy realisation; and sceptics would have laughed aloud had they been educated to regard the volunteer movement in any but the same ephemeral light as our modern rinking and spelling rages. But with the different class of men who gradually supplanted its originators, naturally arose a different set of ideas; and it is only now, when the force may be said to have settled definitively down as regards the stratum of society which it mostly affects, that a fitting season seems to have arrived for a few remarks which we hope may be accepted in the same spirit of well-wishing in which they are offered.

The above heading is affixed to the few remarks we have to make upon the Easter Monday Volunteer Review in no spirit of contempt or ridicule. The movement, in itself an excellent one, has long since taken far too deep root among our national institutions to be affected by any attempt to lower it in popular estimation. Its foundation resulted from the promptings of patriotic spirit; and the nation gives credit to the successors of its original promoters for the same feelings in recruiting the ranks of our citizen army. It has lived down the sneers of open opponents, the offensive patronage of secret enemies, the scorn of society's upper crust, and the ignorant jeers of the many-headed. It has survived the frosts of official coldness, the ill-disguised contempt of military authorities, and the systematic attacks of War-Office routine. Enough cold water has been thrown upon it to have extinguished the burning fires of patriotic enthusiasm to which it owes its birth. Yet with all these drawbacks, with all fear of invasion cast aside, and with the full knowledge that volunteering owes nothing to sentiment, the force has continued to increase and to prosper; the parliamentary grant grows larger year by year, while the gain in efficiency, though not advancing with giant strides, is at any rate palpable and sustained. Better than this, the drones of the hive, and useless incumbrances, have been eliminated from the force; and the 'featherbed' volunteers of the movement's early days, who were induced to join through the novelty, the popularity of the thing, in the excitement of the moment, while uniforms were yet resplendent, and conviviality prevailed—these have taken their departure, and are succeeded by men, perhaps of a lower station in life, but totally uninfluenced by sentiment in volunteering their services to a force which can lay claim to no great external attractions, and which has long since settled down into a quiet, unobtrusive, work-a-day method of carrying out the objects of its establishment.

Easter-tide has generally been selected for our great volunteer demonstrations—by courtesy termed reviews—at Brighton, Dover, and elsewhere, and a more or less happy day has been spent at those places by the thousands attracted by the prospect of a cheap outing, combined with the privilege of taking part in movements partaking of a military character, with certain vague objects of attack and defence not much understood nor very greatly cared for by combatants or spectators. Certain chivalrous spirits among the chiefs of our

volunteer army have annually burned for these fields of fame; and in the infancy of the force between twenty and thirty thousand men have been found willing to play at soldiers from before dawn until long after dusk, vexing the souls of railway officials, and waking the echoes of the night with martial music. The desirability of such assemblies was founded upon the solid advantages likely to accrue to volunteers by being handled in masses instead of in detail, and the staff of the force were to be similarly benefited; while the railway companies could be thus made accustomed to deal with sudden emergencies of traffic, such as might arise with a French army threatening Brighton or the Cinque Ports. Also it was hoped to popularise the force by such displays, and to rally many recruits around the various *nuclei* in the country. Hopes were continually held out and occasionally realised by the British volunteer standing face to face or shoulder to shoulder with 'regular troops;' and so the opening day at Easter came to be regarded as an annual volunteer carnival, and the force furbished up its arms and brushed up its uniforms for the great occasion.

With all respect to the volunteer force, and to its leaders, who, not unnaturally, are unwilling to hide their lights under a bushel the whole year through, we may be permitted to doubt whether these Easter displays are of any real benefit, except to the localities invaded by ten or twenty thousand hungry and thirsty men in green or grey, with inprovident ideas as to the commissariat department, and with a tendency towards making eating and drinking not the least enjoyable features of the day. We can speak the more confidently as to the utility of such field days, from having taken part in most of the memorable conflicts of the last sixteen years, all of which have presented almost exactly the same features, with an occasional change of scene and transit. The theory of their utility is excellent in all respects; but in practice there is shown a lamentable 'falling to pieces.' To begin with: it is said that these reviews are popular in the force, and to a certain extent this may be the case. But the appeal for good musters is, in too many cases, responded to by the wrong class of men. Recruits who have never experienced the drawbacks, but who reckon upon the enjoyment of a day's amateur soldiering, are all anxiety to swell the ranks; idlers, who never 'turn up' except on great occasions, to display their ignorance of drill, form a large proportion of the 'contents' attracted by an eighteen-penny return ticket for three or four days at the seaside, and the certain prospect of a 'spree.' A few steady old-stagers may be induced to go, more through a feeling of duty than any hope of acquiring knowledge; and there are others, in the shape of officers and subordinate authorities, who go, as a matter of course, to look after their men. The real backbone of the force are conspicuous by their absence, having had sad experience, upon former occasions, of the utter farce enacted in the name of instruction. Upon the 'unpopularity' side of the question there is much to be said. To begin at the 'roof and crown of things,' the War-Office authorities are dead

against these reviews, at least if we can argue anything from difficulties thrown in the way, and from a general disinclination to set in motion the necessary machinery. A great deal of extra work is forced upon more than one department, sapping the energies of clerks already overworked, and putting things generally out of gear. One most significant sign of disapprobation has been the uniform refusal of the authorities to allow the day's work to reckon towards making up the number of drills necessary for efficiency; thereby discouraging these and all similar holiday musters, which may be supposed to lack the business air of ordinary parades. Leave for Easter reviews the War-Office cannot well refuse; but care is taken that those requiring it shall know that it is reluctantly conceded. The railways, whether acting in accordance with hints from high places, or of their own proper instincts, do not hold these demands for extra-heavy transport at a low rate in excessive favour, and begrudge the use of their lines to volunteers when the general holiday traffic is likely to suffer through volunteer requirements. They have shareholders to look to and a dividend to pay, and such considerations are in no case more evident than by the increased tariff of the North Western Railway this year, which carried volunteers for a distance little more than half that to Brighton at nearly double fares, although the traffic accommodation of the line is greatly superior to that of its Southern Coast rival. The railways naturally consider the experiment of concentrating armies an unprofitable one; and altogether the force does not seem to have derived any solid advantage from the formation of the Railway Staff Corps, which is composed entirely of field officers, and undergoes its annual inspection round the festive board of some metropolitan hotel. It may be doubted whether towns, such as Brighton and Dover, really derive much profit from the Easter incursions of riflemen, beyond an extension of the trade in solids and fluids among the smaller tradesmen; and in many quarters the whole thing is undoubtedly looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance, especially when the saturnalia are commenced before Good Friday and protracted into the middle of the ensuing week. Finally, it may reasonably be questioned whether, among volunteers themselves, the marching and countermarching are in reality features of popularity sufficient to redeem the cost of time and trouble expended on their behalf. To at least one half of the force the ordeal is positively distasteful, not by reason of the extra bodily labour and inconvenience, but because it is impossible for a man gifted with ordinary intelligence not to perceive that the whole thing is, in this particular, what a certain noble promoter of Easter reviews has designated the force generally, 'a sham.' There is mostly but a short time to carry through the ambitious programme set forth by newspaper correspondents, and so hostilities are brought to a premature conclusion, the combatants being in happy ignorance of the propinquity of friend or foes, and peppering each with sublime impartiality. Occasionally regiments, like the lost tribes of Israel, disappear

altogether for a time, and are subsequently discovered to have been raging a guerilla warfare with both parties, occasioning endless confusion in the minds of brigadiers as well as among spectators, who cannot help joining in the universal broad grin with which proceedings are brought to a termination.

In addition to these drawbacks, there is, upon these occasions, an exaggeration of that lack of discipline which is the chief inherent and irremediable defect in volunteer organisation. Some few commanding officers may have the influence and power requisite to keep a tight hand on their men, and to enforce silence and order in the ranks. But even this restraint becomes difficult to sustain as soon as the first blush of excitement is over, and the real hard work of the day begins in earnest. One bad habit induces another; and as the men (most of them totally unused to walk five miles at a stretch) get tired, and interest in the scheme of operations begins to flag, fairly disciplined regiments deteriorate into mere 'rabble routs,' and smoking and talking are resorted to to lighten the labour of the day. The distance from home and the probable time of arrival at the railway station become important considerations; and too often these feelings are heightened by oversights among the authorities in permitting a portion of the force to fritter away their day without firing a shot. And for idle hands work is readily found by the arch-enemy in skylarking, horseplay, and other devices, to while away the time; while regiments, already disorganised, are further harassed by senseless marches and countermarches, on the principle, we presume, of keeping them out of mischief. As to the scenes enacted *en route* for the railway station, they had better be passed over in silence, as well as the summary self-dismissal of corps at the end of long and weary journeys to town, and the final struggle homewards, occasionally in the small hours. The question, *Cui bono?* may well be asked when the day of reflection, after the day of review, brings conviction to weary citizen soldiers that their Easter Monday has been sadly cut to waste. By some corps, more ambitious of instruction than of the Hertfordshire yokels' applause, the holiday seems to have been more profitably, and quite as amusingly, spent in honest work and subsequent recreation; and we trust to see this plan coming into more general favour as the Easter Monday Volunteer Review gradually dwindles down to even more insignificant proportions than that which climbed the slopes of Ashridge on the last occasion. The time has long since passed away for mere empty show and noise, and the volunteer must rest satisfied with the place he occupies in public esteem. They may raise themselves slightly higher in popular estimation by an unsparing application to the work they have taken in hand; but they stand in considerable danger of lowering their position by mere spectacular effects, such as have annually resulted in ill-disguised failure. Let not an occasional royal recognition of their loyal services be wanting, for which purpose a march past would amply suffice; but, save in some few rare instances, volunteers have not been educated

up to the standard of the most ordinary field day's operations. Military critics may pat them on the back and speak patronisingly of the aptitude of volunteers, when more thoroughly trained, for taking their place in the line of battle; but, after all, these are but left-handed compliments, and equally true of any body of Englishmen brought together for other purposes than for learning the art of war. To become perfect in subordinate parts is all that can be expected of the force as at present constituted; and when looking at volunteers attempting what regular troops can only attain to by long time and trouble, we are forcibly reminded of the concluding words of advice given by the author of the first volunteer manual, 'Do 'not let anybody persuade you to learn more.'

A.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, SOLDIER AND SPORTSMAN.

AMONGST the upper classes in this country a vast deal of sentimental feeling has been thrown away upon 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' whilst a corresponding amount of injustice has been done to the character of his rival, the Hero of Culloden. Jacobites in disguise and haters of order and discipline combined to heap odium upon the latter, and for the part that he took in stamping out the Rebellion of '45 they fastened upon him the nickname of The Butcher. The people, however, took a more just view of the Duke. His fair, round face and burly figure became the subject of the sign of many a village alehouse; and we have it, upon the authority of Lord Orford, that when he died the middle and lower classes in London not only clad themselves in mourning, but wore it for a longer period than the 'Gazette' prescribed. A volume of the General Orders of the Duke, during his campaigns in Flanders and in Scotland, has lately been published by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., a perusal of which will go a long way to knock on the head some of the calumnies of which his Royal Highness has been the victim. The Duke was, indeed, a fine fellow, a dutiful son, a loyal subject, a soldier devoted to his profession, a friend to be depended upon, and always doing kind and generous actions. It is well known that all those about him entertained the most sincere regard for their royal master. When the ministry would have kept back one of the Duke's aides-de-camp—Mr. Conway—as being in Parliament, from accompanying him in the Scotch campaign, the latter burst into tears, and nothing would prevent him from following his beloved Duke. On his side the Duke was equally attached to them; and when the Earl of Albemarle, who, as Lord Bury, had been another of the Duke's aides-de-camp, captured Havannah in 1762, the Duke's delight knew no bounds. Meeting the Dowager Countess of Albemarle in the Presence Chamber at St. James's, he exclaimed in his jolly, hearty way, 'By G——d, my lady, if it 'wasn't in the drawing-room, I should kiss you!'

At the early age of twenty-two the Duke was engaged at the Battle of Dettingen (June, 1743), where he was wounded in the leg, but refused to quit the field. Wolfe, afterwards the hero of Quebec, then an ensign in the 12th Foot, wrote to his father: 'The Duke behaved as bravely as a man could do. He had a musket-ball through the calf of his leg. I had the honour of speaking with him just as the battle begun, and was often afraid of being dashed to pieces by the cannon-balls. He gave his orders with a great deal of calmness, and seemed quite unwearied.' Although the Duke treated his wound as a trifle, it proved to be a serious one, and there can be no doubt that it eventually shortened his life. Two years later he was in command of the British portion of the allied forces at the desperate battle of Fontenoy, where the Hon. Philip Yorke bears testimony to his bravery. 'The Duke's behaviour was, by all accounts, the most heroic and gallant imaginable. He was the whole day in the thickest of the fire.' His aide-de-camp, Mr. Conway, killed two French grenadiers with his own hand. Upon this occasion the Duke was on horseback for more than twenty-five hours. The cynical Horace Walpole remarked, 'He will be as popular with the lower class of men as he has been for three or four years with the low women: he will be the soldiers' great Sir as well as theirs.'

And in the following year (1746), quoting from the same authority: 'The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason: he has a lion's courage, vast vigilance and activity, and, I am told, great military genius.'

In the campaign which followed, and in which the battle of Culloden was gained, the Duke showed great ability. Much odium was cast upon him for the cruelties said to be committed in the suppression of the Rebellion, but the General Orders, above referred to, which were issued from day to day, seem to show that no undue severity was used. They provide for sending the rebel lords and other prisoners to London for trial: they appoint courts-martial to try deserters taken in the rebel ranks. They are most stringent against marauding, or plundering the country-people, and against disorder of every kind. It is quite clear that the most strict discipline was maintained.

When not engaged in active service the Duke took up his residence at Cranbourn Lodge, in Windsor Park, of which he was the Ranger. During his sojourn there he was a constant attendant upon the Royal staghounds, which hunted on Tuesdays and Saturdays from Holy-rood Day (September 25) till Easter week. At a distance of more than a century great changes have taken place in the character of the sport. The herd of red deer in Windsor Forest amounted, at that time, to about twelve hundred head, which were replenished occasionally with deer taken from the New Forest in Hampshire. It was the duty of the yeomen prickers, in their liveries of scarlet and gold, with French horns -lung round them, to single out from the herd the quarry for the day's

diversion. As soon as he had been separated from his companions the hounds were laid on—powerful animals of the old staghound breed, not foxhounds entered to deer, but the true yellow pie, very sonorous in note, and having the character of the bloodhound in shape. But in nothing has there been so great a change as in the face of the country, which was then an immense tract of open heaths growing nothing but broom and gorse, with here and there impassable bogs and sheets of water, dirty and deep, and at all times a most distressing country for horses. The records of the Royal Chase show no lack of sport; we read of excellent runs of every variety and duration. At one time, ‘A most severe chase, with a rich scent that threw out many of those who were most eager at the commencement, and completely tired the major part of the hounds.’ At another, ‘A continued burst of fifteen miles, complete and absolute racing. For this hour the man with a good horse under him, though without a guinea on earth, was richer in sublunary enjoyment than all the Court of Bank or East India directors.’ They tell of ‘Horses gradually declining from one pace to another, a short and tired stroke to a standstill, and being unavoidably left wherever accommodation could be obtained, cordial balls, drenches of warm wine, and other invigorants being eagerly brought into use.’ When the deer was pulled down and killed, those persons who intended to run their horses for the King’s guineas at Ascot had to apply to the Huntsman for qualification tickets that they were well up with the hounds at the kill. At the close of the season 1751-52 his Royal Highness ran his chestnut gelding Button for the Plate at Ascot, for horses that had been up at the death of a leash of stags in Windsor Forest during the previous season. But it was little likely that a horse fitted to carry the Duke’s great weight to the end of a long, jading run should shine as a racer, and, of six competitors in the race, Button was the last.

About this time there was a foxhunting club established at Redbourne, in Hertfordshire, of which his Royal Highness became a member. It appears probable that the Duke hunted there a good deal, because he built himself a snug hunting-box and excellent stables upon Redbourne Common, which remain to this day just as he left them.

The Duke was a thorough Englishman in his tastes, and, amongst other things, was a patron of the Prize Ring, and more especially of Jack Broughton the champion, who was a man of good manners and address. The Duke was present at the fight between Broughton and Slack, at Broughton’s amphitheatre in Oxford Street, which resulted in the overthrow of the champion. Contemporary writers attributed Broughton’s defeat to his holding his opponent too cheap, and neglecting his training; but the Duke, who lost several thousand pounds on this battle, declared he had been sold, and nothing could ever persuade him to the contrary. There were many suspicious circumstances connected with this match which would not be likely to escape the notice of an observant sportsman.

From these congenial pursuits the Duke was summoned, in 1757, to take the command of an army which was intended for the defence of Hanover. The force was composed chiefly of Hanoverians and Hessians, with no English except a few officers on the Duke's personal staff. Overpowered by very superior numbers, the Duke in vain attempted to obstruct the progress of the French, who occupied Hanover. This result was almost inevitable from the first; but it gave occasion for the former enemies of the Duke to raise such an outcry against him that he was recalled.

Upon his return to England the Duke's resolution was quickly taken: he at once resigned his regiment and all his military appointments; a not very friendly critic remarking, 'Thus did the harsh victor of Culloden surrender the darling passion and object of his life—the army—sooner than submit to what he deemed an unfounded aspersion on his conduct.'

From that date his Royal Highness took no more part in public affairs, but directed the energies of his active mind to the Turf. Before the year was out he had a long string of horses in training at Newmarket, where he was a constant visitor, and a large breeding establishment in Windsor Great Park, with one Bernard Smith for his stud-groom. As a breeder of thoroughbred stock the Duke was most successful. Amongst the horses of note bred by him, King Herod, more commonly called Herod—a remarkably fine horse of great power—and Eclipse have earned the greatest names, both as runners and sires. The latter, foaled on the 1st of April, 1764, was got by Marske (a horse bred by Mr. John Hutton, a Yorkshireman, who disposed of him to the Duke) out of a Regulus mare the Duke had bought of Sir Robert Eden. Eclipse was a chestnut colt with a white stocking on his off hind leg, nearly up to the hock, and the Regulus blaze down his face. He was about fifteen hands two inches in height, but was higher behind, so that he carried the saddle very forward. He is described as having a bloodlike head and muzzle, very powerful loins and quarters, and remarkably muscular thighs and arms; the latter to such an extent as to give the appearance of his being light of bone below the knee. With respect to his shoulders accounts differ; but they all agree that they were exceedingly strong, but very wide at the top, and he seemed to be master of any weight. He went with his head low down, and with his legs very wide behind. In his sweats, we are told that 'he puffed and blowed like an otter.' The Duke was not destined to witness the performances of his wonderful colt. The old wound in his leg having become troublesome, and humours having settled in it, for the last few years of his life entirely prevented his taking the strong exercise to which he had been accustomed, and he grew very large and unwieldy. This led to an attack of paralysis, which the Duke treated with his usual pluck, and made light of; but a second attack in the following year, when he was on the point of starting for Newmarket, carried him off, and he faced death with as much calmness and composure as he had faced the bullets of the enemy.

Upon his decease the stud were sold by auction at the Park Lodge. King Herod was purchased by Sir John Moore; Eclipse, then a yearling, was bought by Mr. Wildman, a sheep salesman, for forty-six guineas; and Marske, the sire of Eclipse, was picked up by a West-country farmer for ten guineas. A few years afterwards Marske's covering fee was one hundred guineas.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE, 1876.

A FIGHT FOR HONOUR.

1ST CITIZEN. Saw you the contest, sir, on Father Thames,
Between the oarsmen of Old England's Sons?

2ND CITIZEN. I did, sir; and a grander sight than which
Never was gazed on by an anxious throng.

'It was a sight to make an old man young,'
To see the losing crew, when near the goal,
Straining their muscles to the cracking point
To grasp a victory which could ne'er be theirs.

And when I looked upon the gallant youths,
The champions of the rival boats, I thought
There was some valour in old England yet,
And 'twas a pity that both could not win.

1ST CITIZEN. And prithee what's the use of these great
sports?

What the reward of all this toil and care?

What gain to those who carry off the palm?

2ND CITIZEN. What gain? Ne'er heard you of fair woman's
smiles?

Ne'er heard you of brave hearts who, far away,
Bring back the memory of life's summer-dream,
When youth was theirs, and they were in their prime,
And pulled a stalwart oar in either boat,

Or stood and shouted by the river-bank
Like the mad crowd who shouted yesterday?

In Europe, Asia, and the sunny West,
Grey-bearded warriors, statesmen, and all ranks
Of Anglo-Saxons who have left their homes

To seek their fortune in some distant clime,
Stood waiting the grand secret which the wires,
With magic influence, hurried o'er the earth
And underneath the constant rolling sea;

And all that secret was—which boat had won.

Ah! little reck's it now which boat was first,
Or to which crew fair Victory gave the palm;
Each nobly fought—each nobly gained the prize—
That prize was Honour, pure as virgin gold!

Mitcham, May, 1876.

F. G.

FOX-HUNTING REMINISCENCES OF HERTS.

THE last day that I was out with the Hertfordshire hounds under the management of Mr. Sebright was March 9, 1835, when we had a very moderate day's sport, and hounds went home at 1.30 P.M.; in fact, the establishment had become very slack, and a change was advisable, and at the end of the season Mr. Sebright handed the hounds (which were the property of the country) to F. T. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., the Squire of Hitchin Priory, who consented to hunt the country. He for some years had kept a pack of very clever dwarf foxhounds, and hunted hare, having capital sport. These he sold, reserving a few couples, which entered directly to fox, and became as steady as any hounds in the pack. He drafted a good many of Mr. Sebright's, and bought two large drafts of unentered hounds from the Fitzhardinge kennel, to which blood he was very partial, and they turned out wonderfully after a time. Will Boxall was his huntsman, and was remarkably clever in the kennel, as the condition of the pack always showed, but he was moderate in the field—as Lord Jersey (the grandfather of the present Earl) said of him, 'He puts his cap on in the morning, and 'never knows whether he stands on his head or his heels till he 'comes home at night.' Mr. Radcliffe was a good sportsman, but was never a bruising rider. He did not like fences, but he was never afraid of galloping, and as he rode well-bred horses he was generally handy. He had a weak seat on his horse, always riding with his stirrups two or three holes too long, but he had first-rate hands. I never saw a horse pull with him, and he always said, 'It wants two parties to make a puller.'

The first opening day under the management of Mr. Radcliffe, the meet was October 26, 1835, at Gorbamby, where Boxall arrived with his hounds a little before 10.30 A.M., attended by Jem Simkins (afterwards Lord Dacre's huntsman for some years), and Reuben Scrivener, who came from Lord Charles Russell's harriers, all spick and span in their new red coats. The Squire and his wife had dined and slept overnight at Lord Verulam's, to be handy for the day's sport, which turned out as if made for them, for a capital fox was instantly found in the small gorse between the kitchen-garden and the shrubbery, and went away very fast over the park, almost in view, skirted the Furze Fields—the first fifteen minutes as fast as they could race—skirted Park Wood, on to Bricket, through it from end to end, and away at the Watford side at a good pace, leaving Cashiobury on their left, ran into him to the right of Lord Clarendon's—the Grove. This was a good beginning for the new establishment.

'*December 14.*—Met at Langley Bottom with Mr. Radcliffe. 'Found in a spinney close by, away towards Hitch Wood, but, 'turning to the left, went a racing pace for twenty minutes,

‘and into him.. Found again in Wymondley Springs, and had a good hunting run of two hours through Knebworth Wood on to Half Hyde Springs, close to Box Wood, and left off at dusk. On this day Mr. George Sowerby had a very bad fall, and (I believe) was never allowed to hunt again.’

‘1836. *January 1.*—I went with my horses into Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, and had good sport with the Honourable A. Craven’s staghounds, the Belvoir hounds, and the Cottesmore. I then returned into Herts, and found that Mr. Radcliffe had been having very fair sport, but nothing very particular.’

‘*February 18.*—With Mr. Radcliffe. Met at Cheverell’s Green. Found in Gaddesden Park; away to Beechwood—a ring—and back through Gaddesden Park, and away straight, leaving Cotton’s Springs on our right, by the Cherry Trees, through Pluck’s Bushes and Gorhambury Park, and to ground close to the palings in the earth in Pré Wood. A very good hunting run.’

‘*February 27.*—With Mr. Radcliffe. Met at Stagenhoe Park. Found directly in Hitch Wood; away very fast through Wain Wood without hanging a moment, skirted West Wood, and on without a check a good ring by King’s Walden and back to further side of Hitch Wood, through it and away to Knebworth, and ran into him in the Big Wood. A rattling forty minutes.’

1836.—The beginning of this season I was a good deal away, hunting in Warwickshire, but returned into Herts at the commencement of 1837. The large drafts that Mr. Radcliffe had been able to secure from the Fitzhardinge kennel were now well entered, and began to show their excellence by the sport that we had. Mr. Radcliffe himself was indefatigable in his endeavours to show sport, and although his residence (the Priory) was at least twelve miles distant from his kennel at Kennesbourne Green, he was always over there at least four days a week, arranging plans for future hunting. Many is the day that I have met him there, and, after inspecting the kennel and stable, retired into Boxall’s snuggerly and refreshed the inward man; for Mr. Radcliffe always kept a small cellar there well stocked with liquor, and numberless are those who on their way home after a hard day have been reinvigorated by a glass or two of good sherry. I mentioned that I did not consider Boxall a good huntsman in the field, but he was certainly a successful one, as his sport will show, and I put it down to the excellence of his condition. His hounds were always fit. Before he came to Mr. Radcliffe he hunted the Warwickshire hounds for three seasons, and they never had better sport before or since. There was one fox in the Dunchurch country from a gorse or faggot covert which had twice beaten him, and he found him a third time, and he took the same line as before; but this time, crossing the Dunchurch road, the ‘Tally-ho’ coach headed him, and he had to make a détour before he could make his point. There was a rattling scent, and the hounds had got away well, and after a very fine run over a splendid country, almost all grass, they

ran into the gallant fellow. It was the heading at the road, Boxall told me, that signed his death-warrant.

To return to my diary:—

January 18, 1836.—With Mr. Radcliffe. Met at Lamer Park. Found in Latimer's Gorse, ran to Dowdells, and had many rings in covert, owing to a number of foxes. Went away at last for Sherrard's, turned at the London Road skirting Messer's Farm, back by Water End across the river, and away merrily to Sandridge; thence to Symonds Hyde, skirting the wood, and set to running best pace without a check to Hatfield, skirting the town, across the Vicarage grounds, through Mr. Faithful's garden, viewing him dead beat into Miller's Park, when a farmer capped the hounds on a fresh fox which took us across to Mimms; and as fences were big and many, and ground deep and horses blown, we never caught them to whip off till they got into the great wood. A killing day for horses.'

January 20.—Dog pack. Met at Hexton: that, as well as Shortnall Grove, blank. Trotted to Bramingham, having several Oakley men out. Found instantly, and away very fast across the Vale of Toddington, reaching the Hill Farm in twenty-five minutes, being six miles. Here, the pace being too severe, instead of going on to the Woburn Woods, he headed back and skirted the Hills, leaving the Vale, and making for Dunstable, and was viewed for the last twenty minutes, and ran into close to Dunstable, in one hour and fifteen minutes without the least check. Boxall, on the Sadler, stood stock-still in twenty minutes.

Mr. E. T. Daniel and Mr. Charles Marten went best the burst; but the hounds were half a mile ahead of any horse. The whole thing perfect. I went down into Warwickshire for a few days; but I returned to Herts, and on Feb. 15 met Mr. Radcliffe's hounds at Market Cell. Found close by, running through Deadmondsy, leaving Sir J. Sebright's on their left, back to Luton, and through the park and over the open, and ran into him. Very good.'

February 24.—Gaddesden. Trotted to Flamstead Bury. Two foxes in the covert; away with one up wind, across the road under Beaumont's Farm, turning to the right, ran to close to Hemel Hempstead, on to Gaddesden, through the gorse and a ring in Gaddesden coverts; away to Beechwood, but turning to the left, crossed the water to the Ashridge coverts, on to the park, and ran him into a drain by the side of the park only two feet deep, whence he was drawn and devoured. A good hour and twenty minutes.'

March 1.—Met at Flamstead. Mr. Fraser's covert blank. Found in Mr. Basil's wood; away fast towards Gorhambury for ten minutes, and lost between George's Farm and Cotton's Springs. Trotted to Beechwood; found, and fox slipped away back some time before us; hunted him slowly over Studham Common, up to Ravensdale in thirty minutes. Here he waited for us, and they went away very fast over the valley to the Ashridge coverts, leaving

'the Ivinghoe Hills on our right, through those coverts beyond Ashridge Park and over the grass commons, through the Rail covert close to the Column, through Cold Harbour Gorse, away in direction of Berkhamstead, bearing to the right to North Church; was headed at the London and North Western Railway (now making), and ran into about four fields from North Church. Fifty minutes from Ravensdale; the first thirty minutes very fast, without a check; the last twenty minutes very good hunting, and the kill capital. A most excellent thing. The bitch pack. Fox seemed to pick out every bit of grass he could. A cold day, dry and frosty, and wind N.E.'

'*March 17.*—The Kennel, Kennesbourne Green. Drew the coverts about Luton Park without finding; trotted to Mr. Hamilton's gorse at Kensworth; found directly at 2.30 P.M.; away very fast through Deadmondsy, through Beechwood, to Ravensdale, across the valley to the Ashridge coverts, through them and across Ashridge Park from one corner to the other, quite flying, coming out upon Berkhamstead Common, close to the kitchen-garden, over the Common and half round it, running close to the town and up the hill to Berkhamstead Castle, through the pleasure-grounds, and along the valley, leaving North Church on our left, and on to about two miles beyond, where he crossed the North Western Railway (then making), and the Canal near a bridge, and very fast up to Tring Park; and here the pace had been so great that every one except Jem Simkins (the first whip) and five more were completely beaten off. Mr. Radcliffe, on Cricketer, stood stock-still in Tring Park. The hounds kept on running hard over Tring Park, through the Halton Woods, dropping the hill, ran to within four miles of Aylesbury, when they inclined to the left, and, leaving Weston Turville on our right, ran by Wendover, St. Leonards, and Lee, and ran up to some farm-buildings at Hampden. Here a check; and we cast all round, but could not hit on any scent; and we tried all outhouses, sheds, &c., and were obliged to give it up, feeling confident that he was hid up somewhere about the buildings. The next morning a man going to the faggot-stack in the yard to take some faggots into the house, found our fox dead in the stack, into which he had crawled and died from exhaustion. This was the most severe run I ever saw for continuation of pace and distance without a check, for the hounds were never once touched till we got to Hampden. The distance from point to point was eighteen and a half miles, and as we ran it twenty-six miles, and was done in two hours and thirty-five minutes. My horse carried me wonderfully; he was the stoutest horse I ever had. The Fitzhardinge hounds immortalised themselves, and the whole pack got back to kennel that evening with only one hound missing.'

'1837. *November 25.*—Met at Harpenden. Trotted to Flamstead and found close to Mr. Fraser's house; away, leaving Flamstead Church just on our right, to Gaddesden, leaving the gorse

'just on our right, skirted Hemel Hempstead, and running close by Cotton Springs, made a very large ring and back to Fraser's at a good hunting pace, the fox being several times viewed in front of us; away, leaving Hawkins' on our right, crossed the Great North Road, leaving Kennesbourne Green just on our left, set to running hard straight for the Hyde, down to the water, where turning to the left, we ran up to Luton Park and killed. A very good hunting run of two hours and a half, at times running hard, more especially the last twenty minutes.'

'*December 19.*—Met at Berkhamstead Common. Found near the Duke's Column; away fast for ten minutes, then good hunting, leaving Cold Harbour Gorse on our left, across Berkhamstead Common; then slow hunting across the end of Ashridge Park on to Sir Astley Cooper's; by Hemel Hempstead, where he turned short to the left along the bottom until opposite Gaddesden, where he crossed the water, and over the park, and tried the earths, which being stopped, we hunted him slowly on towards Beechwood, and came to a check in a torrent of rain, when a lucky halloa enabled Boxall to get his hounds close to his fox, and they ran him very fast over three fields and into Beechwood Park, and ran into him in Sir John Sebright's shrubbery. Time, two hours and a quarter. It rained hard all day.'

'*December 21.*—Bendish. Found in Hirst Wood; away towards Winch Hill Wood; was headed in a lane, turned back, and hounds ran him hard by Newness, Bratch Wood Green, and King's Walden, and into him below Bendish, in fifty-five minutes.

'*December 22.*—Harpenden Common. Drew small coverts about the kennel without finding. Trotted to Mr. Basil's wood; away, very fast up to Flamstead Bury, bearing to the right for Gaddesden, when, after twenty-five minutes very fast, he was chased by a sheep-dog, which caused a check; hunted on by Gaddesden, through the park, on towards Cotton's Springs, where we got upon bad terms; but a cast forward for Wood End recovered him, for he waited for us in a small covert on Wood End, and we went away close to him, running hard, leaving Flamstead Bury on our right, crossed the Great North Road, leaving Mr. Hawkins on our right, for Knot Wood, but turning to the left, leaving Kennesbourne Green on our right, to Pepperstock, thence to Luton Park, across the park, and through the Luton coverts, across Stockwood Park, and ran him to ground near Cuddington Church. A rare scent.'

'1838. *January 1.*—With Mr. Radcliffe. Met at Digswell Hill. Found in Sherrards; fox would not break; rattled him hard in covert for ten minutes, and killed him. Found in Dowdells; ran once round the covert and away towards Wheathampstead, bearing to the right at a good pace, skirted Lamer Park, left Pryor's Wood on their right and Kimpton on their left, skirted the Hoo on to Newness in thirty-five minutes without a check. Here headed by some men shooting; but a halloa forward put us on his line again, and they ran him very fast through Winch Hill Wood and

'away very fast for a quarter of an hour by Falconer's Hall, running into him at Mr. Oakley's brick-field at Wandon End.'

'*January 3.*—Symonds Hyde. Found in the covert; ran him for some time in covert; away at a good pace by No Man's Land, skirted Kinder's Gorse, making a large ring, and back to Symonds Hyde, through it, and away for Hatfield, inclining to the left by Welwyn, making for Dowdells; turning to the right, ran up to Brocket Hall, in the garden of which place the hounds ran into a most difficult fox to kill, in one hour, very good pace, without having been once off his line.'

'*March 3.*—Bramingham. A brace of foxes; away with one very fast to Sunden Holt; sore pressed, could not leave the covert for a little time; away very fast indeed by Streatley village, turned to the left, dropping the hills at the Shilling Gallery, and ran racing to Barton Leet, where they ran into him in fifty minutes from the find.'

'*March 5.*—Harpenden Common. Trotted to Symonds Hyde; found, and away directly at the farther end by Brocket Hall; on as if for Hatfield, but was headed, and made a ring of twenty minutes and back for Symonds Hyde. Here a slight check, but hit him off and away very fast, skirting the covert, through Beaumonts by Cunningham Hill to the London Road; turned to the right over the large grass fields by St. Peter's, left Barnard Heath on his left, through Beech Bottom to Batch Wood, through it, across Childwick Park and Common; set to to run very fast over the water by the Round Down, across the road, leaving Beaumont Hall on his right, by Hog End and Beech Hyde to the Long Walk across Gorbamby Park, and ran into him at the lodge in one hour from the slight check at Symonds Hyde without the slightest fault.'

'*March 12.*—Digswell Hill. Trotted to Dowdells; found, and away immediately at a good pace, leaving Ayot St. Lawrence on their left, down to Codicote Bottom; to the left by Kimpton Bottom, skirting Pryor's Wood, leaving Gustard Wood Common on his left, by Mackeray End down for Wheathampstead; crossed the Lea at Leesey Bridge, up to Piper's End in forty minutes. Here a check, owing to fox having gone into some farm-buildings, but hit him off, and ran him fast through Pigott's End coverts for ten minutes, and into him at Harpenden Common.'

'1838. *December 3.*—Langley Bottom. Found immediately in Almshoebury; a ring of the covert, and away at a very good holding pace through Lady Wood and Cockle Wood to Wymondley, through Mr. Wilshire's plantations, across Letchworth Fields to Norton Common, from thence across the river to Mr. Pryor's house at Radwell. Here a very slight check; hit him off, and away to Stotfold; through the village, down the Common to Astwick river; crossed it, and through the spinney on the other side to Langford. Here a check. Up to this it was one hour and ----- minutes. Hit him off and ran hard to Holme; crossed the wade Road to Holme Mills, and ran by the bank of the

‘to an osier-bed, where the fox laid up; and as the hounds were swimming the river, he broke away in view and they ran into him two fields to the left of Mr. Barnett’s kennel at Stratton Park, in one hour and forty-five minutes from the find. This was a very fine run.’

This season, 1838–39, was a very catchy one—frequent frost and snow preventing hunting—and, generally speaking, a bad scenting year.

‘*December 30.*—Stagenhoe. As trotting to Hitch Wood, a fox jumped up out of a hedgerow; away through part of Hitch Wood very fast, leaving Knebworth just on their left; turning to the right, ran by the Hoo, and to ground in a small covert beyond the park in thirty minutes, without the smallest check.’

‘*1839. January 11.*—Langley Bottom. Found in farther end of the covert, and came away all up wind and close at him; crossed the Bedford Road, leaving Wain Wood just on their left, crossed the earths (which were open) at Offley Holes, and ran into him without a check in twenty-five minutes. First-rate pace.’

‘*January 14.*—The Hyde. Found in Cold Harbour Spinneys; away, as if for Luton Park, but turned short back, and away very fast indeed, crossing the Harpenden Road, leaving Kennesbourne Green on their right, to the farther side of Knot Wood, through it, and away fast to Hammond’s End, pointing for Gorhambury; but, bearing to the right, he ran along the valley, leaving Redbourne on his left, and, hounds close at him, crossed the London Road near Mr. Hawkins’, and up to Flamstead Springs, in fifty minutes, and they ran into him in the spring.’

At this time I was asked to Woburn for a few days, and took my two horses, and when I arrived was greeted with this exclamation: ‘Surely you are not going to hunt with the Oakley at Knotting Fox! You will be in that big wood all day.’ However, to Knotting Fox I went. We quickly found, and ran for twenty minutes in covert; and I began to think that my friends were right. However, I was sitting on my horse alone in the middle of the covert, when the hounds ran by me, and I thought that I would have one more try to get away; so I cantered down the ride, and as I came to the gate at the end of the wood the hounds were going away with a burning scent. I halloaed, but no one was within three-quarters of a mile; so away we went over a beautiful county, over Higham Park and Higham Busketts, leaving Yielden Field and Newton village on the right, to Rushden, in fifteen minutes, as hard as they could race. Here a slight check at a sheepfold, and George Biers (the huntsman, a man of not very amiable temper) came up. I showed him where the hounds threw up; but they hit it off themselves directly, crossed the Kettering Road to Knuston, beyond which they pushed him from scent to view, and ran into him by the brookside at Irencester in thirty-five minutes from leaving Knotting Fox. An old dog-fox, and a most capital thing. The Marquis of Tavistock, the Master, was delighted, and getting off his horse, took a pencil out of his

pocket and wrote down on a blank sheet of a letter, on his saddle, the description of the run as I have given it, verbatim, and handed it to me, saying, 'Show this to my brother Charles, and tell him what a good run Knotting Fox has given us.'

With this pleasant interlude, I found myself again on February 14th with Mr. Radcliffe at Market Cell. 'Found in Mr. Fraser's open covert; away by Beechwood, a capital semicircle, turning to the left up to Gaddesden Gorse in twenty-two minutes without a check—all up wind; through the gorse, and away down wind, and to ground in fifteen minutes more in a dell between Flamstead Bury and Gaddesden, to the right of Hay Wood. Found again at Flamstead Bury; away over the Redbourne road, and up to Kennesbourne Green, and, bearing to the left, made a good ring, leaving Flamstead Church on their right, through Flamstead Springs, and to ground in view of the hounds close to Redbourne in thirty-five minutes. Very good pace.'

This was towards the end of Mr. Radcliffe's fourth season, during which time he had shown wonderful sport; but his career as Master was drawing to a close. He was of a very excitable nature, and nothing would deter him from writing a book upon hunting, which he called the 'Noble Science.' This kept up the excitement during the summer, and, his head getting no rest, it was too much for him; and in the spring of 1839, whilst at Newmarket at breakfast with the late Earl of Verulam, he had a fit, which necessitated his giving up the hounds, which were taken by Mr. Brand, now Lord Dacre.

Herts never, either before or since, showed better sport than during Mr. Radcliffe's Mastership, and I attribute his success to the following reasons: 1st. His untiring energy in endeavouring to promote sport. Although living a long way from his kennel, he never saved himself by ordering the hounds to draw homewards, but always went where he thought that sport might be had; 2ndly. The capital condition in which Boxall always brought his hounds into the field; and although, perhaps, not a very good huntsman, yet he left his hounds very much alone, and gave them a chance to hunt; 3rdly. Because he had hit upon the right sort of hound to hunt the country. The Fitzhardinge blood was predominant in his kennel. They were low-scented, with plenty of tongue, which kept them together in covert and forced their foxes, and this accounts for the good points which foxes made in those days. The Squire was of a most hospitable turn; the fact of being a fox-hunter was sufficient to secure a place at his board, and many is the time that, with the horseshoe table drawn near the fire, and with two or three brother sportsmen, a bottle or two of first-rate claret has made a pleasant end to a good day's sport. He never omitted the toast of the 'Noble Science,' even when the Bishop was dining with him.

Although obliged to give up the Mastership of the hounds, Mr. Radcliffe continued to hunt regularly in Herts up to his death; but

for the last two or three years he suffered severely from inflammation of the kidneys, and I much doubt whether hunting did not aggravate the disorder. The last day I rode with him was February 27, 1875, when we went to meet Mr. Race's harriers near Shefford; but he only went about three miles, when he was forced to return home. During the next summer he grew weaker, and on November 30, 1875, he died at the Priory, and was buried in the cemetery at Hitchin; and the neighbourhood lost a rare specimen of the old English 'Country Squire,' and I lost a good and valued friend.
Laudator temporis acti.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

No feat, not even if he had tripped up the Senior Proctor, or knocked down Luke Rogers in a Town-and-Gown row, could have reflected more glory on Frank's head than that act of his in charging the Cherwell. To make his acquaintance, then, became at once a rage among the undergraduates; for, deny it as he would, a general belief prevailed that he had wilfully ridden at the river in its then swollen state, determined, it he failed to cross it, at least to stop the field.

'I tell you, I saw him distinctly cram both spurs into the Ferry-man's ribs, as he put him forty miles an hour at the awful place,' maintained Bob Granite, a gentleman-commoner of St. Ebb's, himself afterwards as fearless and hard a rider as ever followed the Royal Hounds.

'He must be mad as a hatter to think any horse short of Pegasus could cover forty feet of water;' said the Major, a noble specimen of a Shropshire squire; who, from his kind, genial nature, seasoned as it was with a strong spice of humour, was certainly one of the most popular men in the University.

'Not he, no more mad than you are, Major; he's just a dare-devil fellow, without an atom of funk in him, very fresh and not a little provincial in his dialect; Doric or Devonshire it may be, for aught I know to the contrary; but he's a gentleman for all that.'

'Then you've made his acquaintance, Bob; who the deuce could have introduced you?' inquired the Major, that formality being considered an indispensable necessity in Oxford etiquette: indeed, the gulf that yawned between the junior members of St. Ebb's and those of St. Columb's was regarded by the former as a barrier impassable, except by the special mediation of some mutual friend. No school-ties, not even those of kith and kin, were held to be sufficient without this necessary passport; so jealously, at that period, was the inner and sacred circle of life at St. Ebb's guarded against the intrusion of an outer and possibly lower caste of men.

'Who could have introduced you, Bob?' said the Major again; not immediately receiving an answer to that important question, owing to the din of the supper-party going on around him.

'Why, Lloyd Price, of course; the only man I know at St. Columb's; so I give notice that I mean to leave my card on him to-morrow.'

'And ask him to dinner, Bob; I should like to know him too. Watkin and the Crow will fall down and worship him, when they hear of that Cherwell feat.'

The former undergraduate, alluded to, had a few days previously met with a bad fall, while tilting at the Quentin Club, on Bullingdon Common, and was then lying *hors de combat* on his couch, utterly disabled by the accident. He had consequently missed the Chesterton run—a misery he never ceased to deplore—although all the incidents of the day (which, like Virgil's Fame, the oftener they were told the bigger they grew) had been narrated to him by every man who had seen, and many who had not seen, that eventful run. The latter, a houndsman from his cradle, and a man of honour to the backbone; but, to the alarm of all who loved him, the intimate associate of a genius who 'kept a book,' and whose transcendent abilities oscillated dangerously from the study of the differential and integral calculus to that of the odds at Tattersall's.

Not a week afterwards, Frank was as much at home among the hunting set at St. Ebb's as if he were an enrolled member of that College: but as his associates were, most of them, either in possession of or heirs to estates, returning a rental of more thousands a year than Watercombe could count in hundreds, he very soon found the allowance received from his father utterly insufficient, even for the pocket-money required for his current amusements. The outlay needful for hunting would, as he well knew, be regarded by the Squire as a venial extravagance; but that daily drain occasioned by billiards, vingt-un, pigeon-matches at the Weirs or on Cowley Marsh, tandem-excursions to Witney, Woodstock, and Henley-on-Thames, exhausting as it was to the resources of his limited exchequer, would be looked upon in a very different light; for ready money he must have to meet such expenses.

True, he went 'tick' for the wine and supper-parties he was so fond of giving; for the horses and tandems he hired; for guns, saddlery, and hunting-togs (a Bond-street tailor being especially retained to provide them); and, above all, for the costly pictures with which his rooms were decorated. Consequently, before the end of the first term, not only was his name down for considerable sums in the books of most of the chief tradesmen, but he had borrowed a hundred pounds from a money-lender, giving him a bill for the capital, and undertaking to pay five pounds a month, by way of interest, till that was repaid.

In a small back-parlour of the Roebuck Inn a knot of tradesmen were in the habit of assembling almost nightly, ostensibly on convivial grounds, but in reality to talk over the present and future

prospects of their new customers, and to ascertain, so far as they could from each other, the length of the tick-tether to which it would be safe to allow them to go.

'I tell you, I knows it,' said Maggs, the horse-dealer, at one of those meetings; 'I got it from Potts, his own scout, and he had it from the Bursar of St. Columb's, that he's an only son, and must come in for the biggest landed estate in all Devonshire, when his father dies. Besides, didn't he pay me a rattling good sum down on the nail for that horse he killed? So he's all right in the long run, and no mistake.'

'That's the best news I've heard for many a day,' said the picture-dealer, reviving from the state of gloomy uncertainty into which he had been plunged soon after he had parted with his valuable goods. 'I'll stand bottoms of brandy all round on the strength of that information; and give him "tick" till he puts on his gown.'

'That he'll never do,' replied Maggs; 'he's a deal too fast for that; though, if they keep him anywhere, they'll keep him at St. Columb's: but, I say, they'll scratch him there before ever he gets his little go.'

'What's his real age?' inquired the money-lender: 'he don't look twenty; but Potts swears he's older than he looks, and that he'll be twenty-one next Christmas.'

'Never mind his age, Skinner; a gentleman must be a gentleman,' said the horse-dealer, 'when he has a fine estate to fall back upon; and if you take his bond for a thousand, I'll give you a hundred down to go shares in it.'

This opinion appeared to satisfy the money-lender; who, without waiting for the treat promised by the picture-dealer, soon afterwards rose from his seat and quitted the Roebuck. The next morning, as Frank, who had just swallowed his breakfast in a great hurry, and was putting on his drab Salisbury overcoat, with the intention of 'tooling' the Berkeley Hunt coach down to Cheltenham, a single, gentle rap on his inner door (for as yet his oak was rarely sported) apprised him that some one, probably an importunate tradesman, was there, seeking an order at that early hour.

'Come in,' shouted he at the top of his voice, and in a tone indicative of such marked impatience that the cringing fellow who entered made a most humble apology for intruding at so early an hour.

'But, sir,' said he, 'I knew you was a hunting gentleman, and would perhaps be off before I could give you an answer to your application of yesterday; so I thought I'd come betimes to say you can have the money—one hundred pounds, or two, if you wish it—on your own bond; of course, countersigned by one of your college friends.'

'Thank you, Skinner; one hundred will be sufficient for the present, and if I want more I shall know where to come for it: but how soon can you let me have the money?'

'One half this instant, sir, if you'll be good enough to put your

‘name to that paper,’ replied the usurer, producing a document on which the terms of the loan were fully stated, ‘and the remainder after your friend has endorsed the bill.’

‘All right,’ said Frank, snatching a pen already dipped in ink, and attaching his name, without reading a word of it, to the document in question, while Skinner handed him the money in ten five-pound notes. ‘The Berkeley Hunt won’t wait a second,’ continued Frank; ‘and if I don’t catch her at Witney, I shall lose my drive altogether.’

‘Then you’ll attend to the endorsement another day?’ inquired Skinner, folding up the acceptance and depositing it carefully within a vast pocketbook, which appeared to be already cram-full of similar documents. He then glided away, as Satan might have done when Eve took her first bite at that fatal apple.

Frank had no difficulty whatever in finding a friend to back his bill; for, partly owing to Potts’ exaggeration, and partly to the extravagant style of habits he had adopted in order to keep pace with his associates at St. Ebb’s, it was generally believed that the Watercombe estate, to which he was known to be sole heir, was so extensive that, if he had not taken his fling in this fashion, he would have been looked upon as a poor spiritless fellow, unworthy of his birthright. So, if the bill had represented a thousand, instead of a hundred pounds, it would have been backed with equal confidence by almost any one of his many friends.

When that requirement had been duly fulfilled, Frank, in his utter simplicity, of course expected that the remaining fifty pounds would be handed over to him forthwith. But not so: Skinner, in addition to his money-lending business, sold wine on commission; and when a case of claret, charged at 120s. a dozen, and two more of port and sherry, which were only drinkable when mulled, were stowed away in Frank’s bins, and the price thereof deducted from the moiety, the amount of cash he received fell far short of even one-half the expected sum. Nor would it have been any use to remonstrate; for such were the written terms on which Frank had accepted the loan, and it was clearly his own fault if, before signing it, he had not understood the conditions imposed by the contract.

That debt, it is almost needless to add, soon grew into far greater dimensions: the renewal of the bill; more money borrowed, and the accumulation of interest—not a farthing of which did Frank ever think of paying—swelled it by the end of his first four terms into a serious sum. Eventually, however, it was paid by a heavy mortgage on the Watercombe estate; but, in that form, it still hung like a millstone round Frank’s neck to the day of his death.

The loss of the Ferryman was quickly supplied by a fresh purchase; but this time, instead of being required to pay ready money for the animal—a grand old hunter that, in stable language, could jump a haystack—the now accommodating Maggs begged it might ‘go to book;’ and although the price was a high one—at least double the market value, considering that the horse was said to be of sufficiently

long-standing in the University to take his doctor's degree—Frank offered no objection to that convenient arrangement.

Indeed, such was the facility, it might even be said the encouragement, he met with on every side to incur debt, that on many occasions the ready five-pound note, proffered over the counter for articles purchased, was refused on the ground that change was scarce—a specious plea invariably accompanied by a request that he would permit the trifle to 'go to book.'

Nor did Frank's conduct in this respect differ at all from that of most other freshmen; for, few and far between were they—at least in those days—whose moral courage enabled them to resist such temptation; the bird, indeed, need have been a wary one to escape the many nets so artfully spread for its entanglement.

Before the Michaelmas term had fairly come to a close, Frank, who, unfettered by too many College lectures, had been able, with the help of a hired horse or two, to enjoy his four days a week with the hounds of the neighbourhood—and above all, had tasted the first sweets of an independent life—wrote home to say that as the Christmas Vacation was a short one, he wished, with his father's approval, to continue in residence during that period. A few men of St. Ebb's, he said, with whom he had formed an intimate acquaintance, proposed doing the same thing; and as one of the fellows of his own College—Lloyd Price—had suggested the plan to him, he thought a long to-and-fro journey into Devonshire might be saved by its adoption.

The Squire having read the letter, proceeded at once to consult Lady Susan on the subject. Now, the news of Frank's attachment to the Beauty of Heathercote had by this time become the talk of the county, and had been repeatedly conveyed to her ladyship's unwilling ears; indeed, it was currently rumoured that not only were they privately engaged, but that Frank had been heard to say—and she knew it from her maid—that 'he should live and die a bachelor, 'if he were not permitted to marry Mary Cornish.'

Gall and wormwood to her palate could scarcely have been more bitter than this report to her feelings; for, independently of the bad blood so long existing between the two families, and the very different social circles in which they respectively moved, Lady Susan had set her heart on seeing her son married to a near connection of her own—a sprig of nobility, and the richest heiress in the county of Cornwall.

'By all means, Raleigh, give your consent; boys are so changeable, you know, in their fancies that, if he does not see that 'girl for six months, he'll forget her altogether,' said Lady Susan, reading over the letter a second time. 'I'd rather follow the 'boy to his grave than see his prospects and our own blighted for 'life by such a *mésalliance*. Then he has joined, as I hoped he 'would, the best set at St. Ebb's; and that, you know, must be 'of the greatest advantage to him; for, after the rust he contracted 'at that low school at Buckbury, to associate with such good company cannot fail to improve him in every respect.'

‘I’m not quite so sure of that,’ said the Squire, with an anxious expression settling on his face. ‘They’re a fast lot at St. Ebb’s—men of large means and expensive habits; and to attempt keeping pace with them, as I know from experience, must bring the boy sooner or later to inevitable grief; and, on the other hand, if he don’t live as they live, and do as they do, the bitter bread of mortification will assuredly be his daily lot. But far better this fate, with the approval of a good conscience, than the other; the evil results of which, repent as he will, can never be repaired. No; I wish, with all my heart, the boy had stuck to his own in-college set, and played first fiddle amongst them, instead of running the risk of being crippled for life, and, into the bargain, of subjecting himself to the odious imputation of being considered a tuft-hunter; to which, however guiltless, he will now be liable.’

‘Never, Mr. Raleigh! How could he be called a tuft-hunter for choosing to associate with his equals in preference to those of a lower caste? You seem to forget that the boy’s grandfather was an earl, whose ancestor won his spurs before the battle of Hastings; and, as to getting into debt, he may get out of that by economy; but he can never get over a miserable *mésalliance*, such as that would be on which he is now bent. So pray let him remain at Oxford till this fit is over. I see no other chance of saving him.’

‘Be it so, madam; his and your prayer shall be granted; and, much as my prophetic soul is troubled, I devoutly hope the result may be satisfactory: nevertheless, I repeat, the company of the rich is ever dangerous to a poor man; though God forbid that the case of the dwarf, who formed an alliance with a giant and went into battle with him, should be exemplified in Frank.’

‘Better be crippled in good company, Mr. Raleigh, than hampered with a wife from such a family; the very thought of it is killing me,’ said Lady Susan, sinking back into an arm-chair and covering her face with both hands, as if suffering intense mental agony. Now, if the Squire possessed one virtue less than another, it was certainly that of patience; and as this action of her ladyship portended a scene, of which, from long and bitter experience, he had a thorough dread, he rang the bell for her body-guard, as he called the maid, and, carrying the letter with him, escaped to his own room.

There, seated at his desk, he wrote a long and earnest epistle to Frank, warning him against the danger he incurred from association with men of so much larger means than himself, and especially pointing out the ruin that awaited him if he launched into extravagance, borrowed money, and became encumbered with debt. But he made no allusion whatever to Mary Cornish; and, knowing full well that opposition on his part would be far more likely to sharpen the edge of the boy’s attachment than to blunt it, he determined to let that matter take its chance, but at the same time devoutly hoped the fire might burn out and at length end in smoke. He then gave his consent to Frank’s request.

The gownsmen give life to the city of Oxford during term time;

but, during the Christmas or protracted period of the Long Vacation, when a visitor might as well expect to see the Pope in pontifical robes as a member of the University in his cap and gown, the deserted colleges and sombre old walls, despite the beauty of their architecture, impress the whole place with a cheerless and desolate aspect. And if, perchance, during the Christmas Vacation a few men reading hard for honours, or a few others of a very different turn—the hunting men—may still be found occupying their rooms, the latter could only be recognised in the streets as university *alumni* by their scarlet coats or shooting costume, and the former by their thoughtful and pallid looks, rather than by one scrap of the usual academicals. Discipline, too, at that period, if not wholly suspended, was only partially enforced, and the undergraduates were wont to treat the beneficent and dignified dame, Alma Mater, with no more respect than if she were an old village schoolmistress.

Frank, consequently, took his fling to its utmost length; feeling for the first time in his life, as if he were now really his own master; but the delusion was as the mirage of the desert—present pleasure at the expense of future woe.

‘I’ve just bought a horse, Raleigh, which Maggs tells me is as good in harness as he is across country;’ said Gore Leveson, a gentleman-commoner of St. Ebb’s, in whose rooms Frank and one or two hunting companions were then dining; ‘so what do you say to a run down to Cheltenham? We’ll borrow Bromley’s new cart, and I’ll clap him in the shafts, if you’ll find a slap-up leader; we could dine and sleep at the Plough, and come comfortably back the next day.’

‘But how about sleeping out? the scouts, I understand, are sworn to report us; and I don’t want to get sent away before the Duke’s hounds come to Heythrop.’

‘No fear of that, Raleigh; do as I do; tumble up your bed and tip your scout a sovereign; and if that don’t stop Potts’ mouth, never believe me again.’

‘In that case,’ said Frank, ‘I’m your man; and I don’t see why we shouldn’t put in the Beacon; if he’ll face the collar, he’ll make a tip-top leader.’

‘So he would,’ replied Leveson, delighted at the idea of having to handle and teach a young, unbroken horse his first lesson in harness; ‘by all means, Raleigh, let’s have him.’

Among the many amateur whips of the University, few had attained the art of handling the ribbons with so much skill and neatness as Gore Leveson. It had been the chief subject of his study, in fact, from the first hour of his matriculation to the day on which, after a champagne breakfast, he put the crowning touch to his Olympics, by driving a tandem at full gallop round the great quadrangle of St. Ebb’s—a foolhardy feat that led to his immediate expulsion. The old Dean had viewed it from his own window, and discovering from the porter who the culprit was, he summoned him to his presence, and thus laconically addressed him: ‘Sir: the

‘quadrangle of St. Ebb’s is not the Plain of Elis; nor are the Isthmian games permitted within these walls. You will cease, Sir, henceforth to be a member of this college and university.’ He then erased his name in the usual way; but the ostracism, if such it might be called, fell lightly enough on Gore Leveson; its result being simply a change of venue; for his coaching pictures, and the vast stock of tandem and other whips, which decorated his rooms at St. Ebb’s, were forthwith transferred to a set of luxurious apartments in the High Street; where, no longer subjected to gate regulations nor to academical control, he continued to enjoy his Oxford life with unlimited freedom. Subsequently, for more than three terms, Leveson’s rooms became the fashionable lounge for all the hunting, coaching, and fast men of the University; and from that centre emanated, almost daily, some new project for a driving excursion, a pic-nic at Nuneham, a steeplechase, or a riding-match against time—from Oxford to London and back, a distance of 110 miles, being the course selected for such a feat.

Consequently the ruin, immediate or future, that befel many a man of that set—ay, and many a parent too—owing to the example of Leveson, and the schemes hatched in those rooms, it is scarcely possible to exaggerate. A commission in the Life Guards, however, at length relieved the University of his attractive presence, and gave to the country a hero scarcely better known for the matchless skill and elegance with which he handled his team than for the soldier-like bearing he displayed in manœuvring his troops.

But we have anticipated our tale. Leveson was still a member of St. Ebb’s when the expedition to Cheltenham was arranged at his table; and although it was vacation-time, and the discipline of the University seemed to be in abeyance, still the act of sleeping out of College, even at that time, would certainly, if discovered, have been followed at least by rustication, if not by more serious consequences. Notwithstanding this risk, however, in a morning or two afterwards, the tandem-cart, having for its occupants Gore Leveson, Frank, and Lord Adam Lethbridge, the last a merry-hearted Milesian, whose duty it was to wake up the drowsy tollbar-men with a copper horn at least a yard long, drew up at the Hollybush Inn, and there awaited the expected leader.

Quiet as ‘the Beacon’ was naturally, he had nevertheless rebelled several times at his novel harness, even before he could at length be brought up to the starting-point; and in passing through George Lane, a back-way towards the Seven-bridge Road, he was immediately recognized in one of these tantrums as Frank’s horse by the Dean of St. Columb’s, then the only authority in residence at that College.

‘Keep his head straight, and hold on till I get him into a swing,’ said Gore Leveson to the groom, who was running alongside, doing his utmost to soothe and encourage the nervous beast. ‘There! let ‘em go; it’s all right now.’

And so it was. The Beacon, put into an easy canter and treated with a gentle hand, maintained that pace over the Seven-bridge

Road with apparently as much light-heartedness as if he had been going to hounds ; he needed not the whip, nor was he once checked or brought to a standstill before they had reached the double toll-bar at Ensham Bridge. And yet this was the first time the horse had ever looked through a collar.

Had he been frequently driven, and pronounced 'steady in harness,' by some rough breaker, in all probability he would have given more trouble, and have done his work far less pleasantly, than he did under the finished touch of Leveson's light hand. No animal is more amenable to gentle treatment than a horse ; and on the first lessons of his life, the viciousness or tractability of his future character will often depend. Some few horses, it is true, inherit vice and are vicious by nature ; but even these are to be won over and fairly tamed by habitual kindness and gentle usage ; whereas, harshness and rough treatment leave an impression which is never obliterated from the long memory of an ill-used horse.

The road being in fair travelling order, the distance to Cheltenham was performed in little more than five hours ; and, with the exception of a somewhat amusing episode that took place at the Bird-in-Hand Inn, at Burford, where they stopped to bait, no other incident worthy of record occurred throughout the journey.

A grilled fowl—or, as it is called at Oxford, a spread-eagle—having been ordered for their luncheon, Lord Adam, who had gone into a back-bedroom to wash his hands, was not a little surprised to see an old cook and a boy in full pursuit of a hen which, in the stable-yard below, was doing its utmost to elude capture. Inferring at once—and rightly too—that the bird was intended for their use, he rushed down to represent the matter to his companions, protesting that plain bread-and-cheese would be far preferable to the tough meal they were about to be served with, and that the order for the spread-eagle should at once be countermanded.

'Hold hard, Lethbridge !' exclaimed Leveson, who, racketty fellow as he had been at Eton, had nevertheless been so well drilled in Horace by Keats' persuasive arm, that he had become to a certain extent impregnated with the taste, if not with the spirit, of the poet, and frequently quoted him, especially in matters relating to wine and cookery. 'Hold hard, my boy ! I don't see why the fowl should be tough, if we only follow the advice of our old friend Horace, the prince of epicures, however much he satirised the sect. The receipt is a simple one : he tells you that, if surprised by the sudden and unexpected arrival of a guest in the evening, lest you should offend his palate with a tough fowl, you should plunge the bird alive into Falernian must, and that by this process it will be made tender :

"Doctus eris vivam mixto mersare Falerno :
Hoc teneram faciet."

'But where's the Falernian to come from,' inquired Lord Adam, with an air of incredulity.

‘Oh, that’s easily manufactured;’ replied Leveson; ‘a bottle of claret and some diluted vinegar will produce a vinous mixture, which, if not equal to the best growth of Italy, would be far better tippie than that vile Sabine wine which the poet was ashamed to put before his friend Mæcenas. So what hindereth? Let’s try it instanter.’

So saying, followed by his two companions, he rushed into the yard; and the fowl, having been captured, was at once plunged into the liquor up to its very beak, and sometimes over it, for at least ten minutes. It was then killed, plucked, and forthwith grilled; and the experiment proving eminently successful, Lord Adam was wont, in after-years, when encountering a tough beefsteak or an old bantam doing duty for a spring-chicken, to protest against the ignorance of modern cooks; winding up always by saying, ‘Why, on earth, don’t they adopt the Falernian dodge, and souse our food, before they cook it, in some acid wine, or even in vinegar; our teeth would then be spared many a cruel strain.’

NUMBER ONE ON HIS TRIAL.

By Number One, I mean the representative selfish man, who is to be found in company with congenial spirits quite as bad as himself, in every sport of flood and field throughout the civilised world; and Number One is fast paralysing all the best national sports. I was delighted with an article in a back number of ‘Baily,’ in the shape of a letter from Sylvanus to Tyro, about hunting, in which he says that if any master of hounds chose to do so, he probably could count on the fingers of one hand those at the cover-side who either understood or tried to understand the science of hunting, and who come out solely for the love of sport. These are not the actual words, but they contain the pith of the argument.

The remarks of Sylvanus will apply equally well to cricket, hunting, fishing, shooting, running, athletics, and all English sports. Directly that a good sport is inaugurated anywhere, that sport becomes a property, and it is really a very difficult thing for real sportsmen to enjoy it in a quiet and sensible way; and too many sports depend upon public-house support.

Take cricket, for instance. Number One is a dreadful man now, in many ways, sometimes as an amateur, sometimes as a player, sometimes as a committeeman or secretary. It is very difficult to define what an amateur is now, according to the practice of the present age. According to the old acceptation of the word, an amateur was one who neither directly nor indirectly accepted money or money’s worth towards his sport; and if he had not the means of following it he left it alone. But now, Heaven help us! some amateurs not only take hard money in no small sums, but bring others with them who, under the name of travelling expenses, accept money to twice the amount of that paid to professionals.

Other amateurs are great at getting up clubs, and as committee-men will vote away money wholesale for cricket paraphernalia—bats, pads, gloves, and all sorts of things—and arrange a list of matches, putting all their friends into the eleven regardless of their ability; and in a short time all the subscriptions are spent, and the club is in what is usually called ‘Short’s Gardens;’ but when the day of reckoning comes, and the members are summoned to pay up, Number One is very conspicuous by his absence, and some few who have a name and a position to lose find the money, and there is an end of the matter.

Number One as a player is one of those who has been petted and pampered during his cricketing career as a public player, and who retires from the game, which he has followed simply for the sake of the money; and on his settling at home, thinks himself badly used if he does not get every shilling for himself, and get a pull out of every match which is played.

Now turn we to the hunting-field, where there is a subscription pack, or a pack partly supported by subscription. Very frequently in these cases there is a patriot who is passionately fond of the sport, who volunteers as secretary and treasurer. How many Number Ones there are who ride with the hounds or send their sons, who never ask the secretary what the balance is at the end of the season; and instead of feeling under an obligation to the gentleman who has promoted their sport, form little cliques behind his back, and declare that he is a Jack-in-office or a tuft-hunter, and wants everything his own way.

This remark applies to amateur secretaries of almost all clubs which have no regular income. A secretary must naturally have a prominent position and considerable authority to be any good; and he seems to be the natural butt for abuse and jealousy of all kinds, and of ill-natured remarks carefully made *behind his back*.

As regards fishing and shooting, railways and the immense increase of wealth have made great changes, and rivers are carefully preserved and a large head of game kept up where game never was before, and the great Number One is the keeper. The palmy days when the squire asked you to bring your gun or your fishing-rod, and stay for a day or two, are gone and past. The proprietor of an estate does not dare to say, as he used to, ‘Take your rod or your ‘gun,’ as the case might be, ‘and go where you please.’ Oh, no, those days are gone. Mr. Keeper is the man now, and you must do as you are told. It is curious how you find the favourite pool where the big fish lie full of weeds; or if it is not full of weeds, and if the boughs have been trimmed back a little and the weeds cleared, Mr. Keeper will say, ‘Better leave that pool alone, sir; it has been a ‘little over-fished. We will go down a bit lower.’ In other words, Mr. Keeper knows of two gentlemen who are coming next week who are worth two or three guineas to him.

As to the shooting, Mr. Punch did not the least overstate the case when he represented, through the inimitable John Leech’s caricature,

the shooting party, and the keeper is posting the guns—'Now, 'we will have a duke here, a lord here, and a lord there; and as to 'you,' addressing a commoner in knickerbockers, 'you can go there, 'and take your chance of a hare going back.'

I don't believe that one half of those who shoot and fish now would—if you put them in a country which they did not know with a gun and a brace of good dogs, or by a strange river with a fly-book and a fishing-rod—have the remotest idea how to begin, just as half those who play cricket do not understand the strategy of the game: if they do know it, they care more for their own position and self-importance than for winning the match, and a very large number of them would sulk for a week, if you put them in last. The 'putting a man in last' is a crucial test of his love of the game. It is a charming thing to 'captain' an eleven when you hear a chorus from real, true, genuine cricketers, of 'Put me last, old fellow!' I am happy to say that I still know many such good fellows who will go anywhere in the field, and do anything, for the sake of winning a match—But (observe the capital B, Mr. Baily) where there is a selfish captain, then you will find a bad eleven, and cricket falls lower than skittles.

Number One is a great nuisance. He is at the bottom of mischief, jealousy, quarrelling, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and is generally a muff into the bargain.

The short cut to the enjoyment of sport now is to be quite independent of clubs, secretaries, and cliques, and establish your own ready-money sports. If you want to row, get a few genial souls together, and have a waterman to coach you. If you want to play a match, secure a good long-stop, wicket-keeper, and one good professional bowler at least. Contract with the professional for the whole expense beforehand. Don't announce your match in the papers, but go quietly to work, and win if you can; and if both sides consent to notch on a stick, sinking all names and score-book, so much the better. The only rules required are three in number: (1) Be on the ground at 10.30 sharp; (2) Stop till the match is over; (3) Pay your share before leaving.

As to fishing, there are plenty of places in England where you can take a day-ticket and get real good sport, and many places in mountainous countries where you can fish for nothing. As to my friend Number One, he will not be missed by good men and true when he is under the turf instead of on it, or under the mill-dam instead of by the river-side.

I hope, Mr. Baily, that you don't think I want sport for nothing; on the contrary, I think keepers, watermen, professional cricketers—a large majority of them are excellent fellows—and all others ought to be fairly paid; but I do protest against the Number Ones assuming to themselves an importance and dictation which are impertinent and ridiculous.

Mitcham, May, 1876.

F. G.

ON THE GRASS ROUND RUGBY.

THERE are few places more conveniently located for hunting than the quiet little Warwickshire town, which is so situated that you may generally reach hounds at least four or five days a week from it (more if you put your horse in the train), and yet, if so minded, run up to London, when your day's sport is over, in the short space of a couple of hours. We may not have quite such facilities for going always, or nearly always, on grass as are afforded the Meltonians or the dwellers in Market Harborough, but on three sides at least we command as fine lines of country as are to be found in England; and the man who is not satisfied with the Pytchley, the Atherstone, and parts of the North Warwickshire must be hard to please, especially as he can, at longer distances or by rail, reach Mr. Tailby's, the Quorn, the Duke of Grafton's, and the Warwickshire. Looked at in a hunting sense, the district which Rugby commands is second to none but that around Melton or Market Harborough, if even second to them. Hence we think a slight sketch of our season's doings so far may be not altogether unacceptable to the readers of 'Baily.'

Turning first to the Pytchley, they commenced the season with Earl Spencer at the head of affairs, Will Goodall carrying the horn, and Tom Goddard and Charles Isaacs to turn them to him. There is also a vastly improved pack of hounds, which had done real good work and had plenty of blood during the cub-hunting; and it need not be said that the men are horsed as well as any in England. With regard to the other and principal ingredient in the chase, foxes, there has been more than enough over the greater part of the country; so that if some favourite coverts, like Crick, for instance, failed to fulfil their mission once or twice, the deficiency was easily supplied. In fact, the superabundance of the animal early in the season, added to a lack of scent, at times kept the hounds out of well-merited blood through frequent changes. We have said the hounds are much improved, and in truth Lord Spencer and Goodall had rather an uphill game to fight the first season. They took a shortish pack from Mr. Naylor, and the hounds bought elsewhere did not appear either to have confidence in the original lot or to inspire them with confidence in return; and we believe it is no more than the truth to say that some of them were not quite so steady as they might have been. A season together, added to plenty of work amongst the cubs, a fair entry, and, no doubt, some judicious drafting, has done wonders for them; they now get their heads down and hunt their fox as honestly as hounds can do, appearing to work more together than they had done before. As the hounds are improved, so is the huntsman, as was natural in a young man. Goodall seems to rely more on himself and his own judgment, as well as on his hounds, and was more decided when making his casts than the first season. No man could well be quicker, and a better horseman

never charged an oxer. It was a sad thing for him to break his leg as he did early in the year, and just as his merits were beginning to be really appreciated. We are pleased to say he is doing well so far, and his recovery has been rapid—a result no doubt to be attributed in some measure to youth, a good constitution, and his well-known temperate habits. Since his fall the horn has been taken by Lord Spencer, and occasionally by Goddard, who made a very favourable impression on many who know what hunting is. His Lordship, whose management of the field, courteous but firm, has been the admiration of all those who like to see both fox and hounds given a fair chance, has showed us that he is equally *au fait* in handling the horn; and since he commenced the only fear has been that the exertion may prove too arduous for his health. Perhaps a better specimen of woodcraft has seldom been seen than in January, when he found his fox in Sulby Gorse, ran him with a bad scent to the north of Sibbertoft, then turned and ran fast to Theddingworth and back to Sulby, where the hounds went on to the gorse, and the fox slipped back and away to Bigg's Lodge. Hitting the line off again, his Lordship got up to him in an osier-bed, ran for thirty-five minutes by North Kilworth and Kilworth Sticks to near Walton Holt, so fast as to shake off most of the horses, where they checked; got on his line again, when half the gentlemen huntsmen would have spoilt all by being in too great a hurry, as hounds could only hunt it inch by inch. Lord Spencer let them alone, and as his reward, after working across bad-scenting plough and heavy fallows, killed his fox handsomely in the open, close to the Theddingworth and Laughton Road, after a really fine hunting run, nearly coming to grief himself at the same time through jumping into a wire, of which the posts were fortunately rotten. We have heard this performance highly spoken of when with other packs. Nothing extraordinary has been recorded, but they have had a fair average of sport; perhaps two of their sharpest things being from Braunston—one to Hillmorton covert and Crick, before Christmas, in which his Lordship, Tom Goddard, Mr. Foster, Admiral Jones, Mr. Muntz, and the Hon. Mr. Henley had the best of it; and the other to Shuckburgh later on, when hounds ran clean away from every one in the dark, and they were glad to stop them as soon as they could. Another hunting run of great merit took place late in the day from Buckby Folly, going by Winwick and Cold Ashby to Naseby Woolleys, and back to ground at the Hemploe, without a check. Every horse was beaten, some not being able to walk; and Mr. Topham's stable was full of strangers for the night, all his own horses being borrowed as conveyances home. Also one on the last day of Rugby Steeplechases, from Watford Gorse over a deal of country, and to ground at Guilsborough Grange. In both these runs the way Lord Spencer hunted them was much extolled. Of course there have been many more good things, but space will not permit us to allude to them here. A pleasant feature in connection with the sport this season is that the Countess has

occasionally graced the field with her presence. The crowds become larger than ever, especially on the Wednesdays, and it is hard to say who is not out with us ; but we are pleased to see that few or none of the old familiar faces are missing. Capt. Mildmay Clerk and Mr. Nethercote perhaps can scarcely be said to belong to 'the round Rugby division,' but they are generally to be seen there when the hounds draw our side of the country. Mr. Langham is seldom absent, and must rejoice in finding himself in the saddle of Squires's old white-eyed mare, who carried him (Squires) so well. Mrs. Langham, we fancy, is not so regular as usual, but Miss Langham is generally out. Distance does not deter Mrs. Arthur from coming to the outside meets, even from Desborough, and no one knows or sees more of the hunting when there. Colonel Arthur has, we fear, been kept out of the saddle, at least we have not seen him. Many come from Harborough, the most regular being Sir John Rae-Reid, the Messrs. Gosling, and Captain Riddell. Amongst the strangers we suppose must be classed Captain Middleton, who piloted the Empress of Austria through a good thirty minutes from Brington Gorse, and is as cheery as ever in the field, goes as hard, and has something like half a score of as good and clever young horses in his stable as any man need wish to ride. Many of us could tell exactly the way most of their tails are cut by this time. Mr. George Everett of Hothorpe has not been very regular, and we fear his nags have had an easier time of it than he himself could wish.

Captain Pearson is generally out on one of his weight-carriers ; and Captain Hazlehurst looks as well after the foxes at Misterton as ever, and is seldom absent at a meet. Our ex-Master, Mr. Naylor, drops off from this side of the country, but not so his predecessor, Mr. Craven, who is generally there, as is Mrs. Craven. Sir Rainald Knightley and Mr. Valentine Knightley have been pretty regular on the Badby side, but neither have been so much northwards as in some previous seasons.

Mr. Walker, from the York and Ainsty country, last season came to Northamptonshire for a time, making Weedon his headquarters, and so pleased was he with the country that this season he has repeated the visit, and brought some rare weight-carriers with him, so that his has come to be a well-known face amongst us. Admiral Jones of Braunston is most impartial in his favours ; distance is no object to him, and when out no one rides harder or closer to hounds than he does.

Lord Henley we have not often seen ; but when he comes out, one can scarcely fancy, from his upright seat and style of going, that it can be the same man who figured so conspicuously in 'Uncle 'Scribbles' Letters from Gorsehamptonshire,' in what now appears almost mediæval times. Of course, Watford Gorse is as well tenanted as ever. Mr. Ainsworth has taken Winwick Warren. We have not often seen him at the covert-side, but the gorse has held a fox whenever we have seen it drawn. Mr. Percival is regular ; and so has been that good preserver and friend to hunting, Mr. Topham of

the Hemploe, we fear for the last season, as we are sorry to say he has sold that nursery of the vulpine race. We may, however, look forward to a good successor in Mr. Kemp, who comes from the Badsworth country, is himself a strong preserver, and belongs to a rare hunting family.

Of those good fellows the farmers generally, we may say that they go as well as ever; though we should like to see Mr. Daniels of Misterton oftener in the saddle instead of on wheels.

The Atherstone are not often within reach of us except on a Friday, but when they do come to Coton House, Newnham Paddox, or Newbold Revel, the Rugby men are sure to give them a hearty welcome; for there is no more popular Master in existence than Mr. Oakeley, neither can any lady enjoy a greater share of that (not in her case) fleeting homage than the Hon. Mrs. Oakeley.

Mr. Oakeley has a huntsman second to none in George Castleman, and they will have all their work before them if they improve on the present pack, which since being transplanted from North Wales have been very carefully bred from the best kennels of the day, and thus more fashion has been obtained without losing the fine nose and hunting qualities which these hounds originally displayed. Castleman is well backed up by Sam Hayes and W. Jones; and the stud, a rare lot of weight-carriers, are capitally turned out by John Pye, who, we are glad to say, has recovered from his sad accident, caused by the naphtha spilling all over him and catching fire when singing a horse. Though their average of sport has been good, the Rugby side has not participated in so much of it as was the case a couple of years ago, when Castleman led the old Twelveacre fox such a life that, we firmly believe, he emigrated in disgust; for though they killed one at Shawell Wood, we think it was an unfortunate who got in the way, and thus acted as *locum tenens* for that straight-backed gentleman, and not the original himself. As far as memory serves us, there is nothing particular to record of their doings so far this season round us, with the exception of a nice hunting run to Misterton, and so across the Pytchley country nearly into their own again, and thence back to Misterton, early in the season. Few occasions have been afforded them of sounding the noted brook between Cotesbatch and Twelveacres, over which the Marquis of Queensberry led them four times in succession, and every inch of the bottom of which Castleman says he knows for three miles at least, and out of which he has carried hogsheads of water in his clothes. The first time this chance did occur they made the most of it, and the scene, but for the horses, would have been like the beach at Brighton on a warm autumn morning, and the next, I think, it was a case of one over, and four in, or something very like it.

Lord Denbigh has been pretty regular both with these and the Pytchley when they have come our way; and the same may be said of Mr. Boughton Leigh of Brownsover. Neither, however, are so regular at the covert-side as Miss Davy of Newton, who we believe we are correct in placing in the Atherstone country. She holds

her usual place, right in front, when with a leader she can depend on. Report says she has not had good luck with her stud, and must have found difficulty in replacing the ailing ones, as far as appearance goes, whatever the performance may be. Mr. Francis Arkwright has left Coton House, and it has come into the hands of Mrs. Barclay, who takes equally good care of the foxes; and, if not mistaken, we have seen a young one or two, very well mounted, according to age and weight, in the field; but on this point are open to correction. Mr. Hacket of Pailton is very regular, both with these hounds and their neighbours', as is Mr. Greaves of Newbold; and though we have seen little of Mr. Wood, Newbold Revel holds foxes as well as ever it did. Mr. Herbert Wood of Bitteswell has been occasionally with us. Colonel Maddox has been out less often than usual, unless our memory deceives us. To whom we are indebted for the preservation of Harborough Gorse or Cesters Over deponent sayeth not; at any rate, there are the foxes. A meet with the Atherstone would by no means be complete without the presence of the Rev. W. Benn of Church Over, who, however, seldom leaves his flock for any lengthened period, and as soon as the claims of health are satisfied returns to guard the fold, sometimes sacrificing an afternoon gallop to duty. Mr. John Benn is by no means so regular, but when out is as jolly and safe a pilot as any young lady need desire; while Mr. Townsend would take the shine out of a pretty good customer who essayed to follow him. And Mr. Wedge is another who must be placed quite in the first class amongst the light weights. There is little more to say of the Atherstone men in this neighbourhood, as, hunting a slice of country as it were wedged in between the North Warwickshire and the Pytchley, their meets are made up of men not really in their boundaries on this side, and those who come by train with the hounds, and return no man knows whither, as far as sojourners at Rugby are concerned, though some very jolly sportsmen are amongst them. One face we have missed up to the present time of writing, and that is Mr. St. John of Bitteswell, one of the best sportsmen in this or any other country; but no doubt the Vine have gloried in our loss. All will be glad to hear that the latest reports say the cheery and genial Secretary, Mr. Hans Blackwood, is recovering from the effects of a very bad fall, which has kept him out of the saddle for some time.

With the North Warwickshire, who hold such a pleasant little grass corner of the neighbourhood round Hillmorton, Willoughby, Bunker's Hill, and Bilton Grange, we are pleased to say that there is no change to record save that a promising son of John Dale (Walter) has come as second whip, Mr. Lant still retaining the reins of government, and Wheatley carrying the horn; while as regards hounds and horses, they are quite up to their old form. Luck has not been greatly on their side: a rattling twenty minutes, in which hounds fairly raced over the stiff and seldom run line from Hillmorton covert to Ashby St. Ledgers, and ended after some ringing

about by marking him to ground in Braunston Cleeves, being about the best of their doings. In this run a young man on a roan succeeded in killing his horse; and Mr. John Arkwright of Hatton House, who has been going as well as any one during the present season, leaped a brick-and-mortar wall at Kilsby, a thing we do not often see done on the grass, or for that matter perhaps anywhere else. Later on, foxes have taken such good care of themselves as not to be found, though they are, we believe, known to be about there. If men will go to the covert and there chat and coffee-house before the arrival of the hounds, they must expect this sort of thing; but it is as well to tell them that by such unsportsman-like practices they are spoiling the sport of the whole field, as well as their own (the latter being of no consequence). This is alleged as the reason of Hillmorton being drawn blank once at least; and it is averred a fox was viewed away about a quarter of an hour before the hounds reached it. The Cawston and Frankton Wood side it would be mere euphuism to speak of as on the grass, but the latter place has been the starting-point of a nice gallop or two to Bunker's Hill; and they now have permission to draw it as often as they like, a material advantage in such a wooded district as that. We are sorry to hear that the owner, Mr. Chamberlayne, broke his thigh high up, in a fall over some timber during a rattling gallop with the Warwickshire from Shuckburgh to Braunston Gorse. No packs in England can boast being represented by a couple of harder-riding M. P.'s than this and the Atherstone, for when they come Rugby way, Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Bromley Davenport are generally out, and no men take more catching. Mr. Muntz, though he comes from this side, patronises all the packs, and goes as hard as any welter-weight, or, for that matter, light-weight either, in England. Captain Garrett also is one who is so general in his attendance, that we really do not know to which hunt he belongs, or which side of the country he comes from, for he seems almost ubiquitous. Captain Pritchard Rayner of Dunchurch Hall was unfortunate in the early part of the season, about his third day, in being crossed at a fence going from Coton House to Misterton, and thus forced into a thick part, which rolled him over and made sad havoc with his ribs, thus for a time keeping him out of the saddle. The stoppage was, however, not of long duration, and he has since been going in his old form; what that form is needs no recapitulation. Mrs. Pritchard Rayner also has been very regular, and no one gets more quietly or better through a run in a good place when hounds really go, though some ladies make ten times the fuss about it. Miss Pritchard also was hunting from Dunchurch before Christmas and going well. Captain Cotton we have seen little of this season, and fear illness has been the cause; his son has shown himself of the right stuff by landing from France and turning up at Coton House on the same morning; and Miss Cotton has been out occasionally. Mr. Cooper of Hillmorton all are glad to welcome back once more, after being absent through ill-health during last season; and it was with regret

that all saw the horses of Dr. Charles Bucknill, of the same place, sold in January from a similar cause; and it is to be feared we shall see his cheery smile and stalwart figure at the covert-side no more. Major Furness of Clifton is very constant, and, though his grand old black horse is gone into other hands, has a young one or two that look like cutting a shine over any country. We all miss the jolly owner of Spring Hill, or, as a facetious friend termed it, the Hotel Byass, whose former owner has migrated to Buckingham; and Lady Evelyn Coventry, who now occupies the place, is well mounted, as a matter of course, and goes as straight as any one.

Mr. Chirnside of Clifton Lodge, over whose land the steeplechases are now run, has done the state some service in planting a gorse, which occasionally holds a fox, and is generally to the fore when hounds meet this side. Our North Warwickshire farmers are good men and true; and Mr. Richard Cooke of Thurlaston, always on a thoroughbred one, and generally of a Mogador strain, is as regular at all meets within reach as the hounds themselves. Mr. H. Broomfield of Cawston, and his old mare must both be made of wonderful materials, for they do not seem to have altered in the least since we first visited Rugby some years ago. For Mr. Bulling of Toft we cannot say so much, as ill-health has unfortunately kept him a good deal out of the saddle for the last two seasons, though he looks after the animal at Bunker's Hill as well as ever. Mr. George Darby came out early in the season to show us what fine hands can do in crossing a country; and his son who met such a sad end in riding Pearl King at Birmingham since this was first written, was the only one who did the Cotesbach Brook clean and clever the first time it was in the way this season.

We may now turn to the town itself, and though happily the well-known faces as residents are still going, there is a sad blank or two amongst the visitors. First let us note those who pay house rent, rates and taxes, and take the flying squadron later on. Colonel Fitzroy still enjoys his gallop and his joke as much as ever, and it is a rough morning that would prevent either him or the Misses Fitzroy being at the covert-side, while the wonderful bay horse ridden by, we believe, the elder of the sisters, seems to lose none of his fire and vigour until quite the latter part of the season. When we say that he carried Mr. Campbell Wyndham in Hampshire, our readers will appreciate the stuff of which he is made and the care that has been taken of him by his fair rider. Mr. Atty is another of those who seldom miss a meet within reasonable distance; and if some of those who are so eager to catch the fox themselves would only watch his tactics on a bad-scenting day, and, as Dickens says, 'when found make a note of' for further use on their own account, our sport would be none the worse, and the Master's temper be saved a trial. Captain Sapte goes to the front the same as usual, and seems to have the same ill-luck as regards falls, though none are better mounted for the extent of his stud. Mr. Bolden, who quite belongs to the senior division, though not so

fond of two days following as he was a few years ago, when once in the saddle still rides with all the zest of a boy home for the holidays. Mr. Anthony Benn sticks to the chase; and though he perhaps takes things easier than some, sees a deal of fun on his chestnut son of Cannobie, whose discretion does not increase with his years, for he is as full of lark as ever he was. Dr. Bucknill we see less often than formerly, and trust it is business and not inclination that keeps him from the covert-side. Mr. Shoolbred has been so long a householder here that we must class him with the regular Rugby men, though he only comes down for the season. He is as well mounted as ever, and steals away to the front when hounds run as eagerly as when he first migrated from Surrey to the grass; in fact, we might almost apply to him the lines written on Commissioner Fane—

‘ His sole ambition’s in the chase,
To ride in front or fall.’

Mr. Pennington does not let time, who steals our years away, steal his pleasures too, for his face is generally to be seen at the covert-side; and we have ere now watched far younger men shaking their heads and craning at places which he and old Pax have encountered. A right good man is Mr. Cropper when he snatches a day from business, and if fences come quickly, his big grey seems to spend as much time in the air as on the ground, like a football. Mr. John Darby is generally there or thereabouts on wheels (he has not ridden for a season or two), so well does he know the run of the foxes; but his son Sam is often out on some of the particularly safe conveyances that are to be found in the stables.

We now come to visitors pure and simple, and, sad to say, they are few and far between; in fact, as we heard a person remark not long ago, ‘A great wet blanket seems to have fallen over the town;’ and it is dull indeed to what we remember it a few years ago.

First and foremost the melancholy deaths of Major John Tharp and Captain Hardinge Browne, both very regular here, have caused a sad blank. Then Mr. W. N. Heysham, who had come to be looked on as almost an institution of the place, has deserted our spreading pastures for his native land of ploughs, woods, and flints, and not a few miss his cheerful company on the road to covert or home, for, like the Athenians of old, he could always tell ‘some new thing.’ We are pleased to hear, though, that there is a chance of his being back another season. Mr. Potterton, who for two seasons has had a nice little stud at Walker’s, is forced to give up and retire to a milder climate, ‘for his health’s sake,’ after a few weeks here. Colonel Rattray is come once more. Mr. Livingstone has some horses here, and gets his share of fun out of them. Mr. Henry Gebhardt is here with a rare stud of weight-carriers, and has taken a house for the season, though he came late; and of his brother, who stayed regularly at the George for several seasons, we have seen little until after Christmas, as he has been travelling abroad. Mr. Tidswell is or was at the George, having returned to his old love of last season,

after spending a month or two amongst the rhines of the Berkeley Vale. Messrs. Mather, three, we believe, are in lodgings; and that pretty well completes our list of visitors, save and except a few casuals who may come and go, so that Rugby may well sing—

‘ And where and oh where
Are my hunting people gone ?’

Gone they are, those visitors whom we looked for as regular as swallows in summer. And no others come to supply their place, so that with the same hounds, and the same country round, we must say, as far as the town is concerned, we fear

‘ There is something rotten in the state of Denmark.’

N.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. THOMAS COLEMAN.

THE recollections of our friend Mr. Coleman have been so favourably received by the readers of ‘Baily,’ and so generally appreciated, that we offer no apology for carrying them to a greater length than we at first anticipated or intended; while, at the same time, in Mr. Coleman himself every fresh interview has discovered such a new mine of wealth, and every anecdote detailed to us has served as the connecting link to recall another to his memory, that we could scarcely have believed it possible even such a long and stirring life as his has been could have furnished such an abundance of interesting matter. As in our previous articles, he shall continue to speak for himself:—

‘ I told you in our last chat of the ill-effects of tight rollers on horses. Now people do not think it, but many races are lost from girthing horses too tight. I never let a jockey saddle my horses, but always did it myself, and never had the girths tight enough to interfere with their wind. I know what it is; I was once going to ride Cardenio for the King’s Plate at Canterbury with a belt loaded with 14 lbs. of shot buckled round me. Braithwaite, the owner, pulled it too tight just as I was going to mount, and my distress, when I came to the struggle, was something terrible. I had not a puff left in me, and after I had weighed, when it was loosened, thought I must have laid down and died, and laid down on a bank for twenty minutes before I could recover my wind. Cardenio was only beaten a head by Lord Egremont’s Centaur, ridden by Bill Arnall. Reason tells me that tight girthing must have the same effect on horses, and I am sure races are often lost by it.

‘ I will now tell you the story of Whisk by Whisker, a mare from the North, that ran well in the Oaks. She was a small mare; but if I saw anything run well over Epsom or Ascot, whenever I met them in a selling stake I was always prepared with the money in my fob to claim them. She was taken to Canterbury. I had bought a horse called Nonsuit of Lord Lowther, and met her

‘ with him (the first time I had started him) on the opening day in a
‘ Selling Plate, two-mile heats. Old Tom Brown of Lewes was
‘ not aware the winner was to be sold. The mare did not try for
‘ the first heat, which my horse won by a head. When they pulled
‘ up my jockey said, “I can alter this next heat and win further.”
‘ I answered, “You have no earthly chance; the little bay mare will
‘ “win, and I want to claim her.” This she did easy, in a canter
‘ in fact. As she came back to weigh in I said to Brown, “This is a
‘ “nice little mare, but she is conglomerated in her hocks.”

‘ “You’d like such a conglomerated one.”

‘ “Very well then, I’ll have her. I claim the winner, my Lord.”

‘ The price was a hundred.

‘ The next race, the winner was to be sold for three hundred, and
‘ it was carried off by a horse by Whalebone, called Tom Thumb.
‘ A man named Kettle claimed him, because he was in the City
‘ Hundred the next day, which they thought he could win, and get
‘ a hundred back. When I went for the mare after the races she
‘ was in a hot box, and had a crest no thicker than my coat collar.
‘ I took her out and put her in a cool, lofty place, unplaited her mane,
‘ and she was fed, watered, and done up in the regular way. Next
‘ morning she only walked a little, and then, as it was post entrance,
‘ by paying double for the City Hundred, I entered her in against Tom
‘ Thumb. When I put her down, Hawkins, the clerk of the course,
‘ said, “Surely you ain’t going to run her against Tom Thumb, are
‘ “you?” “Oh, I only want to see how my boy can ride her.”

‘ She started and won in a canter. Then I won a lot more
‘ races, and they said she came out a stone better every time she
‘ ran. I only tried to get her as big as I could, never let her see a
‘ muzzle. Mr. Gully bought her of me for six hundred, and he sold
‘ her to Mr. Biggs, who sent her to John Day, one of the first he
‘ ever trained. In his hands she became favourite for the Goodwood
‘ Cup and Stakes, but when she came out she was stones lighter,
‘ and had no chance, though she was backed for a lot of money—
‘ though they won some races with her after. She was a good-
‘ winded mare, and required no work scarcely to bring her out in
‘ her best form. She did not like the Stockbridge work; the bigger
‘ she was, the better she ran.

‘ Some time after this John Day came to my place at St. Albans,
‘ and asked me to go to Gorhambury with him and look at a
‘ yearling; so we went up and saw the colt, but Day said, “I dare
‘ “not buy him,” and left him. When we got back he said to me,
‘ “What do you really think of the colt? I do not like his
‘ “shoulders or his fore-legs. I can’t close for him.”

‘ I answered, “You can’t do wrong in buying him at four hundred,
‘ “so well bred as he is, and such a good size. He is by the Colonel
‘ “out of Varrenes by Selim, and is sure to go fast; he would always
‘ “command that money from his size and blood, and is so well
‘ “engaged as a two-year-old.”

‘ “Well,” he answered, “will you go and close the bargain?”

“ Tell Lord Verulam it is for Mr. Biggs. If you say so, I must have him. Bring him here, and get some tips put on him, and I will send for him.”

“ This I did, and that colt was D'Egville ; he was about the best two-year-old of his year, and he sold him to Lord George Bentinck for over two thousand, and they won a lot of two-year-old stakes with him.

“ I bought another yearling of Lord Verulam about the time, called Gazelle, that won the two-year-old stake at Gorhambury, when Goody Levi and his party had a three-year-old in it, and started it. Death, the trainer, said to me at dinner before the races, “ That chestnut thing will win a hundred yards ; I saw it tried with Bedford over a mile, when it won.” “ I must have a nice clean ten-pound note out of you, Mr. Death. I will bet you 10*l.* my little fat cob beats it.” And I drew the money of him. Some time after, Lord Verulam, who owned Robert de Gorham, said he should like to try his colt with my filly. I said, “ With pleasure, my lord, and you can have her up to your own stable, if you like.” He fixed to try them in a week, and sent after Sam Mann to ride mine. Conolly was to be on his, and all that week his trainer galloped his horses the reverse way of the mile to what we usually trained, to get them used to it, and have the best of me, as he thought. My filly won easy. After the race his Lordship could not make it out, and said to Mann, “ How is this ?” “ You can't alter it, my lord, try them as many times as you like ; I eased the mare twice, as I thought Robert had not got on his legs. I could run away from them at any part of the race. We ran a mile.” His Lordship said, “ Now, Master Coleman, you look me in the face ; I want to try your conscience. What shall I give you to boot to change ?” I told him, “ You had better not, my lord ; I think she has a white feather, which she will show when she comes to run in a crowd.” This I proved, as I ran her in the spring in a stake 100 guineas each across the flat with Attila, that won the Derby, when she was beat ; but Templeman said to Scott, “ What is that black thing ? I never saw anything go such a pace. I never caught her till she got in the crowd, when she stopped.” Another I named Jamil, and won a two-year-old stake at Ascot with him ; he was by Jerry. I ran him at Gorhambury, and something frightened him in the race, so that he struck one of his fore-legs above the knee ; it swelled a great deal, and I never gave him a gallop from that time, the first week in May, until he reached Ascot in the middle of June, when he had a light canter up the T.Y.C. He came out to meet a chestnut filly of old Forth's, called Spiteful ; and although all thought my horse won, Clarke gave it a dead-heat with her, and Mr. Braithwaite went up to him and said, “ Oh, you old rogue ! the brown horse won.”

“ Clarke called me on one side, and said, “ Who is that fellow you set on to me, Tommy ?”

“ “ I never set any one on to you.”

“He has been walking into me. Don’t you compromise, Tommy; you will win. They want to compromise with you; but run it out.”

“When I went to the weighing-room, Lord George Bentinck called me and said, “You run it out, and get Jim Robinson to ride; tell him I will pay him. Yours will win.”

“I went to Robinson, and told him Lord George had sent me to ask him to ride, and said he would pay him. He replied, “I will not ride the dead-heat off; you cannot put up a better than “Nephew” (as he always called my nephew), “get who you may.” I said, “Lord George says it’s the best thing I have had all the “spring. What am I to tell him?”

“Tell him I decline, and you cannot put up a better than your “nephew.”

“I did not like to tell his Lordship what Robinson said, and I met Nat, who had ridden the winner in the next race for the Duke of Portland, and was just going back to weigh. I want you, after you have weighed, little one.”

“All right; I know. I will do it for you.”

“Frank Butler was on the other, and they came locked together again, when Clarke gave it in favour of mine by a head. Every one said he did not win an inch farther the second heat than the first; and Mr. George Payne spoke of it at Hampton, saying: “That Jamil is a nice colt of yours, and a game one, but he did not win one inch farther the second heat than he did the first.” This is another instance of bringing young ones out fresh and big: he had not been galloped for six weeks.

“Now I will tell you about a horse of Mr. Garrard’s the silversmith that I beat with Calmuck for the Gorhambury Stakes. Mr. Garrard was a friend of Mr. J. Weatherby’s, and he ran this horse at the Hippodrome Races, where he was beaten. He was a bay colt by Tramp, and called Cornborough. As he ran unplaced, Mr. Garrard came to me, and asked if I could sell him for him.

“What do you want for him?”

“One hundred guineas?”

“Is he all right?”

“Yes.”

“So I looked him over and said, “I’ll give you a hundred guineas myself for him, as he is a maiden.

“If he is worth a hundred to you, he must be to me; would you take him to train for me?”

“Yes, with pleasure.”

“I will have him sent to my place at Pinner, and tell Brown to send him home from here, then you can fetch him.”

“I was well acquainted with the Tramp blood, and knew they were uncertain in their temper, and would stop if the least inconvenienced in their action by any gum about their muscles. They required to be brought out as clean as a smelt, and as tight as a drum, but quite above themselves. I took great pains with him, and

‘ the first time I ran him he won a stake worth 80*l*. Then I put him into the Staffordshire Stakes at Lichfield, a handicap worth 600*l*., and in a stake at Northampton worth 85*l*. He won at Northampton, and then went on to Lichfield, where he won the Staffordshire Stakes, making altogether 725*l*., and Mr. Garrard was offered 600 guineas for him. He beat Birdlime and Heron, the two best country horses of that season. I then told Mr. Garrard he had better have him home for a month or two, to soil him in a paddock and shed, with plenty of corn. When I saw him some time afterwards, he told me, “He is as fresh as possible, but I have sold the half of him, Coleman.”

‘ I said, “Who have you sold the half to?”

‘ “A stockbroker.”

‘ “What did you get?”

‘ “Oh, 300*l*.; half the price I refused for him. The man lives in Surrey, and wants me to send him to Balchin, at Carshalton, to train.”

‘ I said, “Send him by all means,” as I knew he had an eye to getting his horse into our Gorhambury Stakes in May. He knew I had a horse for the same stakes, and I was glad not to have him, in case of any ill-feeling if I won, as I felt great respect for him. He was a nice man, and a perfect gentleman.

‘ His horse got in at 7 st. 3 lbs., and they put 8 st. 2 lbs. on Calmuck. On the day before the races all the horses were at exercise in the park, and Mr. Garrard was there. He came galloping up to me, and I asked him, “How is the horse?”

‘ “Yonder he is; come and see him, he was never so well before; he is certain to win, and you must back him for a ‘pony.’”

‘ I saw him, and said “Yes, he appears very fresh, but I shall not back him, and I hope you will not, or I shall not forgive you. Do you see those of mine walking about in the bottom? That bay horse in front I will bet you a sov yours is not within fifty yards of when he passes the post to-morrow.” Nor was he, as you know I told you before how easily Calmuck won.

‘ He did not go near his horse again, but rode home to lunch with me. The horse never won another race, though he was often started, and he sold him to go to Australia, where he covered.

‘ I have only run four horses for the Derby. The first was Mr. Champion’s Robin Roughhead; he ran close on the heels of the winner, and, as I said before, won the Goodwood Stakes afterwards and the Brighton Handicap. In the year 1822, when Cadland and the Colonel ran a dead-heat, I ran Mr. Heath’s colt Scipio, by Filho da Puta, out of sister to Doctor Syntax, and, as you know, he was thrown down at Tattenham Corner by John de Carte striking into him. Conolly, who rode him, was badly shaken, but had no bones broken. He declared he should have won without extending his horse, and I believe he would, as Scipio was one of the best horses that ever looked through a bridle. But the fall made him so shy of galloping in company, that when started with other

' horses afterwards he was sure to bolt. A Mr. Burdges, who kept a few racehorses, chanced to be near the spot with his carriage when he fell, and at once took care of Conolly, and put him into it, though he heard him say, "Don't mind me, look out for the horse;" "I could have won in a canter, as he was striding over them all the way." About ten days after the Derby, Mr. Burdges came to St. Albans to see Scipio, and asked if he was for sale. I replied he was, but his hind-legs were still filled, and Mr. Heath was so disgusted at his being thrown down (he always thought it was done on purpose), that he said I might sell him for 500 guineas, but I told Mr. Burdges "You might get him for less if you like to go to him." He replied he would not try to get him for less. "Give me a piece of paper; I will write you a draft for 500 guineas." "I shall not take the trouble to get him for less." Then he asked for another piece of paper, and wrote a draft for 10 guineas, and said that is for yourself. This was all through what Conolly said after he fell.

' In 1845 I ran a chestnut colt called Young Eclipse for the Derby won by Merry Monarch. My horse and Lord Stradbroke's Idas, were the two first favourites all the winter and spring, to within a short time of the Derby, when I let Lord George have Young Eclipse at Goodwood for a few weeks before Epsom. He was entered in Lord George's name, as I had bought him from him for 100 guineas, and he wanted to buy him back, and offered me 1000 guineas, or 500 for the half-share of him, which I declined. Lord George gave him far too much galloping, and sweated him too often, as he said he could not help thinking he was too big.

' The following is a copy of a letter he sent me concerning him :—

" Chichester, May 15, 1845.

" SIR,

" I write to say that in addition to Croton Oil, Coal Black Rose, Karnac, and Moonshine, I have made up my mind to put Cowl in the trial, and try to-morrow a mile and a quarter. Should Young Eclipse win, I should recommend sweating him on Saturday, and again on Thursday, and then finally trying him the Derby distance on Saturday in the next week, when I would make him give 10 lbs. to Cowl, trying him (Young Eclipse) 7 lbs. under Discord, both of whom, in my opinion, he ought to beat at those weights to insure his beating Idas. I expect that two more sweats will make Young Eclipse at least 7 lbs. better, as I cannot help thinking he is rather high.

" I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) G. BENTINCK.

" Young Eclipse went a strong gallop, as well as they could both come, up Molecomb Hill, with Discord this morning, and was quite well after the gallop.

" G. B."

‘ However, he overdid him, and a few days before the Derby the horse fell amiss, and coughed so badly if only trotted that he was ready to fall down. I had made up my mind not to start him, but Lord George said he had better go to Epsom with his and the Duke of Richmond’s horses; so they were sent to Kingston, and we vanned them on to Epsom. On the platform I met Lord Stradbroke, who had come there to see the horses arrive, and remarked to him it looked like rain, and we should have the ground heavy, asking him how that would suit his horse. “Oh,” he said, “it’s no matter how the ground is, my horse can’t get the distance.” I think he was at 4 to 1 at that very time. On the morning of the race people heard in Epsom that I was going to scratch Young Eclipse, and several who had backed him came bullying me, and said he was not amiss. General Charratie declared he would expose Lord George Bentinck and myself in “Bell’s Life,” if the horse did not start. I told Lord George what he said. He replied, “Study your own interests; you may get a good day out of the horse yet; but if you run him it may ruin him, in the state he is in.” However, Charratie and a lot kept on at me, and I said, “The horse shall start to satisfy you.” To my surprise he laid up in front to Tattenham Corner. I did not think he could go halfway; but it ruined him: he never recovered, and never won another race. I sold the half of him to one man for 600*l.*, and the other half after for 300*l.*, making 900*l.* altogether for him. This is his true history. Lord George said it was through me he won the Northamptonshire Stakes with Discord, and other handicaps in the spring that year, by putting his horses in work so early to try mine. But the sweats and gallops knocked him over, as they will do any horse, if overdone with them. A large bookmaker was never more bitten than he was over this race. I will tell you how it was.

‘ I chanced to be at Harcourt House with Lord George one day, when Gardener, his valet, came into the room, and said some one wanted to see him. “You are just in time for dinner, Coleman,” said his Lordship. And I went down to dinner in the steward’s room. After dinner, when the housekeeper retired, I had some wine with the old butler, who said, “Now, Mr. Coleman, I know you can give me a turn; if you can, I shall be obliged. What is this chestnut horse they call Young Eclipse that you have got?” “Oh, we don’t know anything about him yet; but if you will promise not to attempt to back him yet, I’ll let you know when we find out whether he is worth backing.” He would not wait for that, but sent off to this bookmaker at once to back him for a pony, who, thinking it a good tip, helped himself as well, and I have been told he stuck to him to the time the flag fell, would not be stalled off, and, it is said, dropped a raker. If you want a horse in the market, tell people not to back him, and they are sure to do it.

‘ The fourth horse I started in the Derby was a bad-tempered one

called Surrey, by Middlesex. I believe the Derby has been often won by four-year-olds. Old Bird, the trainer, acknowledged on his death-bed that he had won it twice for Lord Egremont with four-year-olds, by changing the two-year-olds into the yearling paddocks, but that Lord Egremont never knew anything about it: the Blands got the cream of the thing. It was considered that Dangerous was a four-year-old when he won it; in fact, Harry Hicks told me before the Derby was run that if I knew as much as he did about what they had got in hand, I should say it was a certainty, and that I was to back their horse for a "pony," and begged of me to do so at the coffee-house at Epsom before the race, but I declined, as I had no idea of his being a four-year-old. Hicks won a good stake. (We know the game was about to be tried in the same stable in 1843, but was frustrated by the owner of the four-year-old who was to have performed suddenly removing him before the race). Old Forth, the trainer at Epsom, was mixed up with a Lichward, and they carried on the four-year-old game both for Derby and Oaks, but did not succeed.

I always fancied Sam Day must have ridden 10 lbs. or 7 lbs. at least overweight when he won on Pyrrhus the First for Mr. Gully, as well as on Mendicant for the Oaks, as he was with me for eighteen months shortly before, when he walked over 10 stone in regular exercise, going out with my horses to the park and back. It puzzled me how he got down so soon to the right weight. He was a very attentive man to the horses, but galloped them a little too much. I sold my horse Jamil to J. Dixon after he won the two-year-old stake at Ascot, and he was fit to run when he left my place three weeks before the Derby. Dixon sent Sam Day to Epsom with him, and in ten days he went amiss from overwork, or I think he would have run very forward.

I have got hold of a lot of races by management and tact. I bought a bay mare named My Aunt of Mr. Rush for 130*l.*, and put her in a race at Rochester, where Picton, by Smolensko, the best horse of his year at heats, was entered. I had no earthly chance to beat him but by stealing the first heat, and frightening him out of the race. I put up Dicky Wetherall, a Yorkshire jockey (George Dockery was on Picton), and said to him, "Now, we have no earthly chance to beat this horse unless you ride the way I tell you. They hold us very cheap: the moment you get to the post, and the starter says, 'Are you ready?' send her off as if she was shot out of a gun; they won't call you back. Go to the first turn, then halfway along the bottom collect her and ease her a bit; then set her going again, and Dockery will come after you; ease her again for a few strides, and start away once more; they will be too late then to catch you." He did this, and won easy by four lengths or five, shouting out as he passed the post, loud enough for every one to hear, "Is that how you meant, 'Thomas?'" I never went to see him weigh in, but to find Dockery on Picton, and asked him, "Ain't she improved, Georgie?"

"Dash her liver and lights! she has improved. I never saw a
 "bitch go such a pace in my life. I could not get near her."
 "I'll lay you 5*l.*, George, she distances the whole lot the next
 'heat."

'After they had all weighed in, I walked away with Dockery,
 'and he said, "This mare of yours is in with my horse to-morrow,
 ' "is she not?"

" "Yes."

" "Why, I shan't win a race here; I shall get into disgrace with
 ' "the Whitesides: I shan't win a race after all."

" "Oh, yes, you can win one race, Georgie, for certain."

" "How is that?"

" "You can make sure of the plate for beaten horses, if you don't
 ' "run Picton on this hard ground and knock him about to make
 ' "him shin-sore. Draw him in this race, and keep him fresh, and
 ' "you will win the plate for beaten horses. You shall ride my
 ' "mare to-morrow." He drew Picton from both races, and won
 ' on my mare the next day; but the plate for beaten horses did not
 ' fill. He was in such a passion about it. I won two races by
 ' frightening him. We went on from there to Canterbury, where
 ' both were in again. He said, "I don't think this mare is so good
 ' "as you say; I'll see what she can do here: I don't believe she is
 ' "what you think. I'll see what she is made of; she shan't cut
 ' "away as she did there." He started with her, and beat her in a
 ' canter.

'I had another good go at Rochester. I bought a horse called
 ' Vapour, and ran him in a race at Rochester, in which David Page,
 ' the trainer of Epsom (an uncle of Tom Oliver, and who brought him
 ' up), had a horse called Elf he bought of the Marquis of Exeter. They
 ' were both beaten, and I said, "Page, we had better make a match
 ' "to run the two together, the winner to take the loser." He
 ' agreed, and we matched them a mile at Epsom in the Autumn
 ' Meeting. I told Page, before we started, I had brought a spare
 ' suit of clothes to take his horse home in; and I beat him easy.

'There has been no cleverer man on the Turf for years than Tom
 ' Parr of Letcombe, near Wantage, in Berkshire. I had a great deal
 ' to do with him, and he rode for me at one time. No man picked
 ' up horses at such small prices and won big handicaps with them
 ' afterwards as he did; he generally sold them well, too, into the
 ' bargain after he had skimmed the cream off. You remember
 ' Malacca winning the Cambridgeshire in 1856? He was Parr's,
 ' and he bought him for eight sovereigns. They said, after he won,
 ' he had been in a cab; but that was nonsense. He rode him as
 ' a hack, and galloped him with his horses at exercise, thus found out
 ' he could go, and prepared him for the Cambridgeshire. The next
 ' year he won with Odd Trick, another that was picked up for a
 ' little money. But the best of all was Weathergaze, a horse cast
 ' off from the Duke of Bedford's stables by Admiral Rous and Bill
 ' Butler. They actually sold him to Armstrong for 40*l.*; and this

“ was how Parr came to get hold of him : he was sitting with me in Mr. Linton’s hotel during the Northampton race-meeting, when Robert Sly the jockey came in and said, “ That’s a nice useful horse, and one that will win some plates, that Admiral Rous has sold to Armstrong for 40*l.*, out of the Duke of Bedford’s stable.” Parr, hearing this, slipped out, went to Armstrong, and offered him 20*l.* for buying. Armstrong said he had bought him for Frank Clark, but he would ask him if he would take the 60*l.* Mr. Parr did buy him at the price he offered, and won a race or two with him ; then he put him in the Goodwood Stakes, which he won, beating a large field of good horses. Before he started for this the Duke of Bedford offered Mr. Parr 1000 guineas for him back—a pretty compliment to the judgment of Butler as trainer, and Admiral Rous as manager of the stud. I often think of it when I am reading the Admiral’s letters on the improvement of the horses of the present day. A joke went round the ring at the time, and they said *the Duke of Bedford was below Parr*. He also won the Cesarewitch Stakes with him the same year, and many other races, and then sold this 40*l.* cast-off for 2500 guineas. He bought another colt called Contentment, by Archy, for 100*l.*, entered him in the Metropolitan Stakes, and sold him for 2200 guineas before the race, in which he ran third. How he bought little Saucebox for a small sum, and won the Leger with him, besides other stakes, you know, beating Rifleman, who ran second, and for whom 8000 guineas was refused before he started ; also Oulston, for whom 3000*l.* was refused I know, as I had a commission myself to offer that for him, for a clergyman, before the race ; yet Parr beat them both with a 200*l.* plater. But, you see, he never overdid them. The silly creatures think the more they gallop them the faster they go ; but a lot of the best horses are used up at home, and if not, they lose their force of going.

“ Poor old Mr. Thelluson was very near selling Rataplan for 800 guineas, as they had blistered his hocks for curbs. There was nothing the matter with them ; and it was only done to get the horse out of him. I told Parr about it, and he went to see him, and, as Mr. Thelluson was short of money, he lent him 1100*l.* on the horse, and afterwards wrote him out another cheque for 50*l.*, which was very liberal. He agreed to take the horse to train and run, and to divide the profit, and he won upwards of twenty races with him—King’s Plates and some good handicaps. I had a horse called John Bull in the Goodwood Stakes with him, and the day before I asked Parr to lead my horse a gallop round the Stakes course. He got on Rataplan himself and led mine. In the gallop he threw a fore-shoe. I never saw a shoe fly so far before ; it went into the bank of the plantation. Parr rode Rataplan himself in the race, and I believe the Bribery mare won. He was never over-galoped in private, or he would not have won a third of the races, and would have been broken down into the bargain.

' About one of the highest prices he ever gave was for Fisherman. ' for which he paid 500*l.*, and won races almost out of number. I ' advised Mr. Fisher to buy him, and he gave 2500*l.* for him, to go ' to Australia. Another horse he did good with was a cast-off of ' Sir Joseph Hawley's, a bay colt by Old England, called Defiance, ' that he sold at Tattersall's for 37 guineas. George Drew of Ilsey ' bought him and entered him in the Northamptonshire Stakes. I ' saw the colt and looked him over at Drew's, and went on to Wan- ' tage and told Parr I had seen the horse, that he was nicely in the ' Northamptonshire Stakes, and that he had better go over and buy ' him, and not leave him for 1000 guineas if he could not get him for ' less, as I thought he could win. However, he did not go, so I ' wrote to him about a week afterwards, begging him to do so at ' once, and if he could not get him for the 1000 guineas to go up to ' 1200 for him, as I considered his winning a certainty, having ' looked well over the handicap. He then went and bought him, ' but had to give 1600 guineas, and take a couple of two-year-olds ' at 200 guineas each; so he gave a cheque for 2000*l.* to get him. ' He wrote and thanked me for my letter, and said he had bought ' the horse, but had to give more than I had said. He brought him ' out at Northampton, where he had to meet a field of twenty-three ' horses, and coming to me on the course, said: "There is the ' "horse. I shan't go near him now you are here, as you will ' "attend to the saddling and see he is not girthed over-tight." I ' had always cautioned him against that. He won that race and ' many others with him; so he paid well, though he had given more ' than I told him. This stake was worth more than he cost, besides ' what he won in bets; and I think he sold him for 2500 guineas. ' He was a very quiet man, and always sought solitude rather than ' company at a race meeting, and he seldom made a mistake. He ' was always considered to be a pupil of mine, and noticed the hints ' I gave him about overdoing horses; thus he never had one fall amiss ' just before a big race. He has done more with horses, and got ' more out of them, than any man of my time. What a fortune he ' would have been to a nobleman or gentleman in managing, train- ' ing, and engaging their studs! He would have filled their side- ' boards with cups and their pockets with stakes, and won races with ' horses that have been broken down and never paid sixpence. I ' have been told Mr. Padwick once offered him 1000*l.* a year to ' train for him. If he had, he would have got thousands out of horses ' that never even won a race.

' There has been some nonsense in the daily papers lately about ' hurdle-racing being first started on the Brighton Downs by ' George IV. It is not true. I got up the first hurdle-race ever ' run, on No Man's Land, and won it with Figurante, ridden by ' Beecher; and the second hurdle-race I won with her at Hamp- ' ton, and then sold her. The third I won for Mr. J. Theobald, ' with Shamrock, ridden by Macdonald. I ran a horse in it called ' Belville, by Orville, that had been first-class on the flat, and rode

him myself, so as to run second and save Shamrock from being claimed. He was a capital hunter, and Mr. Gully gave 300 guineas for him, to ride with hounds; but he did not suit, and he sold him back for 100*l.* to Theobald. Gully said to me, a few days after, that if I had come he would sooner have given me the horse than have sold him to Theobald again at a hundred.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Springtime Pastimes.

'APRIL's ivory moonlight,' says Macaulay in one of his 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' and a very sweet and delicate phrase it is, hardly, though, one 'to be understood of the people' of these islands, who are apt to associate the moonlight of early spring evenings with an extra coat and 'something hot.' And yet April is capricious, and how sweetly and delicately it behaved this year we all know. In the early days of the month we opened our windows and left off fires, sat in the Row, or listened to the dickeybirds in Kensington Gardens, and basked in the sun till our eyes couldn't bear to look on the molten image of Albert the Good. Cremorne burst into premature blossom, and on the eve of the Boat Race opened its *salons* to a distinguished circle of nobility and gentry, chiefly from the N.W. district, and there was a slight falling off in the attendance at the theatres. A friend of ours in the shires wrote us word that he was coming up to town immediately, for he couldn't stand having his mouth full of midges and his horse annoyed with butterflies; and the old joke of the primroses and the 'stinking violets' became a reality. In fact, something very like summer had jumped into the lap of spring, and we were unprepared for the shock. Men and women became reckless as to their clothing, and the latter declared that 'they had nothing to wear.' They certainly have not much.

Delightful was the contrast of snow-clad hill-tops and balmy vales to those who journeyed the first week in last month towards 'the castle of goode Lorde Eglintoune,' to assist, not at joust and tourney, but the more prosaic, though still exciting, pastime of steeplechasing. How pleasant was it to enjoy the warm sunshine as the Scotch express sped us on our way under the Cumberland Fells, with the snow lying in huge patches, as it were, over our heads. And what a picturesque and lovely country is the Fell country, and as a noble M.F.H. said to us, 'What a country for hunting; how you could see the hounds work.' Very grand in winter, doubtless, but we prefer to see it in the almost summer weather, and are quite content with the glimpse of what it might be that we get. We almost wish that the L. and N.W. train was not such a good train as it is, and we think how nice would be a coach through that region. Pity Cumberland is such a far cry from the Road Club, for we feel sure that the 'Doctor' or the 'Major' would want to have a cut in if it was nearer. From Carlisle to Shap and back, and take our luncheon with us, it would be grand. But the express ceases not from pounding along, be the scenery ever so lovely, and we roll into the Buchanan Street Station, in the good city of Glasgow, before we are aware. Glasgow is the best place, unless you have a billet in the neighbourhood, for strangers visiting the Eglinton Meeting at Bogside; the hotels, the Queen's

especially, are very good, and the course is about an hour by rail. Prettily situated between the Firth of Clyde and the woods of Eglinton, Bogside is a fair good course, without being a big one; and though the committee of the G.N.H. failed to support the place of their choice by their presence, and the entries were not quite as good as usual, yet the meeting proved a great success in every way; and owing to the fortunate concurrence of what was amusingly called a 'Fast Day'—a high festival of eating, drinking, and other amusements kept very religiously by the 'Glasgow bodies'—its financial success was the greatest of all. The Scotch are fond of racing evidently. From what we had previously known of Scotch meetings, we were inclined to doubt it, but we do so no longer; and Mr. Hyde, the excellent secretary of the Bristol and West of England Race Company, who has a big scheme on foot for a racecourse within two or three miles of Glasgow, is, we think, to be congratulated on a 'happy thought.' The idea has been very favourably received by some of the leading sportsmen in Scotland, and we feel sure that Glasgow, judging from what we saw at Bogside, would go in for it with a will. We heartily wish success to the scheme.

Sporting memories of bygone worthies hang round Bogside, and one of our ablest turf writers, blest with an excellent memory, and himself able to say, *quorum pars magna fui*—'a link with the past,' indeed—has recalled them. 'Pavo,' in the columns of the 'Post,' has told us of the days when such men as Lord Waterford, Sir David Baird, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Howth, Captain Pettit, Lord Macdonald, &c., rode over this course, what they rode, and how they won. Lord Waterford was generally the hero of the hour, and was accustomed to sweep the board with such horses as Firefly, Blueskin, Binks the Bagman, &c.; the latter on one occasion, to the astonishment of both his rider and lookers-on, taking bank and ditch in a fly, instead of jumping on and off the former as a decent horse should have done. Those were the days, too, when ladies named the horses for the Atalanta Stakes, and the men who rode had to wear bonnets! Days of great fun and feasting as well as sport, when they played the game all round, in a way from which we have somewhat degenerated. Real steeplechasers and real steeplechase courses had we then, and neither weedy cast-offs from the flat or Haymarket gatherings had any existence. The actors have, alas! most of them, joined the majority, but there are still to the fore Lord Wilton, Lord Poulett, Captain Little (the latter, by the way, we are glad to see about again after his severe illness), Lord Winchelsea, Captain Percy Williams, and Prince Batthyany. Many of them, those alive as well as those departed, figured, too, in that attempted revival of the glories of chivalry, the Eglinton Tournament; and here, too, the all-remembering 'Pavo' has come to the rescue of the rising generation, and given a list of the stalwart knights and gallant esquires who tilted in the ball-room and rode at barriers in the ring. Dear Tom Ingoldesby also gave a list which may be compared with 'Pavo's':—

'Count Fiddle-fumpkin and Lord Fiddle-faddle,
 "Sir Craven," "Sir Gael," and "Sir Campbell of Saddell,"
 The Esquires of the body to my Lord Tomnoddy,
 "Sir Fairlie," "Sir Lamb,"
 And the "Knight of the Ram,"
 The "Knight of the Rose" and the "Knight of the Dragon;"
 And more, though the Muse knows but little concerning 'em,
 "Sir Hopkins," "Sir Popkins," "Sir Gage," and "Sir Jerningham."

But all this is of the past. We have come to Bogside not to talk of

knights and ladies, but to assist at the Grand National Hunt, which movable body had selected the place for its annual meeting. A very good selection, only 'twas a pity that more members of the G.N.H. were not present. We are aware that there was a good deal going on, and that in the multiplicity of jumping affairs horses had been run through as well as some sportsmen, noble and otherwise; but still we wish the G.N.H. had made a better appearance. Lord Coventry, Lord Marcus Beresford, and Mr. Mansel Richardson were the only members of the committee present that we saw, and one or two Scotchmen, upon whose being there we would have laid odds, were absentees. But Lord Eglinton and Mr. Oswald of Auchincruise did the honours of the neighbourhood right well, and owing to the Glasgow 'festival,' to which we have above alluded, the attendance on the first day was enormous. Though the field for the G.N.H. steeplechase was small, its quality was good, better, indeed, than we had seen for some years. Of the nine runners England sent five, Scotland and Ireland two each, the latter country supplying the favourite in Boyne Water, though the horse had been trained in Warwickshire. His claims to the position he held in the market was his having got the best of his stable companion, Roman Bee, in a two-mile gallop, hardly good enough, however, for what he was asked to do here. Burford, whom Mr. Fothergill Rowlands had sent all the way from Epsom, ought to have been first favourite on his running with Ebor at Sandown, but there was a mania to get on Boyne Water, who started at 6 to 4. By far the best looking of the lot was Flying Birdcatcher, a Cheshire horse, but how bred we could not learn; a splendid chestnut, with the looks and manners of a gentleman, and though not mentioned in the returns of the betting, we saw him quietly backed by his party. Captain Machell's stable furnished a favourite, too, in Bacchante, a daughter of the Captain's old horse, Bacchus, who came with a private reputation of being a stayer, but who in the race shut up directly Lord Douglas Gordon asked her to go. Vengeance was a good-looking horse, so was Dora; and Mr. Vyner fancied Bellringer, a son of Rataplan and Bonny Bell, whom he had given money for as a yearling. The race was run at a very moderate pace, and some of the running was made by Bellringer, some by Vengeance, with Burford and Boyne Water, and Flying Birdcatcher lying well up, until about a mile from home, when Burford ran up, and Bellringer and Boyne Water being soon after done with, Lord Marcus Beresford had an easy journey the rest of the way with only Flying Birdcatcher near him. Previously to this—we have been overrunning the hounds in our desire to get to the Grand National—the game little Zero won the Eglinton Handicap; and though he had really only Furley to beat, he won it in such style that it is more than probable, if he had not fallen in the Liverpool, Mr. Rolly would have given a good deal of trouble to Regal. Unfortunately Mr. Rolly was not sufficiently recovered from the effects of the Aintree mishap to ride him here, but Mr. Spence did the horse every justice; and though he did take a rather wide sweep behind the coal-pit, he soon recovered his ground, and Zero, fencing beautifully, won in a canter. Solon ran his last race on this occasion. He was going well about half a mile from home, and had just landed into a bit of plough when he dropped down dead. Curiously enough, in the last race of the day, the Farmer's Plate, another horse fell dead, Percy, a good old servant of Mr. C. J. Cunningham, who, just as he cleared the last fence, fell, gave a gasp or two, and expired. It was rather a day of disasters, indeed, for we regret to say that Captain Smith had a fall with Bellringer, and broke his collar-bone rather badly, and Captain Middleton did the same

in the Adamhill Cup on Vagrant, two good men that Punchestown could ill spare. The second day was, like all other second days, quiet, not to say dull. The 'fast,' fortunately, was not continued on Friday, and Glasgow returned to its mundane business of money-making, so we had no crowding. The sport was hardly worth coming to see except for the Grand National Hunters, which produced a splendid struggle between Vengeance and Boyne Water, ending in favour of the former. We fear Roman Bee could not have told Mr. Jessop the truth about Boyne Water, who evidently is not a stayer. Burford carried off the Open Hunters' Plate very easily, for Sybarite broke down badly while leading about half a mile from home, and the favourite had only Desdichado to beat. So ended Bogside, which, without boasting anything very brilliant in the way of sport, was yet decidedly a successful and at the same time a very pleasant gathering. We enjoyed our Scotch trip, and hope Mr. Hyde and the Glasgow Race Company, *in posse*, will afford us opportunities of repeating our visit.

The Beaufort Hunt Steeplechases were held on the 4th inst. of last month, on the Galoper Farm, near Malmesbury, and close to Charlton Park. Though not as sporting a course as that at Dauntsey, where the jumps are bigger, and the brook far more formidable, the Charlton ground affords a very fair view to the spectators, and quite enough in the shape of jumping to test the merits of a fair hunter. Great pains had been taken with the course by the Hon. C. Howard, who just missed winning the Cup this year himself, the victor turning up in Mr. Tremayne Miles, who rode his own mare Polly, a *bonâ fide* huntress of long standing, whose training had the last polish added to it by Captain Cooper's old stud-groom, Montague. Mr. Miles rode his mare with great judgment and steadiness, waiting in front without distressing his mount, till he had all his field in trouble. He had another try in the United Hunt Race, but the previous three miles, and an extra 7 lbs. all told their tale, and victory fell to a mare of Mr. Chaplin of Cheveneage. The two Farmers' Races were secured by Mr. Lyne of Malmesbury with a mare named Madeline, and very popular in the locality did his success appear to be. The Hon. F. Morgan had not much difficulty in polishing off Mr. Vivian in their match, and then the Blue and Red Coat Steeplechase fell to another horse in the Chaplin stable, after a very exciting finish with Mr. A. Miles's Acrobat, an exceedingly nice horse by Porto Rico. The weather was lovely, and the sport passed off without a hitch or dispute of any kind, forming a capital termination to what may be called an average year's sport, in which the hounds (at the date of the chases) had been out 145 days, and had killed 154 foxes.

The Craven week at head-quarters was dull, and would have been duller but for some sensations that gave a fillip to the proceedings. The first was the unexpected defeat of Great Tom in the Post Stakes by Wild Tommy, an outsider of the Duke of Hamilton's; and some people went so far as to say that Archer was caught napping when Custance brought up Wild Tommy with such a rush and beat him by a head. Perhaps 'the fashionable light weight,' who by the way is putting on a little, was looking after Coltness, and neglecting the other under the idea that he had only Mr. Houldsworth's horse to beat. A great, fine horse is the big son of King Tom, though he was an infant to Wild Tommy, who has had a very narrow escape of being seventeen hands. Skylark made his re-appearance the same afternoon; and to look at him, and see the way in which he won the Biennial, made it very difficult to believe that Great Tom had got the best of him in a so-called trial, which

after all was no trial at all; only a rough up, and with horses not tuned to concert pitch. And yet there are people who say Great Tom will win the Derby—*Credat Judeas*. Then the next sensation was the defeat of Lowlander by Hesper, a tremendous affair, which set us all declaring that Hesper must be one of the best three-year-olds in training. Our more sober judgment took other views the next day, for there was the possibility that Lowlander might not have been himself, and though we knew Hesper was a very fair two-year-old, he was nothing so very wonderful. However, one of the Messrs. Baltazzi bought Hesper, which they were pretty sure to do, and Captain Douglas Lane was much commiserated, as he lost his horse and only got the thou he gave for him when Captain Warburton sent his stud to the hammer. Moral—don't enter your horse to be sold unless you really want to get rid of him. The other racing was of a mild description. Lord Falmouth won the Column with the wrong one, i.e., the one the public had not backed, at which the public were wrath; and the irrepressible Mr. Baltazzi came to the front in the Newmarket Handicap with the Artemis colt, who was to have won the Goodwood Stakes last year and didn't. The great sensation was reserved for the last day, when Petrarch, who had been going queerly in the market, and receiving hard knocks from Mr. Bob Lee and other gentlemen, was brought out to be tried. There was some flourish of trumpets about it, and half Newmarket attended the ceremony, which was of an impressive nature, particularly to Petrarch's Two Thousand backers, for the great horse was beaten to blazes by Kaleidoscope. Singularly, nobody seemed much surprised, though of course there was a great deal of talk about it, and various witty things given utterance to. We did not see the trial, but we saw Petrarch walking up the High Street after the ceremony, and a much more beautiful horse we have rarely set our eyes upon. We don't care whether he was beaten to blazes or not, for we feel that whatever beats him will win the Derby. And this is the Driver's tip given under his hand and seal.

The new Stand was a fruitful theme of conversation. 'How do you like it?' said that cheery Steward who is known to the sons of men as 'the Mate.' We told him we didn't like it at all; and though it was, no doubt, a capital Stand as a Stand, we sighed for the days that are, alas! gone for ever, when we drew up our brougham by the cords, and all was comparative peace and quietness. The cheery Steward told us we were wrong, and exemplified his saying by one of those homely parables in which he takes delight. It was telling, but we remained unconvinced. We wish we could tell our readers, but we think Mr. Baily would object. Certainly we do *not* like the new Stand, and we verily believe there are but few Newmarket *habitués* who do. The mob who come from London on the big days may like it; but then we always thought that the Heath was the portion of the racing elect, and not made for the mob. How times are changed. Then there is another serious consideration, at least for the Jockey Club, will it pay? The average attendance at Newmarket, what is it? The smallest of the small. The past Craven week saw it smaller than usual, and the sight of the handful of spectators scattered over the big structure was ridiculous. On the great days there will be a great take, no doubt, but will it yield five per cent. on the present outlay? This year will be a test, and we shall be curious to see the balance-sheet at the end of it. Bertram and Roberts brought down a staff of young ladies, cooks, &c., and did the commissariat department as they know so well how to do, but they must have been rather disappointed with the result. When the building is finished, which about the autumn it may be, the interior

arrangements of it will be, especially B. and R.'s department, very good, and to be able to get a hot luncheon in the bitter 'back-end' will be indeed a boon. Still hot luncheons are not everything, and a sandwich and a glass of sherry, with the peace and quietness we have before mentioned, oh! how good it was. And we are to see those days no more.

Our cabinet theatres seem, if well managed, and with carefully selected companies, destined to be successful, and there are indications of their driving the larger houses out of the field. Paris managers have long discovered that the small house pays the best, but the fact has taken some time to dawn on their brethren here. Neither, indeed, is it quite an accomplished fact, unless all the appliances and means of the small house be as complete as they can be made. There is that drawback and element of danger in a small house that defects are easily detected, at the same time perfection in details is so keenly appreciated. Small theatres have made shipwreck from this former cause, and there are one or two houses in London now coming under that category, upon which failure has been stamped as with a seal. But given a carefully selected company, each member with a speciality, an attention to the *minutiae* that leaves nothing unnoticed, a perfect and elaborate *mise-en-scène*, &c., and London flocks to the house where all this is to be found. Mrs. Bancroft may be said to have inaugurated a new *régime* when she opened the Prince of Wales Theatre, and her success, though, of course, principally due to an admirably selected company, yet owes much to that perfection in detail which a few years back could be found in Paris alone. One or two have sought to tread, with more or less success, in Mrs. Bancroft's footsteps, but Mr. Hare is, without doubt, her most perfect imitator. It is a treat to go to the Court and see how admirably 'A Scrap of Paper' is acted, with what elaboration and finish it has been placed upon the stage. Its value as a contribution to dramatic art we are not going to discuss, but a play more perfectly acted, each scene and picture pre-Raphaelitic in its detail, we have never seen. Those inclined to regard 'A Scrap of Paper,' in its English garb, put on for the special behoof of the moralities (such as they are) of the day, as strained and puerile in plot and action, must yet pay homage to its interpreters. With perfect remembrance of the version produced at the St. James's some ten years ago, Charles Mathews as the traveller, poor Mrs. Frank Matthews as the wife of the old naturalist, and Mrs. Charles Mathews as the heroine, we must still give the palm to the Court. Mrs. Kendal has a part as the friend of the married woman, who wants to recover her "scrap of paper" at all risks and hazards, which suits her, in the slang phrase, 'down to the 'ground.' And we must warmly congratulate Mr. Kendal on his rendering of Colonel Blake. If there was wanting some of the *abandon* that characterised the lively 'Charles,' if here and there his facial expression was a trifle exaggerated, his picture of the somewhat unscrupulous Colonel was otherwise excellent, and a distinct advancement on anything that the actor has yet done. Mr. Hare has been much commended for taking the part of the boy-lover of the most charming of *ingenues*, as represented by Miss Hollingshead; and no doubt a true artist and, what is more important, a manager deserves all honour and glory for playing second fiddle on occasions. We only wish, on this particular one, that his fiddle had fitted him better. But the whole thing was charmingly done, and the crowded houses at the Court are so many testimonies to the good taste of the public.

And after we have enjoyed the adventures of 'A Scrap of Paper,' Mr. Hare gives us another cabinet picture, in which he himself is

the prominent figure. It was intended, we imagine, that he should be the only one, but Mr. Kelly has brought out of the shade into the full light the character of the Irish lawyer who is Lord Kilclare's host. A thorough artist is Mr. Kelly, creating a part however small, and filling up outlines however slender. The dense but, at the same time, thorough *bon garçon*, the fox-hunting nobleman in 'Lady Flora,' was an example of what we mean. 'A Quiet Rubber,' an adaptation from the French, expressly made for Mr. Hare, created quite a sensation when first brought out, and the part of the proud old Irish nobleman, with his pride always ready to take offence, and exhibiting itself sometimes in not the most seemly fashion, was set down as one of the artist's happiest efforts. It would be, of course, impossible for anything Mr. Hare undertook to be a failure; and we admit that his portrait of the almost senile octogenarian, who alternates between fits of rage and exhibitions of vanity, is a most wonderful one. But it is not a pleasing portrait, neither is it true to nature. It is not the picture of an Irish gentleman, however much it may resemble a Frenchman of the *ancien régime*; and of its truth as regards the latter we have some doubts. The character is an exaggerated one, the incidents more exaggerated still. Wonderful is it to sit and see with what truthfulness Mr. Hare depicts the failings and weaknesses of old age, the puckered mouth, the stiffening hands, the bent knees, the hollow cheeks, &c., while every fold of his coat, each wrinkle in his trousers, the cut of his wristbands and his shirt-collar, have all a significance. But this, it appears to us, is all we have to see. It is a make-up—a wonderful lay figure that we do not particularly care to see set in motion. The whole thing is strained and artificial, a curiosity and nothing more. As such it does and will continue to attract audiences; but we think few who have once seen Lord Kilclare will care to do so a second time.

It says much for Miss Neilson's *verve* that she should have undertaken to open what, doubtless, to the majority of a London audience were the pages of a sealed book, when she put 'Measure for Measure' on the Haymarket boards. And when we say sealed book, we do it advisedly, with the confident belief that among the average Haymarket audience there would be barely a score who knew the plot, or, beyond the speeches of Claudio and Isabella, were acquainted with the beautiful language of the play. We talk a good deal about Shakspeare; do we read him, or are we content with his 'Beauties' (in cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.), or 'Treasures of Thoughts' (in boards at 5s.)? This is a question, however, that may arouse indignation, so we will not press it. Of course we all, critics included, are well acquainted with the divine Williams, and a dog-leaved volume of Shakspeare, with the works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus as a companion, will be found on the bookshelf of everybody with the slightest pretension to be considered an educated man. So, this settled, we will return to 'Measure for Measure,' that play which Coleridge called the most painful one that Shakspeare ever wrote. It is not a pleasant one certainly, and yet it contains some of the most beautiful passages that the author ever penned. There is nothing loveable about the characters, though it treats of love, or rather sensual passion dignified by the name. Isabella, though we may admire her character, fails to touch us; Claudio is contemptible; Angelo a cold-blooded scoundrel; and the Duke rather a fussy though well-meaning old gentleman. We see it stated that Macready considered that 'dignity of demeanour and lofty declamation' were the chief requisites of this character. We bow to such an opinion, but still reserve a private one of our own. Miss Neilson's acting was, in our humble judgment, as nearly perfect

as possible. Isabella's is a one-sided character, lacking the emotions that we find in so many of Shakspeare's heroines, but it is a perfectly sustained one, and Miss Neilson's rendering of it was admirable. She looked the cloistered nun to life, drawn from her retreat to mingle in the passions and vices of the world for her brother's sake; and rarely, we should suppose, have the speeches of Isabella been more splendidly given, or their many beauties so prominently brought to light. In the third act Miss Neilson carried away the house with her, and it is only fair to Mr. Warner, as Claudio, to add that he deservedly shared in the applause. Mr. Howe played the Duke with sufficient 'dignity' to have satisfied Macready, if he could have seen it; and Mr. Buckstone tried to fling some humour into the part of that most unpleasant valet, Pompey. The play has drawn, partly, we fear, from a morbid curiosity. People have heard it was 'improper,' and were naturally anxious to see it; but it deserved to draw on higher grounds than that—Miss Neilson's acting.

At Easter the theatrical ball is again set rolling in the wildest manner, as if the enforced interval of Passion Week must be atoned for by extra pressure afterwards. We are positively deluged with novelties of one sort or another, from a 'Voyage dans la Lune' to heaven knows what in the 'bills of the 'play' elsewhere. The Alhambra, as usual, comes out strong in *mise-en-scène* and music too, as might be expected when the composer is Offenbach. Unlike some other productions that have preceded M. Offenbach's latest work, there is evidence in 'Le Voyage dans la Lune' of a sound and amusing plot being worked out in an artistic manner. The melodies that abound in the piece are so bright and piquant that they cannot fail to please. Many of the choruses are also tuneful, and indeed most of the airs seem likely to hit the popular ear. The ballet-scenes, we need hardly say, are as effective as ever in the matter of dresses, and, if possible, even more dazzling and *décolletée* than before, so that the reputation of this theatre for splendid spectacle is once more in the ascendant, spite of all edicts from the Lord Chamberlain's office notwithstanding. After so much lavish expenditure, we can only express a hope that 'Le Voyage dans la Lune' will prove a 'lucky find' for the management.

The revival of 'L'Africaine' at the Strand was the chief attraction relied on when the house was reopened at Easter. 'A Lesson in Love' is still being taught here nightly with undiminished success, while the 'Rival Othellos,' with Messieurs Terry and Marius, have lost none of their mirth-provoking faculties. As we said before, 'L'Africaine' has again been restored to life, with many alterations, however, from the original cast. Without detailing these, it may be accepted that the presence of so many reigning favourites, both in the male and female characters, is enough to insure the success of any burlesque that ever was put on the boards. The present revival speaks for itself—the house ringing with spontaneous applause at every step as the piece proceeds. Now that this pretty little theatre has undergone its periodical overhaul of cleansing and embellishment it looks *gay*er than ever.

The Hursley wound up their season on Wednesday, April 5th, with a clipping good run from the osier bed at Bullington, which was the more appreciated by those who were in it, as during the past month, owing to very bad scenting weather, long tedious draws in their low country, where the animal is very scarce, to open earths and heavy vixens, there had been little or no sport; for there has rarely been a worse month for hunting than the last one was, at any rate in Hants. But this Wednesday was really a red-letter

one, inasmuch as in the first place it was a by-day, and they went to draw for that old outlying fox, who as a rule is always heard of but rarely found, and is often altogether a fabulous animal. But this day he really was at home when called on, but did not stay long; for as soon as he was found he went away like a man, scorning to dodge or dwell even a single minute. The Master and the men were on the south side of the river, while the field were on the north, on which side he broke. For once the fox was not headed by shouting, nor from his point by the over-anxious, but went straight away, best pace, up to Freefolk Wood; the Master, who if he had not been an old Excelsior (who once beat nineteen at Punchestown), would have had a hard job to catch them, as he and Alfred Summers had to go round some way to get over the river. On entering Freefolk Wood, an enormous covert, as those who have hunted with the Vine know full well, one who had got a good start said to a Vine man, 'Now, I suppose, it is a case of "for what we have received," &c.' Not so, however, in this instance, for this good fox ran the long broad ride, which was made by Mr. Portal, and went right on to Laverstoke, Litchfield and Steventon, where he turned, and after some slow hunting went to ground in a cutting of the South Western Railway. Summers hunted the hounds wonderfully well. The sun was nearly as hot as in July, but on the following Wednesday the ground was covered with snow.

Devon, Wednesday, March 8. Dartmoor, at Brent. Went away at a racing pace to the Torr, on to Bloody Pool, through Dinnicomb to Parsons Brake, to Skerriton Farm and the moor banks, back by the Stoom to Skerriton Wood, through it and on to the racecourse, skirting Kingswood, on to Brookwood, running through the Carfe covert from end by end, and going to ground almost in view of the hounds: time, forty minutes, in most boisterous weather. The hail was so severe on the moor, on coming away from the lower coverts, that even a Dartmoor fox would not face it.—On March 10 Mr. Coryton had a hunting run from Newlands over the moor; and on the 11th the Dartmoor had a run of an hour from Hunger Down, then found their second fox in a ploughed field, rolling him over after a burst of twenty minutes. A third fox gave a cracker of fifteen minutes, racing into him before he could get into his stronghold on the moor.

We hear of a capital run with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds on the 13th from Shipton Wood, where the snow was in places four inches deep at the least. They ran through Estcourt Park and across Foss Way, just outside Malmesbury, into Charlton Park, then back, keeping to the north of the former line, for Shipton Wood, but did not go in; the pace being very good and the country very heavy. They then ran over grass by Shipton Church and back over much the same line as at first, until a severe snowstorm brought them to slow hunting through Charlton Park until they eventually lost in a brick-yard. Time, one hour forty-five minutes. Mrs. F. Gist went remarkably well, and Mr. Tailby, who was out, seemed to enjoy the banks and ditches of Malmesbury Vale as much as the bullfinches of Leicestershire. Bob Chapman fairly rode his horse to a standstill before getting into Charlton Park the second time and never found his second. Lord Worcester's 'flea-bitten grey' carried him wonderfully, and he did not change until towards the end of the run.

Amongst the other items of news sent us by a fair correspondent in the 'West Country,' we are rejoiced to hear that our old friend 'Parson (Jack) Russell' is as active in the saddle as in the days of yore, 'when a-chasing 'the wild deer and following the roe.' Only the other day the 'evergreen'

sportsman put his feet in the stirrups for a seventy-five mile ride between breakfast and dinner. Need we say that his 'reverence' accomplished the journey to his entire satisfaction. Though eighty summers and winters have already passed kindly over his manly head, we are sure the readers of 'Baily' will unite to a man in wishing that his 'hour-glass' may be allowed to run for many years to come.

About ten years ago, when the late Tom Clark carried the horn of the Badminton pack, the rising lessee of a West of England theatre was out with them; when, getting their heads up in a big wood, they were in trouble, and Mr. D——, with a kindly idea of assisting the huntsman, called out, 'He's 'gone this way, Clark.' 'How do you know?' was the query. 'I'm sure 'he has; I can smell him!' 'Can you, by ——, Mr. D——; then come 'home with me, and I'll give you the best bitch in the kennel,' replied Clark, to the intense amusement of the bystanders. It will be remembered that Clark, after leaving the Duke, hunted the foxhounds at Rome, where he died.

A story comes to us from India, brought by a certain 'chicken' whom everybody was rejoiced to welcome back again to his native land, that deserves recording. The chicken's opinion of our Indian empire, by the way, does not, as we gathered from a very brief and terse description thereof, quite coincide with Mr. Disraeli's and the leader-writers' of the dailies, but it may not be the less true on that account. However, to the story. A certain newly-joined youngster in that distinguished cavalry regiment, the Poona Plungers, was possessed of a charger (a mare) that he entered for some garrison races to come off in two or three months from the time of entry. The mare was put into training, but did not get off her flesh as her owner expected, whereupon he consulted the vet., who pronounced her to be in foal, and indeed the interesting event came off in about a fortnight after the vet.'s prediction. Meanwhile Mr. —— was greatly grieved. He had bought the mare for one particular race, had given a little more money for her than he could well afford, and told the vet. that this disastrous event would, for the time, well-nigh ruin him. 'But she will soon get all right,' said the veterinary; 'the race is not for another two months, and you can get her fit in that time, I'll be bound.' 'I tell you it is of no use,' replied the hussar, despairingly, *'the race is for maidens alone!'*

It is proposed to present a testimonial to Mr. James Topham, the late owner and occupier of the 'Hemploe,' so well known to all who have hunted in Northamptonshire, as the most hospitable man and the staunchest fox-preserved in the Pytchley country; few there are who have hunted there but have been to 'Topham's Hotel,' from whence Wednesday after Wednesday none were 'sent empty away.' We therefore hope that, in return for all his past kindness, many a guinea will be sent either to Mr. John B. Gore of Lubenham or to Mr. J. H. Douglass of Market Harboro', who with others have undertaken to receive subscriptions.

Mr. Charles Ranken Vickerman, of Thoby Priory, Essex, entertained the hunt at breakfast at the beginning of last month, on the occasion of his retirement from the office of Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Hon. H. Petre's staghounds. A large party, consisting of the leading men of the county (including the Hon. H. Petre), and good and true huntsmen, assembled to do justice to the breakfast, and more especially to recognise the merits of a real and true sportsman. Mr. Vickerman had held his office for twenty years, and during that time has bred as many good horses and ridden

them as straight as most men. Upward of a third of a century ago Mr. Vickerman, as a junior partner in a well-known firm of solicitors, commenced his career as—what would have been called in those days—a cockney sportsman; i.e., he employed his leisure in hunting, and applying a good business mind to sport, he acquired a thorough knowledge of horses, hounds, and of the noble art of hunting, and became a great proficient in the sport, and, moreover, a substantial supporter of it. According to the statement of Mr. Osgood Hanbury, who proposed the host's health, it appears that Mr. Vickerman never applied to the guarantors of the hunt for any subsidy—in other words, he balanced the accounts from his own purse, paying for the 'spongers' sooner than increase the expenses of the hunt to liberal subscribers. Mr. Vickerman's experience as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to the hunt is very much the same as the experience of very many others who promote sports of all kind, and who are 'lived upon,' in instance whereof we will quote a few words from his farewell speech:—'They had been well supported by some, but he complained that some hunting men with means had not the heart to subscribe, and it was then the stern duty of the hunt secretary to be down upon them, and try first what a little softness and persuasion would do, and, if that did not answer, to give them to understand that they were not wanted. It was very unfair that people should seek to enjoy their sport at other people's expense. [Hear, hear.] Many farmers rode with them, to whom he should not think of applying for subscriptions, for they rode over their fields and crops, and they would not allow them to meet at their places without providing breakfast, and yet many were liberal enough to give subscriptions unsolicited. [Applause.]' Those who have hunted with the Surrey hounds, the Queen's, and Baron Rothschild's, as well as with the Hon. H. Petre's hounds, must remember Mr. Vickerman's hard riding; and now that he retires into Wales, to his country-seat, he will carry with him the good-wishes of all whose pulses quicken at the sound of the cheerful horn. Mr. Vickerman was an unexceptionable good judge of horses. He had two very fine horses, Cognac and Champagne, and when he sold Cognac, which was a queer-tempered horse, he prophesied that he would either break his own neck or his rider's. Mr. Souter, who rode Cognac at Hendon Steeplechases, told me of the truth of the prophecy. Mr. Souter was leading with Jem Mason, and Mason's horse fell and broke his thigh. Cognac, missing his companions, became like a lump of lead, and wouldn't rise at the next fence, but rushed right through it *and broke his neck*.

The coaching season has begun, and the Tunbridge and the Guildford were the first in the field. Ere these lines meet our readers' eyes it will be in full swing, for May Day generally finds Piccadilly in excitement, and a tremendous block at 'the Cellar.' We can only speak at present of the Guildford, having gone down on its opening day with a company fit though few, and enjoyed ourselves very much in a three hours' drive through some of the prettiest scenery in Surrey. The coach is very well horsed, and the proprietors, Major Furnival, Mr. Walter Shoolbred and Mr. Luxmoore, have spared neither trouble nor expense in doing the thing properly. The minutest details have been attended to; the coach is new, so is the harness; and while some of the old and tried favourites of last year are on the road, some new ones have been added, and among them a grey leader at the Guildford end, worthy of being matched with that charming roan from Piccadilly it was such a pleasure to sit behind last season, as it is now. The Guildford is, we take it, exceptionally well horsed in fact, and though we are quite aware that there are

others to enter into friendly competition with it, their coachmen will be very fortunate if they find cattle to beat it. The Guildford leaves Hatchett's at 11 and reaches the White Hart, as its destination, at 2 o'clock to a moment. A capital luncheon, an hour's stroll about the quaint old town and its environs, and at 4 P.M. 'Edward's' horn sounds the assembly for return, Hatchett's being reached at 7.

We have before now mentioned the Agricultural Auction Company in their Agricultural Hall quarters at Islington, where, on the Saturday after the Horse Show (the 10th of June), a large and important sale of horses will be held. One hundred stalls, each six feet wide, will be provided and fitted up on the best modern plans, and we should think exhibitors will avail themselves largely of this offer. The company is sure to be a success, we fancy.

We are making up our last parcel on the plains of Kildare. While metropolitan sportsmen have been shouting for Thunder's great victory at Epsom, the 'Van Driver' has been witnessing the enthusiasm which the brief struggle between The Speaker, Gamebird, and Furley, in the Prince of Wales's Plate, aroused at Punchestown. We believe our preference of the Irish meeting to the delights of the City and Sub. is looked upon by many of our friends as a case of mental derangement. Ah! they little know what Punchestown is—the noble course, the splendid panorama, the good-looking horses and the good-looking women, the 'laps' and the luncheons. What is an Epsom Spring, with half the blackguardism of London let loose on the Downs, to that? But we must restrain our feelings or our readers will subscribe to the mental derangement as true. Sufficient here to say that Punchestown has been Punchestown, and but for the weather the first day would have been most enjoyable. All the beauty and all the blue blood of Ireland were present, the sport was excellent, and a better class of horses than we have seen for two or three years. The Stand, the new Conyngham course, and all the arrangements, are, thanks to Lord Drogheda and Mr. Waters' untiring zeal and energy, as near perfection as possible. *Florate Punchestown.*



1870

1870

H. Armstrong

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

COLONEL ARMYTAGE.

It is a balmy morning in May, and there is a group of men on the pavement about Hatchett's and on the steps of that well-known hostelry, beloved of country gentlemen in the days when George the Fourth was king. As the minute-hand of the clock overhead draws on the group is added to. There are town men and country men, the latter predominating; ruddy faces that speak of gallops with Cottesmores and Bramham Moors—of long marches over stubble, moor and mountain—of fights with big salmon, and some of fights with an Indian sun. The Windsor has been despatched, the Dorking and Guildford are waiting to go, when somebody says, 'Here is 'Henry!' and a well-known face, familiar to most Londoners, comes on the scene. Our readers have looked upon it often, and if they glance on the opposite page they will see it again.

The Armytages of Kirklees have been seated in Yorkshire from the time of King Stephen. The head of the house, 'bow-bearer of 'the free chase of Mashamshire,' was created a baronet by King Charles I. in 1641, and the present Sir George Armytage, a cousin of the subject of our sketch, is his descendant. Colonel Armytage is the son of Colonel Henry Armytage of the Coldstream Guards, by a daughter of Mr. Legendre Starkie of Huntroyde, county Lancaster. Born in 1828, his early days were spent partly at school at Abbot's Langley, partly with a private tutor, the Rev. L. Cameron, vicar of Fleet, near Weymouth, and father of that African traveller with whose fame the country now rings. It was here that Colonel Armytage imbibed something more than a taste for the *ingenue artes* and laid the foundation for that love of the road which has been one of his chief characteristics. Dorchester and Weymouth were in these days out of the railway pale, and 'Wonders' and 'Emeralds' were to be seen in their streets and esplanades. Whenever, as a lad, he could stay away from his studies, the coaches were his delight, and

if there was a tandem to be had in Weymouth, Henry Armitage had it. The sea, too, possessed its attractions, and he was as much at home off Portland Bill as on the box of the 'Wonder.' Boat-building, too, was a passion that developed itself in after years into the laying down of two yachts on lines of his own; and we may say here that among the members of the Squadron there are few better sailors, using the term in its scientific sense, than Colonel Armitage.

As the father was a guardsman so was the son, and the latter joined the Coldstreams in 1847. Stirring times were coming, though the cloud no bigger than a man's hand as yet loomed not on the horizon. The usual amount of London duty was done, and there was hunting down in Kent, in the country about Tunbridge Wells, and Eridge, where he subsequently kept harriers, long spells in the Berkeley Vale with his father-in-law's hounds, and with the Duke. Few men so good across a country as Colonel Armitage, none who better understand the science of hunting or can get more out of a horse without punishing him. But the guardsman's life was not to be all laborious idleness, and with the breaking out of the Crimean war his battalion was sent on active service. Colonel Armitage went through it all. Up the heights of the Alma, on the bloody day of Inkerman, on the plains of Balaklava, he was in the thick of the fray; he received all the medals, with the cross of the Legion, and retired from the service in 1870.

As a coachman—and in that rôle perhaps he is best known to Londoners—Colonel Armitage is *facile princeps*. One of the original promoters of the Coaching Club, of which he is now the Honorary Secretary, he had to bear the brunt of the opposition of the Four-in-Hand, which, headed by the Squire of Rokeby, was no small affair. The opposition, however, was overcome; indeed, the C. C. bore down on it with such irresistible force, that the most conservative member of the older club was obliged to own that there was room enough for two. How the new society has prospered and how much it has contributed to the attractions of the London season, we need scarcely remind our readers. The meets of the two clubs bring half London to the Magazine, and no finer sight than the long procession as it defiles by the Serpentine can be well imagined.

To say that Colonel Armitage is most popular in society is an axiom that no one would dispute. He has that best letter of recommendation, a pleasant presence, to which his genial manner and his kindly greeting are capital endorsements. He is at home everywhere, in the hunting-field and the cover-side, in the Solent waters and on the club-house lawn, in many a country-house as on the sweet shady side of Pall Mall. Especially do we delight to meet him where, in this brief sketch, we first introduced him to our readers. There we shall learn some scrap of coaching lore or listen to a sharp but not unkindly criticism. The young drivers of the day, as yet in their chrysalis state, but to develop into coachmen in due time, like to get him on the box by their side, and if they are wise, they treasure up his words. He will tell them of their faults, but he will tell them

pleasantly; and if we were in that blessed state of golden youth to which a coach is the first desideratum, we should wish no better Mentor than Henry Armytage.

Colonel Armytage married in 1851 a daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Fitzhardinge, and has a family of three sons and three daughters.

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS.

THROUGH the straggling village, half asleep in its noontide siesta; past churchyard yews with black shadows relieved by grey memorials of the dead; over the antique bridge, each ruddy arch and buttress reflected in the clear current, and the hospitable portals of 'Government House' are open to receive the stranger within their gates. Hardly strangers, perhaps, but sojourners for a sunny afternoon among the sights and sounds of an English Arabia Felix, a land abounding in equine treasures, among which we may wander at our own sweet will, now that the King of Snow and Storm has yielded up his sceptre to the advancing forces of Spring! The same genius of hospitality which welcomed us at the cottage, now spreads his wings over the hall, and but a few steps beyond its cincture of lawn and shrubbery, we pass through the wicket gate, round which, as if in expectation of their morning's greeting, are gathered mares and foals, beyond price save to dealers in kings' ransoms or presiding genii of diamond mines. All of us know at a glance the raking chestnut with flaxen mane and tail, whose place upon Blair's annual visiting list is never vacant, and whose patent of nobility is derived from the mighty triple winner of Touchstone descent. She may point proudly enough 'over the water to Charlie,' as the bonniest prince ever born to succeed to his father's throne, and we should like to know the value placed by the fen-farmer upon the blaze-faced family. Hard by, Farnese's dam bends lovingly over a bay, younger brother to the Falmouth Piper, and, with the ebony Steppe, as pretty a group is set upon the background of budding limes and April clouds as the heart of painter could desire. It is just that soft season after descending showers, of which the poet sings so lovingly, when big purple clouds chase their fleecy brethren, more in sport than in earnest, from blue sky of Italian depth and colour; and when the liquid fluting of the blackbird, ensconced upon the ivy-grown thorn in thicket or shaw, make pleasant accompaniment to blended voices of the spring in Nature's sylvan domain. There comes a distant clattering down the lane, heralding the approach of some Father of the Stud, as Kenealy-like he shakes the rain-drops from his mane, and trumpets defiance to all creation. Sometimes it is the Father of the Faithful himself, striding with almost royal dignity in a progress through his domains, with that clear mild eye cast inquiringly upon every stranger and object on either side his path.

Or the brown Sweetmeat, gay as his name, comes arching a gleaming crest down avenue shadows, forgetful now of his days of exile upon Hungarian soil, and rejoicing once more in the air of the 'land that Freedom chose.' Anon, the tall bay comes swinging round the corner by the pond; or a right Royal Personage travels incognito along the by-road leading towards yon breezy heath, with the odour of its honey-scented gorse clumps borne upon the soft gale, and its distant outline distorted by the shimmering incense of earth offered up to heaven for gift of rain. Memories of a blackthorn winter past and gone linger yet in hedgerow and copse, where a few stray petals of white blossom, shrunk and withered, still hang on their black stems: but there is a feeling and scent of spring in every breath that strews the ground in hazel copse thick with its soft tassels, or plays among the stems of feathery palm upon river banks. The deep-uddered kine are luxuriating in pastures new, and the weary monotone of the wry-neck beckons the arrival of a still more clamorous guest. The young knights and ladies, too, whose dainty hoofs are as yet guiltless of all save the veriest 'tipping' touch of village blacksmith, are putting on the glorious apparel of spring, sleek patches alternating with tangled remnants of winter garments upon their quarters. No longer do they shrink from the east wind, all tattered and torn, like shivering tramps, but by assiduous rubbing endeavour to put off the rough coating of foalhood, as their first birthdays come round. The ebony sleekness of the black contrasts with his chrysalis covering of rusty slate colour; the rich bay peeps out with a mahogany polish from the darker shade still clinging in ragged tangles on neck and flanks; the indescribable 'russet' ripens into a deep rich chestnut or dappled brown; and the 'red men' of the tribe come forth in all their glory of fresh war paint, like the unripened kernel of their namesake tree,

'When the shell

'Divides threefold to show the fruit within,'

dashed with many a white streak, such as blazes upon the forehead of some young Blair Athol. No longer with hairy heels and tangled manes do they spin up the incline past the bare oak tree, but rather love to lie in the sun, or trot soberly downwards to where the young clovers peep up so invitingly, and the stream, swollen with the spring rains, winds peacefully through a scented growth of cowslip, and the 'sweet pale cuckoo flower.' Short-lived days of grace!—for soon the hours of liberty grow shorter, as the 'taking up' process commences, and schoolroom discipline is exchanged for nursery romps and gambols! Henceforth the spring spreads no charms for them, until the order of release from racing labours shall have been signed at last, and family cares shall engross their attention in the early prime of each new year, the revels of their yearling days exchanged for the placid sobriety and matronly dignity of life at the stud. If the child is father to the man, humanly speaking, how far more strongly do the indications of future distinction or its opposite show

themselves in each look and action of the wild holiday troupe before us. There is the short, set, well-furnished frame of the leader in their revels, who already carries his head high in the world, with a neck inclined to the ewe shape; the forward one, who will be head of the class, as soon as he takes silk, through sheer precocity of growth and development, to be taken down step by step, and find himself at the close of his 'freshman's year,' nearer the bottom of his class than its head. Close upsides with him in the mimic warfare of the playground is the gay deceiver of pleasing exterior and 'gentle-manly appearance,' who can do what he pleases, but only when he pleases, caving in the moment a rival reaches his neck, and laying back his ears ominously as he sidles away from the line of running. There is cowardice and cruelty depicted in the white of his eyes, and of such are the pheasants and man-eaters which break the hearts of trainers and the bones of attendants—Tippoos and Nanas in horseflesh—such as we have seen in our old days personified in Fisherman the son of Caterer, or D'Estournel of cat-eating propensities. There is the gawky dunce of the school, 'made in 'twice,' as the saying goes, and lollopping along as though his mission was the washerwoman's cart in place of the racing stable. Fiddle-headed, heavy-shouldered, weak-backed, and with short-cut quarters, his 'legs and wings' style of action resembles that of a baby hippopotamus; and if the Tattersallian doom of 'take him 'away' is frustrated by a 'pony' bid at the last moment, his new owner will hesitate between the village common for three years or the kennel copper as his lot in life. Others, lubberly and uncouth, will be found lagging in his company; but their cases are more hopeful, and the educated eye will mark them as babes having as yet outgrown their strength, and like to do full justice to the long results of time if permitted to settle down, with a year's grace before them, and an easy time of it when first the test is applied in earnest. These may be the heavy lots of the catalogue, when it comes to be discussed in the deep-grassed enclosure, girt with high hawthorn hedges, on the day of sale; but there are others before which the big guns will open almost as soon as they 'make their numbers' in offering, and upon obvious merits of which pulpit eloquence will be wasted indeed. First among these Corinthians (upon which "limited purchasers" frown despairingly) is the lazy self-satisfied looking colt, who woke up so wonderfully when the higgler's cart rattled down the lane, taking the conceit out of the lot, as he extended himself to the utmost, and looking terribly in earnest for once in his life. Osborne or Custance may have to take him in hand next year, when business is really meant, for the lads will make but little out of him, threatening with spurless heels and a reminder now and then from the ash stick, scarcely felt through his clothing. And as all strength and resolution will be needed to extend this lazibones, so will the same qualities be brought into requisition to restrain yonder fiery chestnut, already enacting the part of Job's horse, and disguising himself in his hour of recreation. The delicate fretwork of veins, filled with

the bluest of blood, can be traced on his thunderous neck, and his nostrils quiver in ruddy distension, as with sobbing flank he wheels round short at the gate, ready for an instant start should the signal be given by sight or sound. Now, as the spin has imparted appetite, they move off by twos and threes as their various inclinations lead them; and, rounding the point of a winding lane at the ash clump, the white gate opens upon half a score of fillies, dotted about pastures glittering with starry kingcups, like golden studs upon some elfin vest. The white-legged chestnut trots familiarly up for her wonted caress, and soon we are closed in on every side by such a rosebud garden of girls as no Turf laureate has yet described. The pert forward hoyden of 'fast' proclivities; the sober-looking lady of title, whose every movement is dignity and grace; the jolly girl, looking for a game of romps as a pleasing interlude to the feeding business of the day; and the backward and bashful miss, who steals fearfully away to hide her beauties from the public gaze. The flutter of a handkerchief sends them gently cantering down under the hedge towards the fence by the public road, along which the miller's wain crawls heavily, and at a crack of the waggoner's whip the pace mends, the field sweep grandly past our knoll of observation, as they make for their favourite haunt under yonder plantation. Infinite varieties of action!—the steady sweeping low gallop, the short scratchy rush, the awkward scramble, and the flashy style of going, with arched neck, knee bent like a park hack, high flying flag, and head turned self-approvingly to one side. Rising the incline, the old tale of lagging astern begins upon those cursed with faulty hind action, and we may note how this fair one improves as she warms to her work, or what a falling-off there is in that seemingly perfect piece of machinery, when steam comes to be applied, and its working is tested under high pressure. Still, ideas formed at the indoor inspection are for the most part confirmed; and we turn away, as the young ladies once more settle down to their 'customs of an afternoon.'

Pleasant it were to linger on those blossoming uplands, where haughty dames of the highest lineage consort so lovingly with the bluff black Galloways, trim Devons, and Alderneys shaped and coloured like fawns. We halt upon the hill-top,

'Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of those
Deep meadows we have traversed,'

watching the rain-clouds as they race in varying shadow-dance along Epsom's verdant ridge, until the wandering eye rests at last on yonder white speck, from which, ere 'Bailey' puts forth his June leaves, shall echo the shout of a nation welcoming home its Derby king. The rooks flap lazily nestwards, the rabbit steals timidly forth in quest of evening meat, and the chorus of woodland songsters wafts a liquid farewell to the parting guests, as with reluctant feet and charmed eyes he wends his way through hawthorn-scented lanes, and over gorsey commons homewards 'between the showers.'

AMPHION.

REMINISCENCES OF A FOX-HUNTER IN ESSEX.

HITHERTO I had lived in Herts, and I have given you, in your two last numbers, a sample of the reign of two Masters in that county, viz., Mr. Sebright and Mr. Delme Radcliffe, with whose hounds I hunted regularly; but now circumstances induced me to reside in Essex, and, after a year or so, experience taught me that the Rodings of Essex was the best plough country in England, both to ride over and to see hounds; and, although my house was twenty-five miles from the nearest good meet, yet I preferred going there to hunting nearer home. I generally rode to cover in my younger days, and I had a little hack, only 14 hds. 2 in., that I once rode twenty-five miles to cover in the morning, and the same distance back in the evening (after hunting), doing the whole distance in five hours, and as I walked thirteen stone it was no bad performance. But such wear and tear was useless, and from that time I used to station my hunter for a month or so (when the weather was likely to be open) at Dunmow, at the Saracen's Head, and myself and a friend drive over and sleep over-night. It was very good stabling for horses, but wonderfully dirty and bad accommodation for Christians; but the prospect of a good day's sport made us put up with a deal.

Mr. Conyers at that time hunted the country, and had done so for more than forty years. He resided at Copt Hall, close to Epping, where he had his kennels, quite at the farther extremity of his country. However his hounds seldom slept out, but went from their kennel in the morning and returned home at night, not unfrequently making a *détour* of a mile or two to bilk a turnpike. Mr. Conyers was a rare good sportsman, with a wonderful eye and ear. He never rode over fences, but from knowing the country he was generally up at the end. One day we had run a fox from Man Wood straight over the Rodings very fast, and we ran up to Skreens. I and about five more were galloping down a ride in the covert with the hounds (as we thought) close on our right, thinking the Squire was at least six miles away, when suddenly we came round a corner full tilt against him;—and his exclamation, 'Where the devil are you going?' 'Don't you hear that he has turned?' and truly he was right. His good ear had heard them turn before we did; but it was always an enigma to me how he ever got there.

To meet him at his own house he was a perfect gentleman, rather of the old school, but in the field he would say anything. I remember a friend of mine getting a nasty fall, which merely elicited from Mr. Conyers' lips, 'D——n you! I wish you had broken your neck!' But this was quite lady-like compared with his usual language. I could fill pages with his 'sayings,' but would rather forget them and record his 'doings,' and the wonderful sport that he showed.

When I hunted with him the servants in his establishment were, Jem Morgan his huntsman, Will Orvis his first whip, and Charles Sheppard his second. Jem Morgan was a splendid rider, with the best hands on a horse that I ever saw. But he took to farming and got into difficulties, and was obliged in a year or two to give up his situation; but he went to Lord Lonsdale, who at that time had a pack at Tring, which hunted anything that his Lordship chose to bring down from London. When he retired, his son took his place, and old Jem continued to hunt with them occasionally; and one day, on a frosty morning, as he was trotting to cover on the side of the road his horse slipped up, and gave him a very severe fall. However, he rode on to the meet, and actually turned the hounds to his son; but, feeling very bad, he rode to a farm-house, got off, laid down on a sofa, and died immediately, his neck being broken. After Jem Morgan retired from being Mr. Conyers' huntsman, Bill Orvis was intrusted with the horn, and hunted them till the death of Mr. Conyers, and very good and cheery he was in the field. After Mr. Conyers' death he went to Sir Charles Kingsley, and was drowned with his master in that dreadful accident in Yorkshire. Charles Sheppard went to Mr. Scratton and hunted his hounds, and then he went to Lord Leconfield, with whom he is still, and is a first-rate huntsman.

There were but few earths in my time in the Rodings; but the foxes were chiefly stock-bred, and generally very wild ones. I remember once we were going to draw Man Wood, and were about two miles from it, when the second whip had occasion to rate a hound and crack his whip, when Jem Morgan exclaimed, 'What do you do that for, you idiot? Don't you know that we are up wind, and if there is a fox in Man Wood he will be off?' And, sure enough, when we got there, he had taken himself off, and though we hunted him a magnificent line over the Rodings we never could go any pace by reason of the start he had got, and he ran us out of scent.

Mr. Conyers' were fine, strong hounds, rather large—not grand to look at on the flags, but capital in the field—always carrying a good head, and bowling over those ditches ten or more abreast. It is a fine country to see hounds work; no impediments of trees, and coverts at nice distances apart.

'1848. *December 30.*—Met Mr. Conyers' hounds at Man Wood, had one hour in covert, and then away fifty minutes over the country without a check or touching a covert across the Rodings, and ran into him in an open field close to Epping. This was a splendid run.

'1849. *January 20.*—Mr. Conyers had an extraordinary hard day. Found at Garnetts, to Bigods at a moderate pace, where they got upon good terms with him and ran hard to West Wood, which he skirted, and then turning up wind they ran very fast indeed to Anesey, and then all over the country, and after three hours and twenty minutes ran into him.

' *January 22.*—Fyfield. A stormy night and morning. Drew Barmish and Garnish blank. Found at Leaden Roding. The day getting better, rattled him up and down in covert, and away through Garnish and onwards, gradually getting on better terms; through Barmish on to Skreens, where he waited for us, and they ran him once round the covert, and we got upon excellent terms. Up to this it had been half an hour away from Skreens without a check or touching a covert by Good Easter. Turning to the right by Mashbury, ran into him by the side of the brook at Byton Hall in one hour from Skreens. A very good thing.

' 1850. *December 3.*—With Mr. Conyers at High Roding Street. Found in Old Park a very short-running fox, and after a moderate half hour went to ground close to Old Park. Found again behind Mr. Wilson's house, and after some work in covert away to Fitzjohn's, where he hung for some time; at last away, and sharpish up to Rowe Wood, where he again hung, and they killed him in the covert in about one hour from the find.

' *December 11.*—At Porter's Hall. A fox slipped away behind us; away with him by Saling and Bardfield, and to ground in a small covert close to Panfield in thirty-five minutes, over a very cramped country. Found again and had a capital thirty minutes, and ran into him.

' *December 26.*—From Woodside Green away by Hatfield across the Rodings to Skreens in fifty minutes—very fast indeed, no one being able to keep nearer than two fields from them. Here they probably changed, and went on at a good pace for more than an hour, and lost near Chelmsford owing to a cold storm of rain.

' *December 28.*—At Easton Lodge. Found in Dunmow High Wood; rattled him up and down and away close at him very fast, leaving Dunmow Town on our right by Hoglin Wood, crossed the Dunmow and Thaxted Road and over the brook, leaving Mr. Woodbridge's house on their right to Bigods, straight through it and away to Dow Wood, through it and away for Anessey, but finding that he could not make his point, he made a ring of a few fields and back to Dow Wood in thirty minutes without a check; rattled him in covert and he broke, and they ran into him in the open in three fields.

' 1851. *January 13.*—Matching Green. Drew Rowe Wood; found, and away at a very good pace to Man Wood; hung there a little while and away back to Rowe Wood fast, and sinking the wind, ran at the back of Hatfield to Mr. Wilson's, and lost him close to Caufield Hart. Drew Caufield Hart, and either hit upon our hunted fox or found a fresh one; and, after bucketting him up and down in covert, away up wind as hard as they could lick, and to ground in New Hall Wood. A very fair scent, and up wind capital. Mr. Conyers out.

' *January 20.*—Hatfield Heath. Trotted on to Leaden Roding, drawing some small coverts on the way. Found at Roffy, hung for a little time in covert, then away very fast all up wind by Hunt's

‘Wood to Garnett’s, through it to Old Park and on to Mums Hedges without a check; here turned back to Old Park, but made his way back to Mums Hedges and to ground in forty minutes from the find. Drew Caufield Thrift; had a very fast twenty minutes over a capital country and to ground.

‘*January 27.*—Hatfield Heath. Found at Warder’s Grove; away to Rowe Wood, through it to Commas Hall Farm, and away to Poplars, thence to Broomshawbury Springs, and to the left as if he was going to Hatfield Park, but turned to the right, as if to make Caufield Hart; but before reaching the Hart the fox was coursed by a dog which drove him down to Fitzjohn’s, through Mr. Wilson’s grounds and plantations, by the Griffin at Caufield, as though the fox intended making Caufield Thrift, but left the Thrift to the right, and pointed for Dunmow Highwood; then, suddenly turning to the left, he made his way back to Caufield Hart, over three miles of most severe country, both as to depth of soil and fencing. A check here, but the fox kept on through the upper part of the Hart, away to Prior’s Wood, right through the wood and out at the lower end, pointing for East End Wood, but bore away to the right and made Lord Maynard’s Layers, through the Layers and away to Moor End, and thence to Tiltey; from whence he went at a racing pace over a fine country of large fields, and was run into from scent to view at Horeham Hall, about a mile from Thaxted. This was altogether as good a hunting run and as fine a finish as any country could afford. Time, two hours.

‘*March 27.* Porter’s Hall. Found at Bush Wood, and away very fast without a check, and ran him to ground at Weathersfield in thirty minutes. Distance upwards of six miles, and the country tremendously heavy. A capital thing: pace first rate.

‘1852. *January 19.*—Hatfield Heath. Drew Down Hall and spinnies about blank, as also Man Wood. Found at the further end of Brittles; turned down wind directly and away, but hounds some little time in getting after him, owing to another fox back in covert. A good hunting pace to Man Wood, through it and away to Down Hall; hung there a little, away on one side and then on the other and back, hanging about in those spinnies, and at last killed him in a farm-yard beyond Hatfield Heath, in one hour and a half from the find.

‘*January 28.*—High Roding Street. Drew Row Wood (as also several small coverts) blank. Trotted to Caufield Hart and found; away not upon good terms, owing to another fox being back in covert, which delayed them. Hunted slowly by Caufield Thrift to the Mount, turning to the right, crossed the Caufield brook to High Easter; turned more to the right by Aythorp Roding, and gradually getting on better terms ran faster and faster, and making a good ring again, came by the Thrift out into Mr. Wilson’s premises, where they killed him in a cart-shed. Time, one hour and thirty minutes; a capital hunting run.’

Mr. Conyers was generally out with his hounds, and was rather

an odd get up. He mostly wore drab overalls over his top boots, and very often a brown great-coat over the red one. Everything certainly was more for use than ornament. I own that I was just as happy when he was at home, for his language was at times so wonderfully coarse, and one never knew whether one's own turn might not be the next. But he was a good judge as to who would put up with his abuse, and being a great bully (as generally is the case), was a bit of a coward. But he sometimes made a mistake, and got back as much as he gave; and several times I have known him with difficulty escape with a whole skin. However, there must have been some good in him, for all his servants (in spite of his language) remained a long time with him, and his pad groom was in his service all his life, although very often he must have had it pretty hot.

'1852. *February 3.*—Mr. Conyers at Easton Lodge. Trotted to Anessey, and one or two small coverts; and drew them blank. Found at Dow Wood; away directly through Bigods, away to the left running hard, leaving Dunmow on our right; crossed the Braintree road, pointing for Felstead; and from scent to view ran into our fox in the middle of a large field, close to Little Dunmow Priory in twenty minutes from the find. Drew Boxstead, Lubber Hedges, Bush Wood, &c., towards Braintree without finding.

'*February 7.*—At Fyfield. Found and away over the Rodings by High Easter, to Old Park, to Garnett's; first-rate pace up to this. Then good hunting on over Dunmow Road, leaving Felstead on their right to Grand Courts; where the fox, quite beat, was viewed close before the hounds; but horses were more beaten; and hounds had had enough, so this gallant fox escaped. Mr. Woodbridge, who then resided at Bigods, and hunted regularly with Mr. Conyers, and knew every inch of the country, told me that the hounds had gone over thirty miles of country in this run. A first-rate thing; only wanting a finish.

'*February 10.*—Old Sampford. Found directly in Little Bendish; ran in covert hard and through Great Bendish, but turned back again in covert; and ground being foiled left him. Trotted to Hempstead Wood; found, rattled him in covert, and away up wind as hard as they could race for twenty minutes, without the smallest check; and to ground in a drain at Steeple Bumpstead. Found again in Hempstead Wood; but the fox would only ring round the covert, and they ran into him in thirty minutes.

'1853. *January 5.*—High Roding. Drew Hunt's Wood blank. Found in Garnett's; away through Hunt's Wood, turned to right and ran in direction of Felstead; but after a short time turned short back to the left, then bore to the right, leaving Dunmow Town on his right, Easton Park on his left, and High Wood; threaded Hoglin Wood, then turned to the left and ran in that direction some distance, leaving Easton Park on their left, crossed the Thaxted Road, and bearing to the right ran up to Bigods, through it and on to Dow Wood, and away to close to Stebbing

'Village, where a heavy storm came on and saved this fox's life.
'Time, one hour forty-five minutes. A twisting fox who went
'over a deal of country. Ground very deep and severe for horses.

'March 30.—Barnard's Caufield. Drew High Wood, Hoglin
'Wood, and Bigods blank. Found at Dow Wood; rattled him in
'covert, and away fast to Bigods and through it, with a good scent
'in covert; away, leaving Bigod's house on their left, over the
'brook; but, being headed turned to the left, along the valley,
'leaving the church on their right, by Marks Hall Farm, and, on
'crossing the Braintree Road, now and then running fast to close to
'Little Dunmow Priory. Here bore to the right and crossed the
'brook and over the Chelmsford Road, and away pointing for Gar-
'nett's, but bearing to the right again came up to High Wood,
'through it and over the Park at Easton, all good hunting, and up
'to the Shrubbery, where the fox laid down dead beat, and jumping
'up they ran into him after a capital hunting run of one hour and
'ten minutes. Country very dry. Sunshiny day; moderate scent
'out of covert. A dog-fox and a good performance catching him.
'On Wednesday evening, March 30, Mr. Conyers being ill and
'confined to his bed, ordered his huntsman (Will Orvis), after his
'return from the run near Dunmow last mentioned, to his bedside,
'when he listened with interest to the details of the day's sport,
'and made particular inquiries about the gentlemen who were in the
'field. Later in the night more distressing symptoms set in, and
'he died at a quarter-past four on Thursday morning, March 31,
'1853. This season 1852-53, was as good a scenting season as I
'ever remember.'

Mr. Conyers' hunting establishment was sold at Tattersall's on
Monday, May 2, 1853, as follows:—

HOUNDS.			HORSES.		
		Gs.			Gs.
Five and half couple		90	Attwood		125
Ditto ditto		90	Chester		68
Ditto ditto		80	Berney		62
Ditto ditto		75	Tattersall		61
Ditto ditto		47	Little		58
Ditto ditto		41	Odell		57
Ditto ditto		35	James		54
Ditto ditto		32	Safety, hack and master of weight		47
Five couple		19	Patrician		41
Ditto ditto		13	Johnny		36
			Bearden		39
			Jerry		21
Total		522	Total		669

Laudator temporis acti.

MR. J. F. CLARK.

"Think!—but words are wanting to say what:
Think what a Judge should be, and he is *That*."

THE qualifications of a Judge would seem at first sight to be comprised within a very narrow compass, and yet, circumscribed though they be, how few of the occupants of the judgment-seat or the judicial box come up to the ideal standard! Clearness of vision would seem to be the first and indispensable requisite, and second only, though not subservient, is rectitude of conduct.

Tried by such tests, how fares it with Judges of racing when compared or contrasted with the Judges of the land?

Rectitude of conduct, we suppose, is indispensable, and we would fain hope that it is so; though, as a matter of fact, we know that straightness of vision is by no means a *sine quâ non*, for some of the most profound and respected Judges we have look askance with provoking obliquity.

To be able to square the hypotenuse, to convert zigzag into the rectilinear, to make the recumbent stand erect, and the oblique slant the wrong way, is all very well in law; but the possessor of such acquirements (however enviable they may be) will find but little encouragement if he attempts to put in practice his gifts on any of the racecourses of England.

Nothing brings out real excellences so well as contrast, and therefore we will hark back for one moment, and take a look at the *personnel* of the judicial bench of England. Leaving out of this category the Lord Chief Justice, who is so unapproachably superior to every other Judge, and whose fair fame is of the most enviable proportions, what do we find? Mr. Justice Blackburn is, by common consent, allowed to be the soundest lawyer on the bench. Granted; but how about his vision? He has a pair of eyes ranging, as Sir Walter Scott so happily said, on 'a cruelly divergent axis.' He looks at you steadfastly with his right eye, whilst his left one is just as steadfastly looking over his shoulder as if in search of a victim; for, to do him justice, Sir Colin is a perfect master in the enviable art of snubbing.

Take another example from the same court. Mr. Justice Archibald has an obliquity of vision even more *prononcé* than that of his 'brother Blackburn.' We happened to 'call in' at the Old Bailey when the trial of Bidwell, Macdonald, and Noyes was called on; and when the judge (Archibald) put in his appearance, we overheard one of the Bidwells say to Noyes, 'It's all up with us; we've no chance of escape. Just look at that Judge with his squint eyes; he'll settle us.'

Some people have a sort of superstitious dread of squint-eyed people, and we confess to a little of the soft impeachment ourselves; but what torture would they endure if they could contemplate a

racing Judge who could or would look askant? We have many reasons, all of them golden ones—four thousand, for example, on Pretender's Derby—for wishing that the Judge's vision had ranged out of the rectilinear, and that he had placed the second horse first.

It is the custom, or the fashion, or the rule for the rigidly righteous to look upon the Turf or upon racing as something 'low' or unclean—as something so infectious that they dare not touch it, or even sully their pure lips with mentioning it except in terms of reproach.

How stands the case? We will judge the racing Judge, on whose decision, rightly or wrongly, as the case may be, hang fortunes, and from whose verdict there is so seldom any dissent.

Mr. John Francis Clark has occupied the judicial box for twenty-four years, having been installed in Daniel O'Rourke's year, when the Marquis of Exeter, Colonel Anson and Mr. J. M. Stanley were stewards of the Jockey Club. He had, however, officiated as deputy for his father on several previous occasions; the first time at Southampton, in 1837. From his naturally shy and retiring habits, many persons (and good judges of racing amongst them, too) predicted his failure. 'Craven,' one of the most eminent sporting writers of that day, said he had not 'nerve' enough for the office. If by 'nerve' Craven meant the sort of quality which, amongst athletic sports, goes by the name of pluck, or bounce, or cheek, then certainly was Mr. Clark deficient in such qualities; but he is so cool, so impassible, so little likely to lose his head from excitement, or to be turned aside from the path of duty by entreaty on the one hand or threats on the other, that we should say that in a pre-eminent degree is he possessed of the sort of 'nerve' which is a requisite for such a position.

We are not aware that Mr. Clark's 'verdicts' have ever been called in question by those in authority in a single instance. There have, of course, been occasions when backers and other interested persons have wished to upset the ruling of the Judge, or the verdict, as against evidence, or rather, we should say, against *their* interests; but we need hardly say that the Judge's decision is final, and any dereliction of duty or corrupt conduct on the part of such an official would result in his having to vacate his office. Not only have the decisions of Mr. Clark been upheld by the authorities, but with one remarkable exception the Press has been singularly unanimous in coinciding with him. And we are inclined to think that the 'carping bird' to which we allude has been more influenced by his betting-book than his desire for justice, unless perchance vanity was at the bottom of his vapourings;—

"The self-applauding bird, the Peacock, see;
Mark what a sumptuous Pharisee is he!
Meridian sunbeams tempt him to unfold
His radiant glories—azure, green, and gold;
He treads as if, some solemn music near,
His measured step were governed by his ear,
And seems to say—Ye meaner fowl give place,
I am all splendour, dignity, and grace!

Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
Though he, too, has a glory in his plumes.
He, Christian like, retreats with modest mien
To the close copse so far sequestered green,
And shines without desiring to be seen."

The office of Judge, though a very onerous and lucrative one, is not in other respects by any means an enviable one. When the judgment of ardent speculators has gone astray, and they have backed the wrong horse, they are apt to fall foul of the Judge, especially if their pet has come in second. On such occasions the Judge does not repose on a bed of roses, and has to place himself under the protection of the police. He shares, in fact, pretty much the sort of reproach which is hurled at the head of a jockey who gets beaten by a head for an important race, as in the case of Fordham on Lord Clifden, of Tom French on Savernake, both of whom got beaten for the Derby by a head. The rider of the second horse under such circumstances occupies a very invidious position, for there are sure to be hundreds of speculators who will say that if another jockey had been up the second horse would have won. We do not mean to say that a race has not been lost by an unskilful jockey being 'out-jockeyed' by his rival; that is a matter on which many persons are entitled to express an opinion; but we say emphatically that no one but the 'Man in the Box' is in a position to see or to say which horse passes the winning-post first—especially is this difficult on such wide courses as those at Newmarket.

Mr. Clark's profession proper—that for which he was educated—is an architect, and directly his duties of the day on the racecourse are over, he retires to his house or to his lodgings (when he is away from Newmarket), and immediately occupies himself by planning designs for churches, chapels, and race-stands. In addition to the Newmarket and Alexandra Park Stands, Mr. Clark has planned and carried out Stands at Southampton, Chelmsford, the Bibury Club Stand at Stockbridge, Windsor, Ayr, Bristol, Lewes, the Stewards' Stand at Goodwood, besides some others of lesser note. But our business is with the Judge rather than the architect; and condensing the facts we had accumulated, we may say that Mr. Clark's father occupied the judgment-seat before him from the year 1822 to 1852, and his grandfather had preceded the father, being appointed in the year 1806, so that the office has been filled successively by members of the same family for the long period of seventy years. Previous to the first Mr. Clark's appointment in 1806 the office had been filled for thirty-six years by Mr. John Hilton, who was the first professional racing Judge; for anterior to his day the stewards used to decide the races, and as they often differed in opinion, it was at last decided to appoint an independent and competent person, and to be bound by his decisions, without permitting cavilling or squabbling.

As Mr. Clark's services are called into requisition at many other places besides Newmarket—indeed, he judges at all the really im-

portant meetings, and many of the subordinate ones—we suppose he gives satisfaction to the authorities; and it is really of the last importance that the office of Judge should be filled by a person whose decisions and whose character for rectitude can command respect. In conclusion, we can conscientiously say, from no small experience, that Mr. Clark is invariably urbane, courteous, and willing to afford information to any one with the smallest pretensions to approach him for information; but if some upstart disputes his verdict, he assumes a different attitude entirely, and, as we once heard a bystander remark, ‘his scowl is something awful.’ In short, his dauntless fortitude, unswerving integrity, and unfaltering decision of character, have won for him the esteem of his employers, and earned for him the proud distinction of being one of the most righteous men who ever filled the seat of judgment, and whose constant aim on all occasions and in all places has been—

“To Execute Justice and to Maintain Truth.”

J. H. S.

STORMS IN BUTTER-BOATS.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

MANY years ago I was towed along by a very kind but enthusiastic lady, whom I could not refuse, into one of the highest and dreariest pews in a *very* low church on Good Friday, and one of the saddest and oiliest men I ever remember commenced his hour’s infliction with, ‘You will remember, dear Christian friends, that on last Good Friday we considered,’ &c. &c. That enthusiast thought that some one would remember what he said *last* Good Friday. I did not flatter myself that any one would remember what I said last February on the overdoing of school sports and the over-anxiety for fame by young athletes, in an article called ‘Storms in Butter Boats,’ but—spare my blushes—the historical fact is, that letters and communications have come from so many men of high position from all parts of England to the Publisher and to myself, including Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Rugby men, and others, and even heads of schools, all backing me up, that the call seems to have been made on me to suggest the remedy for that which a very large portion of English parents think a great evil, which is fostered and encouraged by masters to a considerable extent.*

A large London club principally composed of middle-aged men who are occupied in kindred pursuits which bring them into frequent contact in matters of business, which provides the means of educating their sons, is a place where public opinion can be well ascertained, and that public opinion is almost universal that there is too much

* The following is about the third notice which I have seen within the last month of masters’ wives distributing prizes:—‘Mrs. ——— kindly gave away the ‘prizes in the schoolroom on Saturday morning, when, in addition to the ‘ordinary prizes, a silver cup, given by the masters, was presented to the ‘champion athlete.’

fuss about school sports and amusements, and then when boys come home they can't amuse themselves. This opinion I hear daily from men who, amongst them, have boys in most of the large schools in England. Fancy my 'qualified' gratification, after all my preaching to others, to find myself a castaway! for, lo, and behold a boy of my own came proudly home with two silver cups for athletics at the end of last term. The only thing I could do was to fill the flowing bowl and drink to his good health—it would have been idle for me to preach to him and to request him to stand aloof from his compeers, and to decline athletic sports. What would the other boys say to him? 'Ah! you muff, you funk; or 'are too stingy to pay the entry.' Now nothing would have pleased me more than to have heard that any number of boys in an off-hand way had said, Let us try "this" or "that," whether it was running, jumping, rackets, boxing—in which I believe myself as a trial of pluck and temper—and that my boy had first place, and that the thing had passed off and was dead and forgotten to the outward world, and left unrecorded in any way except in some school book, in which the brave men who live now before 'Agamemnons' of a future age are recorded.

What I object to is, that the silver cups represent annual prizes for annual sports, annually arranged, and everlastingly thought of, and everlastingly published, and, although doubtless 'off in the stilly night' those cups will come in handy for claret cups, '*sub tegmine fagi*' in some summer evening of a future year, when the wind is not always 'East-East by East,' as it has been in this '*merry*' (?) month of May, 1876; yet the glory of winning has been tarnished first by the existence of the cups themselves, secondly by the victory being recorded in school papers and in London sporting papers, and thirdly by the probability that the feat of winning them has been written about by other competitors to mammas and sisters and uncles—possibly foolish old bachelor uncles—with endless shooting, and ponies for boys, and sovereigns for nephews at school, and ten pound notes for nephews at college, who believe in British pluck, &c., &c., and who have no more sense than the old gentleman who comes on at the end of the farce, and who produces a pocket-book with twenty thousand five hundred pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence three farthings, to make the young couple (one of whom is a runaway niece) happy, with a hint at another twenty thousand five hundred pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence three farthings for his young great-nephew when born, with a promise to shake a leg at his christening; to which the forgiven niece says—behind her fan—'Oh fie! uncle!' (*Curtain.*)

These prizes and the importance given to them constitute what I call 'Storms in Butter-boats.'

Now I claim for the fogeys, boys of thirty or forty years ago, who were '*fortes*,' who lived before my friend '*Agamemnona*' of to-day, that their deeds are well remembered, though never recorded by themselves or put in print by themselves.

Taking Winchester for instance, my own school, there were feats to be done.

There was a tree, called Spanish Poplar, over which ambitious athletes all wished to kick the football of that period, a somewhat smaller ball, though much heavier than that of this period, made of horse-hide, and wetted and greased so as to bear the expansion of a wet bladder; there was a school over which ambitious athletes wished to kick that ball; and there was a hall, on the top of which athletes wished to kick that ball; there was a tremendous gate near the river over which good jumpers wished to jump; and a broad stream over which much fewer ever landed on the opposite bank than those who landed in the middle. Some few did one or more of these feats—few, or probably none, did all, and although no record was ever kept in school newspaper, or London newspaper, of those feats, the contemporaries of those who did them have handed them down to posterity by word of mouth, and the glory of hearing of such feats at a school dinner years and years afterwards, is dearer to those who did any of them, than all the newspaper records which ever were written.

Does not every one see on the stage in the pantomime, where the chorus of fairies come on and sing old-fashioned nursery songs, such as 'Goosey Goosey Gander,' or 'Little Bo Peep has lost her 'Sheep,' or simple children's songs, which the fairies all learnt themselves in some happy, though perhaps humble, home years before they had come on the stage plastered with bismuth and rouge, tired and underpaid and bullied by a stage-manager as they perhaps are, that when they are singing the conventional songs for children, how all their faces light up, and how heart and soul they are in the song because it brings back happy childhood before that song was part of the business of life to them.

Just so, my public school boys, take it from me as a fact that you are spoiling the pleasure of life by making your sports business, by pre-arranging your sports weeks before, instead of taking the pleasures of the passing hour as a happy pastime. You are assuming to yourselves the power of criticism in your school papers over your brother school-boys' performances, an accurate record of which requires the impartiality of a judge and the wisdom of a Solomon to do well. You are doing a positive wrong by sending to the London papers (who readily court your effusions) the glories of Brown and the muffing of Robinson, the impartiality of which must sometimes be questionable.

Take my advice—that of a man who has seen men and cities—that this handicapping business and running for cups and studs and flasks, and all kinds of rubbish which local silversmiths vamp up, are no more than snobbishness. Be content to mark out the broadest ditch or the highest gate within your school precincts, and let the blue ribbon of the school be for the boy who can jump over either or both and record the performance if you please in a school book kept for the purpose. Go out, a party of you, for a race across water meadows without any printed programme. Put away your

uniforms for cricket, football, and all other sports, which are simply tailors' perquisites.

A pair of flannels and a jersey or flannel shirt is enough for any athlete; and, take my word for it, if you would take your sports from hand to mouth, which means having played your match of to-day let to-morrow take care of itself until another match comes on, and instead of having fixed programmes for a term, you would be twenty times happier at school and in after life would come on to the stage of the world the best of raw material fit to be manufactured into anything, with an unwarped mind. Of course some few cricket matches must always be arranged early in the season.

When I was a boy at Winchester I had the good fortune to have over me a second master who was one of the best runners, jumpers, cricketers, and athletes who could be imagined, and who is now a Bishop and a Fellow of the College. No man encouraged sports more, and no man had a keener eye to the danger of abuse of sport. And now I will tell you what he did. He saw that more time was spent in cricket, in which he delighted, than ought to be on holidays (which were Saints' days), and he knew that to make up leeway boys sat up half the night, and he arranged matters thus: He suggested to the prefects that—inasmuch as they had enjoyed a two hours' run on the downs before breakfast—between breakfast time and eleven o'clock chapel, an hour and a half might be well spent in preparing some work for next day and letting the fags rest and enjoy themselves; and he pointed out that, provided leave from all roll calls between twelve and five was given, there was a good uninterrupted five hours' cricket in hand.

His suggestion became a fashion off-hand, to the good of all, especially to the little fags, who were mostly left undisturbed to play their own match on the junior ground between breakfast time and chapel; and although every one could do as he pleased, it was thought 'bad form' for a prefect to play cricket or rackets before twelve o'clock, that is, until after Saints'-days' chapel.

Now, my public school boys, you are doing yourselves an infinity of harm by making your sports a business. Don't tell me that when a match is over you are not looking out for the 'Field,' or the 'Land and Water,' for your name in print, for I know you are; don't you tell me that the newspaper glory does not create hundreds of jealousies, for I know it does; don't tell me, you Eton, Harrow, and Winchester masters, that your inter-school cricket arrangements at Eton, Winchester, and Lord's, during the term, do not turn boys' thoughts from work, for any fool will tell you they must; don't you tell me, you masters' wives, who give away prizes after athletic sports, and bring with you a lot of ladies to flatter boys, that you do no harm, for I say you do, and common sense will tell you so, and for this reason, namely: there is a place called the world into which all boys must go; in that world the ground is not rolled, and the stumps are not ready pitched, and no net is put up, but the bowling is very quick and very rough, and, for jumpers, the fences of life are

very stiff with heavy falling-ground; and instead of the council of your favourite school who handicap themselves, very hard masters, called 'Brains and Industry,' handicap all the world.

Now let the writer hide his blushes again, and say why this was written. A school newspaper was sent to him from a large school, with a paper on athletics marked for his perusal. I wrote to the Editor asking why he sent it, and the answer was that my former article was read out by one of the masters to the upper form, and those who wished it wrote essays upon that article. The head of another large school, once a fine cricketer and athlete, and a good promoter of sport now, wrote to me and said he would preach upon the subject.

Take my advice—I have been in London since 1842, and I have had a hand many a time in unravelling difficulties into which young men had fallen, and which were gradually sending them to the dogs; and my experience is this, that luxury in early life and habits acquired thereby had mostly sent them kennel-wards. A., B., C., D., and E. are five brothers, sons of a rich nobleman or country gentleman; all had the same ponies when boys, all had the same manor to shoot over, all had the same fishing and the same indulgencies so long as F. (*Paterfamilias*) was alive and they lived at home. My friend A. is all right, as he succeeds to F. his father's estate, but B., C., D., and E. find themselves on the world with expensive tastes and little but themselves to rely on. Just so with boys who give up their minds to handicapping and newspaper glory at school, nothing but a miracle can save many of them from coming into the world with their hearts in sport instead of work.

And with all this staring us in the face I have yet to learn why the idleness occasioned by the Harrow and Eton match at Lord's and the inter-school match between Eton and Winchester during the most important parts of the term creates less of what was falsely alleged to be idleness in a match at Lord's between these schools in the holidays; two of the principal pleas for the abolition of which Lord's matches, twenty-one years ago, were, first, because the matches were alleged to lead to idleness at school, and secondly—what do you think, Mr. Baily?—because they involved **NEWSPAPER GLORY IN LONDON!!**

HALF-HOURS AT HATCHETT'S.

'And merrily up to the box he sprang,
As Hatchett's clock struck eleven;
"Ya hip, my hearties?" he cheerly sang,
"I mean to return by seven."

I HOPE the author of '*Phæton Diabolobletos*,' who wrote '*A Mer-
valous Historie of Dick Neck, or Nought Driver of ye Telegraphe
'Coache,*' will forgive the liberty I have taken with his verses in
the heading of this article; as well as the respected owner of

Hatchett's my having converted his silent pointer to the steps of time into a noisy recorder of the fleeting moments, an office only worthy of the long-exploded watchman. We know better in these enlightened days than to make a fuss over such matters; and, let the enemy fly on ambrosial wings or halt with leaden crutch, we have plenty of reminders without hearing 'The curfew toll the knell of parting day.'

But, if truth must be told, I was hard up for something with which to head this article, in which, perchance, I may have to say something concerning time being kept, as well as time misused, with regard to road matters, and finding nothing just to suit my views, took what first came to hand, and altered to taste, as the boy said when he borrowed his father's blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, and cut the tails off, so as to convert it into a jacket wherewith he could take the shine out of his schoolfellows. It was wrong, no doubt; perhaps I am equally wrong to play tricks with an author who has kindly provided me with a quotation, but as it stood it would not fit in; so as my excuse I shall plead the last line of the same ballad, 'Needs must when the devil drives.'

To my subject, Half-hours at Hatchett's. Many pleasant ones I have spent there, and so I am fain to say have most of the readers of 'Baily;' for who that loves the fare provided monthly within the green covers could be deaf to the cheering horn, the rattle of the pole-chains, and the well-timed beat of iron on the stones? Those half-hours which have seen me pacing like a sentry before the steps of Hatchett's, as memory recalls them back, each after each reflect many a jovial scene, and, alas! some sad ones. They date from the first revival of coaching, when the Duke of Beaufort, Chandos Pole, Cherry Angell, and men like unto them, used to congregate round the starting-point of the Brighton—one or the other generally on the box, and with all that money could buy, or an experience which reached back into the real working days of coaching, suggest, they put the Brighton on the road—coachmen every one. You may see them start, waylay them in mid-journey, or stand, watch in hand, at the outcome, as a Yankee would say, and I am bold to wager that at no point would you find aught amiss or the coach out of her time. 'There were giants in those days.' They were few in number, but right in heart, great in knowledge, and they fought the good fight against a host, once more bringing the road into repute, showing that driving was a sport in which gentlemen might participate, in a kind, beyond the conventional airing round the Park, and that, in spite of the hurry and bustle of these latter days, business men might, for their health's sake, spend a few hours amidst fresh air and country scenes, and yet, suiting their engagements thereunto, and knowing that time would be punctually kept, combine business with pleasure. Here the foundation-stone of modern coaching was laid; since then it has had its ups and downs, generally making steady progress, but still having its periods of lassitude and neglect, until at the present time it has

bloomed forth into one of our most fashionable summer amusements. Although a decade would pretty well include the time that saw the revival, the old hands have one by one dropped out of the ranks. Death, the inevitable, has claimed what ten years ago we should have considered more than his share of the hale men who formed that little band; others have taken to pursuits which are to be found nearer the hall or grange; and I believe scarce one of the original promoters of the coaching revival are now to be found on the road beyond Mr. W. H. Cooper. However, they threw in the little leaven which was to ferment the whole mass, people have taken wonderfully to riding on coaches, and no lack of men been found who are willing to drive them; in fact, coaching has become the fashion, and the experience of these half-hours at Hatchett's point to the fact that, like other fashions, it may be carried further than the bounds of prudence warrant. The Conscript Fathers of the road—if they will allow me to call them so—were all tried men, acknowledged whips, of some of whom, at least, the professionals have said that they could teach them nothing.

Let me try to sketch from memory the scene at Hatchett's about the year 1870; time, a little before 5 P.M., coach due at 5, on a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday. In the portals of the door you will see a very stout man, with clothes of an old-fashioned cut, and a cheery smile on his face; on the pavement is his counterpart, the same cheery look, and a glass in his eye. They are brothers: the elder, he in the doorway, 'the Squire,' Mr. E. S. Chandos Pole of Radburn Hall; the other, Mr. H. Chandos Pole-Gell, the latter name being assumed to inherit Hopton Hall, also in Derbyshire. They are joined shortly by a man rather over middle-age, who greets them with a joyous laugh; a scar on the face tells of an accident which might have proved fatal—his horse fell in crossing a gutter, and put his foot full in his rider's face; it is Colonel E. J. Stracey-Clietherow. A fourth may-be joins the group, a tall, good-looking man, known when at Cambridge as Handsome Meek (alas! now no more, as he died two years ago when in office as High-Sheriff of Sussex). Another also is sure to be there; for 'Mr. Secretary,' or 'Sir Coaching Scott,' as the Squire liked to call him, never missed. Probably there also is the Hon. W. F. Byng, an old friend of both the Poles, a lover of the road from his youth up, and one to whom the Dogs' Home owes much, from the interest and support which he afforded it. Lord Huntingtower, he of grey horses and yellow coach (a thorough judge), as well as Colonel Fane, M.P. for Oxfordshire, who regularly drove the Royal William on the Oxford Road in old days, may safely be put place amongst the spectators. In that group were linked the present and the past of the road. The honorary secretary, Mr. A. G. Scott, then as now, was ever striving to build securely upon the old foundations, so that the sport once revived might last, and that the venture (the Brighton) should be looked upon as an example and model, and that those who come after him might say in kindness, 'He did what he could.'

From that coach we must date the love of the road, which has been developed to an extent little dreamt of ; and not only road coaches, but the love of driving has so increased that there is a demand everywhere for teams, and so many men now essay to put four horses together.

To return, when Tedder brings in the coach, we note that the horses are good ; those on the London ground being Colonel Stracey-Clitherow's ; but the coach is equally well done all the way down, and there are no ugly comparisons between those on the end stages and on the middle ground. These are fair samples ; coach-horses of a good stamp, and suitable for their work.

Even now, as I stand at Hatchett's and recall the past, those days come up when there was but one coach on the road ; and after that two, and only two coaches left here. The Brighton, in the days of which I have spoken, comes back to my mind as the best representative I have ever beheld of the old working days of the road. She carried *luggage without limit* ; it was really a matter of necessity getting round in good time to take it up, and it required a man who knew how to stow it away, to pack it or superintend the packing ; it was really wonderful the quantity she carried. Tedder also was a good example of the coachman of the past ; he was very clever with tired horses, and knew well every detail connected with putting together, biting, placing, and so forth. His mind and memory were well stored with anecdotes of men he had known, coachmen, both gentlemen and professional. The proprietary of that day was not only limited, but select. There was no novice ever seen on the bench. Mr. Chandos Pole would never allow any one to join him simply from whim. If a stage was vacant, he would himself put on the horses, rather than have a candidate he did not care about ; and if any one had shirked or put on a team of bad ones, he would soon have ordered them off and replaced them with horses of his own. It was a rare bit of pluck on his part running the coach through the winter. He then had a little old mail, which he worked as being lighter than his Holland coach. Let me revert to the last year he was the prime mover in road matters—the year in the winter of which poor Tedder died. It was really then worth the walk to Hatchett's to see a loaded coach—loaded, I mean, with luggage as well as passengers—going or coming. If Tedder was not driving, one of the proprietors would be ; and what men they were ! Chandos Pole, W. H. Cooper, and Colonel Stracey-Clitherow—the last the 'Tom Stracey' Birch Reynardson speaks of as the dashing good-looking young Guardsman of his day, a well-known whip, and now in his 'autumn years' as fond, if not fonder of the sport than ever. This was in 1872 ; and I name the proprietary as a model of what sort of stuff men who take to the road in our day should be composed of. Firstly, the liking should be real, not imaginary ; the task well considered, not taken up as a whim for fashion, or as a means of getting into society ; the responsibilities (by the majority, one would fancy now ignored) well weighed ; the ability as to cost not doubtful—the *l. s. d.* must come last, and be least, where the

liking is real, and where the motive is sport. Again, a man must have learnt to *drive*; for not only does he risk his own neck, but endangers the lives of a far too confiding public (who ride in faith). I wonder what sort of verdict public opinion would give, if after a disastrous railway accident we were informed that the engine-driver was an amateur, or inexperienced? One thing is certain—heavy damages would be the result, and the universal opinion, ‘Sarve ‘em ‘right.’ Verily, now, travelling by coach is with the public like travelling by train; in both cases *ignorance is bliss*.

Seriously, conscience should have a voice; and though it is true companies may not possess one, and you can only make them feel through their pockets, an English gentleman and a sportsman is cast in a different mould, and, whilst studying the welfare of his fellow-creatures he should also strive to avoid inflicting an injury (by injudicious patronage of it through vanity or ambition) on a pastime whose only chance of longevity is its prospect of salvation as a sport. These are a few of the varied essentials that Half-hours at Hatchett's have shown me a man should possess who aspires to occupy the ‘bench’ as a proprietor. Do I see them displayed as coach after coach comes in or starts? Certainly; but, I am sorry to say, only in one or two instances. But I do see, and others who know what coaching is see also, by the way many of the coaches are taken out and brought in, that there are men on the box who have no business to be there. They are beginning where they should leave off! Unwitting alike, it appears to me, of the art of driving, of the harm done, the responsibilities ignored, the temptings of Providence, I might almost write, in which they indulge, when, in the haste of vanity, they come publicly forth to advertise their ignorance.

Neither is it every professional now at work who is fitted for his post, to advise, admonish, and give an example. To prove this, I may say that a couple of years ago a friend of mine was on the steps at Hatchett's, talking with Harry Ward (a real coachman) of by-gone days, when he said, ‘Here comes one that wants another hand.’ My friend looked and saw the professional bringing round the — coach. Another anecdote I can give, happily pointing in a different direction: Page, who, last year, drove the Rotherham and afterwards the Scarborough, told the same friend that when the horses of the latter coach were on view prior to their sale at York at the end of the season, he accompanied a celebrated Yorkshire sportsman and well-known judge of coaching matters round the stud. This gentleman, addressing Page, said, ‘I was at Epsom on the Derby day, and of all the coaches I saw come on the course none was brought on like Mr. Cooper's. I forget his man's name—a little man.’ Page replied, ‘You mean Hubble, sir.’ ‘Yes I do. What do you think of him?’ ‘Why, sir, there is nobody can touch him; and if I could drive only a *quarter* as well as he can, I should think a great deal more of myself than I do.’ Yet Page is a man whom you may back to drive against many on the road without fear of losing your money.

Verily, strange sights are to be seen now by him who stands on the steps at Hatchett's, as I have said above, and strange sounds heard also—notes on the horn attempted which don't exist, the only result being a sad waste of breath and a discordant noise; reins held in both hands; knees in the driver's mouth; leaders held so tight at starting that the wheelers run over them, &c., &c. All very amusing, maybe, though not exactly pretty; but it would be better, perhaps, if the public representatives of the art would reserve their peculiarities for some less frequented thoroughfare than Piccadilly, and take lessons from a Carter, Ward, or some other capable man.

It is no unusual thing for one standing on the well-known pavement, to see men bring up teams in a way that shows they only want the opportunity to get into a regular mess, tyro is stamped indelibly on the way they sit on the box and handle the ribbons. 'There is one who can't drive, I'll lay my life,' said a man to me during the present season, as a gentleman drove one of the morning coaches to the door. Strange to say, though going by no means a long journey, he was that very day an hour late at his destination, and had to leave his leaders on the road because he could not drive them, they shied so, hiring or borrowing others to return with. On the same road a noble lord, not many years ago, when driving into a little country town in which he had to change horses, so let his leaders slip through his fingers as to go on the right instead of the left of a pump, which stood some little distance, from the door at which the change was to be made. Round the pump they went, wonderful to relate, without upsetting the coach, and he pulled up in the opposite direction to which he intended to go, and the clean team was actually put to with their heads towards the place from which the coach had come. Now, in the true interest of the road, I ask, Is this the way to make the sport popular? At present the public, for the most part, are profoundly ignorant, as I have said, in these matters, and as long as a coach runs through pretty scenery, and there is a good lunch at the end of the journey, they will ride on it; but, as a rule, that same British public is very quick to find out defects and shortcomings, and when once it does so, these fledgling whips will, I have no doubt, soon find they are performing for their own pleasure and at their own expense. It is no doubt very gratifying to a young man to drive a coach, and still more so if he can persuade the public, by riding with him, to find the materials whereon he is to try his 'prentice hand, but it would be infinitely better for the public if they consulted their own safety by only riding with those who had learnt to drive first. In this matter the members of the press who pretend to keep us posted up in coaching matters are by no means free from blame. They, to a great extent, either from ignorance or some other cause, when writing on coaching matters, praise all alike, the competent and incompetent, with two exceptions, and these have been the articles which appeared on the Road in 'Baily,' where some plain truths were spoken concerning the want of skill too often displayed by these modern

Jehus, and in the 'Sporting Gazette.' No doubt if the truth were plainly told, it might prove unpalatable to a great many of those who are daily displaying their incompetence, but they must remember that, when undertaking a public duty, such as that of driving a coach, they of their own free will lay themselves open to public criticism. A man who drives his private drag, let him do it ever so badly, so long as he can keep clear of passing vehicles, and does not endanger the life or limbs of other people, may do as he likes, and it is no matter to any one, but the moment a man opens his coach to hire for those who like to ride on it by paying for their places, he becomes the servant of the public and liable to have his performance of the part he has undertaken canvassed and commented on. Now it seems to me that there is a tendency amongst a few of the younger coachmen to look on their coach as a sort of semi-private affair, although willing enough to take the money which the public throw into the concern, by making variations from their advertised route on certain occasions, the neglect which some of them show in the matter of keeping time, and other things, evincing their disregard for the full carrying out of the part they have undertaken. These *laches*, when they occur, should be ruthlessly exposed; it is by no means equitable to men who do the thing well and work their road honestly and fairly, keeping good time and carrying out their contract with the public, to give others who do nothing of the sort equal credit with them. Neither is it fair to the good coachman to write in the same eulogistic strain of one who can scarcely drive at all, as you would apply to him. Yet this is constantly done. If it is not, the man, perhaps deserving downright condemnation, but fancying himself damned with faint praise, is sore on the subject. If he cannot stand criticism he should drive in private and thus place himself beyond the reach of it.

The same with regard to horsing and turning out their coaches. I have myself seen brilliant teams go out of London, to be replaced with very seedy ones farther down the road; yet I think I may ask in vain for any one to point out to me an article on Coaching in which such a falling-off is distinctly stated. The public should know this if they are really to be told the truth about the sport, and the man who horses his coach well throughout reap his reward, and not be classed with the one who merely sends a swell team over the London ground. So much for this part of my subject, which I have merely touched on just to show that all is not gold that glitters, and that it does not follow, because we have more coaches running now than formerly, that we are making such rapid strides in the sport as a mere casual observer would imagine. The taste for it is no doubt largely increasing both with the general public and with driving men; there is, certainly, a greater demand for coaches, and the demand ought to bring a number of skilled coachmen on the scene; the question is, will it do so? Those men who at the present time have coaches, or are likely to have coaches, on the road, who can drive even fairly may, I fear, be counted on

the fingers of one hand or less ; yet my Half-hours at Hatchett's have shown me eight coaches now running from there, and at the present time of writing they are not yet all started. Amongst those on the box I have seen men who were very poor performers last year ; and I fear, from what is to be observed morning and evening as they come and go (for I have not trusted my neck with them) that they are very little improved this.

There appears to be too much hurry to rush before the public. A friend of mine said the other day that if a certain exalted personage would only drive four donkeys down Piccadilly, half London would have a team of mokes in a fortnight. It is true ; we do far too much from fashion, and not enough from the real love of sport, in the present day. In this article I have purposely avoided mentioning coaches now on, or likely to be on the road, as well as giving my own opinion of any professional now driving, because to the latter adverse criticism would be unfair, while those who are perfect in their art want no praise, as good wine needs no bush. Let me finish by saying I have always thought a good opportunity was missed of cementing, as it were, 'coaching' as a sport when the Road Club was established. Had that club started with a really strong committee, men of well-known weight and influence in the coaching world, inclusive, say, of Lord Macclesfield, Sir Watkin Wynn, Mr. Henry Villebois, Mr. Birch Reynardson, Mr. George Lane Fox, Colonel Stracey-Clitherow, Lord Algernon St. Maur, Captain Bastard, Mr. Corry, Colonel Tyrwhitt, Mr. W. H. Cooper, and Squire Drake, so much might have been done. It might, indeed, have held a position with regard to the Road as the Jockey Club does to the Turf. As it is, the Duke of Beaufort stands almost alone on the present committee as regards position and capability ; and other men of mark, who should be members of it such as Lords Londesborough, Aveland, Abingdon, Poulett, Mr. W. E. Oakeley, and Captain Whitmore, are conspicuous by their absence. What might have been done is not done, and coaching appears to be drifting in a direction which those who wish to see the sport established on a firm basis, to say the least of it, are by no means glad to witness.

However, good men are on the road still, and we must look to their example to keep the thing right. If the public had only discrimination to see and know the good coin from the spurious, we should perhaps have fewer coaches, but they would all be of the right sort. Then a badly-driven coach would be as effectually 'damned' as a badly-acted play. However, as the taste for the road progresses, this devoutly-to-be-wished consummation may be arrived at. There is one healthy sign : coaches are beginning to run longer distances again, and the knife-board is by no means so common as last year ; so that I may say all is not quite barren, and what was written on the latter subject in the publications I have before spoken of has, I hope, not been in vain.

Before closing I must relate an anecdote, which is much to the

purpose, that came to my ears the other day. A passenger on the seat by the driver of one of the 'busses passing along Piccadilly, inquired of Jarvey respecting the coaches. That worthy rejoined, 'Oh, 'yes, I see lots of 'em; and whenever I sees 'em, sir, I'm always 'reminded of children playing at 'orses.' Unfortunately, Jarvey was only too right, and the thing is treated too much as a plaything now. Mr. Chandos Pole had a great horror of trifling or making a plaything of a coach, and used to say, 'I hate what people call a nice coachman. I mean,' he explained, 'if I am asked to go to a picnic, 'and told, "Mr. So-and-so is going to drive us there; he drives so " "nicely!" I always decline.' But I must stop, or I shall tire my readers' patience. May he and I both live to see coaching assume once more a really workmanlike aspect.

T. T.

THE COMMON SENSE OF TOUTING.

TOUTING, in its broadest and most generally accepted sense, may perhaps be defined as 'most unwarrantable intrusion' upon the affairs of others; and primarily this is the utmost objection which can be urged against it. It is an offence—if indeed it deserves so severe a term—more against manners than morals, and on this very account is all the more difficult to be kept in check, not to say abolished. It becomes more obnoxious in degree as monetary interests are interfered with; but until the pocket is assailed, it merely assumes the shape of a nuisance, which is only endurable because simply incurable. Curiosity is such a powerful stimulant to the very large proportion of weak minds, that the anxiety to gratify it becomes a normal condition in the human breast, and a feeling which we cannot control, much less repress. No one can have experienced the *désagrémens* of 'touting' to a more painful degree than the Prince of Wales during his progress through India; and every great personage or 'lion' of the day has to submit to the mobbing, staring, and cheering process known by the name of 'enthusiastic reception.' The English possess a special aptitude for touting, their tastes in this direction being more fully developed than those of their Continental neighbours. John Bull is a regular Paul Pry; and if we are a nation of shopkeepers, we make use of our holiday leisure as a nation of sight-seers. Being also a nation of sportsmen, it is not unnatural that we should have recourse to touting, so far as it is applicable to our racing system, more especially when there is anything to be gained by a system of espionage. And in proportion as this desirable consummation is likely to result, so much more pains do we take in making our observations, and in comparing notes on what we have seen or heard, so as to derive profit from pleasure, and not to miss the 'good things' set before us for our advantage. The University crews are touted almost to death, and certain sensational prints

would almost carry their readers from the public doings of Oxford and Cambridge on the river to the privacy of their lodgings and hostleries. This is an excess of touting, and in the most execrable taste; but the code of laws of good manners drawn up by Chesterfield and others is merely a fancy one, and depends for its due observance upon the will of those who choose to consider themselves bound by it. There is nothing in the statute-book against bad taste or bad manners. A cat may look at a king, provided that in the act of stolid staring no enactment of the *lex scripta* is contravened, such as that which provides against trespass. There is nothing to prevent passers-by on a road from overlooking the premises of private individuals on either side, and taking notes of their occupations or amusements. The idle and vulgar would only laugh when remonstrated with, and probably stare and chaff with redoubled persistence and energy.

This brings us directly to touting as the word is employed in its usual sense, namely, watching the exercise gallops of horses from some station contiguous to their training-grounds. The racehorse requires 'ample scope and verge' for his movements when in active preparation, and private individuals for the most part do not possess such extensive tracts in their own domains, but are compelled to have recourse to public heaths, downs, moors, and wolds whereon to give their horses the necessary work. Though on common ground, they are still private property; and it is doubtless very rude and impudent of certain strangers to criticise their movements and to note the amount and quality of work done by each racehorse in the sheeted squadron. The trainer, above all men, hates to see 'himself (and his horses) in print,' mystery and secrecy having been important lessons in the stable discipline in which he was nurtured from the days of his apprenticeship. But so long as the strangers are content to respect private rights, and to confine themselves to the use of legitimate means in their vocation, trainers are absolutely powerless to prevent the goings-out and comings-in of their charges from being chronicled by the cordon of watchful gentry detailed to report the doings of the various strings, whether for public or private information. Visitations of touts are doubtless particularly annoying, but when made after this fashion, and without undue encroachment, the only course is to grin and bear it; throwing all lawful impediments in the way of touting, and putting the double on its professors as often as possible. When absolute trespass is committed, the law at once steps in to punish the offender, though not with that severity which owners of horses deem to be commensurate with the offence. Indeed it is hardly worth while to prosecute, and hence the profession of horse-watching rather flourishes, every important stable having its accredited staff from various employers, with orders to pay especial attention to the inmates as the turn of each arrives to make appearance in public.

Did touting end here, it might fairly be regarded in the light of a sentimental grievance; for if horses are trained within eyeshot of

public thoroughfares, it would be unreasonable to deny the right of every passer-by to take observations of a morning's exercise. Unfortunately the line which divides right from intrusion in too many cases is overstepped by the touting fraternity, and here the owner's or trainer's imaginary grievance may be said to end, and his real and justifiable cause of complaint to commence. Bounds are broken and trespasses are committed, leading to an open declaration of war between trainer and tout, in which, at least on the part of the latter, all is considered fair which may enable him to procure an accurate report for his employer as to the appearance, condition, and work of the various horses in the stable. There cannot be any reasonable doubt concerning the truth of the statements as to suborning stable-lads and tampering with apprentices which furnished so just a ground of complaint to recent memorialists to the Jockey Club. The evil does exist, and to an intolerable degree, in nearly all training quarters, and the paths of those who 'look after' the various cracks are beset with many and great temptations to divulge their masters' secrets. Out of stable hours the boys cannot be kept mewed up, and the village alehouse becomes an inevitable resort for the staff of the various establishments in the vicinity of public training-grounds. The pliable mind of youth is not proof against the solid inducements of those desirous of gaining the 'latest information,' and the bar-parlour is witness to many a mysterious interview between the corruptor and his dupe. Bribing, treating, and all other mean artifices are resorted to for the purpose of worming out stable secrets; and the inevitable result of detection by the master is instant dismissal from employment without a character, and frequently with a public warning to other trainers not to take the renegade into their service.

No wonder that there is thus cast upon the world a number of ne'er-do-weels, eminently qualified to recruit the touting community, and educated in the school of cunning, deceit, and fraud which helps to fill our gaols and to swell the annals of crime. Therefore we deem it to have been sufficiently shown that the trainers' grievance is a solid one, and crying aloud for a remedy; but how the Jockey Club is to bring about a reform in matters of this kind we are totally at a loss to conceive, except in so far as they exercise supreme authority over their property upon Newmarket Heath.

Without going into the question as to whether the memorial recently presented to the Jockey Club was sufficiently representative to carry the desired weight, the tone adopted by its subscribers indicated no line of action to be taken by the supreme Turf Council, and hinted at no course to be pursued for repression of the touting nuisance. It was, indeed,

‘An infant crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry;’

for it was certain, by the official remonstrance addressed to certain sporting journals a short time since, that the Club was impotent to

control the obnoxious influences, the results of which, in the shape of 'Training Reports,' it was anxious to suppress. Trainers can hardly expect the Habeas Corpus Act to be suspended for their behoof, or that power should be given them to arrest, assault, or bait with bull-dogs, any members of the 'Vigilance Committee' they may happen to detect watching the gallops of their horses. They must perforce accept such annoyances as part and parcel of their calling, and content themselves with the assurance that the touts, like the poor, they will have always with them. That they are not absolutely defenceless against the 'men with telescopes' must be evident from the fact of certain of their body seeming to enjoy comparative immunity from their attentions. They can so regulate the movements of their horses as to puzzle the acutest watcher; and they are perfectly justified in resorting to all manner of expedients for casting dust in the eyes of unscrupulous foes. Stable-lads do not invariably possess the key to the situation; and the utmost they can impart to their pot-house patrons is very little beyond what these inquisitive worthies are able to ascertain for themselves, namely, information as to the health and condition of their charges. Even trials can be so managed as to baffle the keenest observation, and so that those taking part in them, and not being in the confidence of the stable, may be readily put off the scent.

As regards the publication of 'Training Reports,' we give the journals which avail themselves of this kind of information credit for the truthfulness of their assertions that their staff of watchers have orders to confine themselves to reporting the work done by the various strings without interfering with the trainers' employés. If the touts contravene these orders, and resort to treating and tampering, it is difficult to say who gets the benefit of their trouble; for 'Training Intelligence' is merely a bare record of the work done, without any pretence of garnishing the narrative by a disclosure of stable secrets.

Though much evil is done by touting, it is not totally un-mixed with good. If the public will bet, it is better that they should, as far as possible, judge for themselves, without hanging upon the utterances of teachers as blind as their followers. The gradual disappearance of lengthy quotations on the Derby a year previous to the race, and on other events long anterior to their decision, and the growing tendency to post-betting which characterises the proceedings of to-day, may in some degree be referred to the knowledge which now exists as to the condition and prospects of every likely candidate for the important events. Milking operations cannot be carried on so conveniently by the black-leg fraternity, and it is next to impossible that the public can be deluded into backing the halt, the lame, and *the dead*, which was not unfrequently the case in former years, when the practice of racing partook more of the nature of an Asiatic mystery than at present. The less opportunity of making 'book horses' which is afforded to the welshing

division, the more such dirty work will be discouraged, and a far healthier tone will be communicated to the market operations which, however questionable in policy, must ever remain closely connected with our racing system.

In condemning generally the practice of toutting, and in demanding its suppression as connected with the sporting press, its enemies appear to have overlooked the existence of a private system of espionage, which we will venture to say is productive of infinitely more harm than the acquisition and publication of the ordinary training reports. Watchers in private employment form a body far outnumbering that retained by the journals which keep their readers posted up in the latest doings of the cracks, and work infinitely more harm by corrupting apprentices and lads than those whose duty it is merely to record business done on wold or down. That individuals holding a high position in the racing world, and themselves lawmakers of the Turf, have not deemed it beneath their dignity to employ touts, is an unpleasant fact which cannot be explained away; and it is evident that, did proprietors of sporting journals agree to withdraw their vedettes from the hill-tops, there would still remain a formidable contingent to vex the souls of trainers; and even supposing the whole body of professional touts to be improved away from Newmarket Heath, what force either physical or moral, could avail to impede the operations of the dexterous amateur, whose means enable him to keep a few platers in training, and who abuses his privilege of ranging the exercise grounds during forbidden hours by keeping a watchful eye upon his neighbours' horses? The farther we go into the subject the more remote does any chance of a diminution of toutting appear; and we trust that the Jockey Club, having effected nothing by remonstrance, will see the inexpediency of exposing their inability to cope with an evil which nothing short of special legislative interference can abolish. *De minimis non curat lex*; and therefore the matter is hardly likely to engage the attention of Parliament, and must be left to work its own cure.

A.

SPORT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THERE is a parish in England which I know now, and which I knew much better between forty and fifty years ago, which was, and I believe now is, one of the most prosperous and one of the least sporting parishes in England. It is of great extent, and the farms were and are held by men of good means and of easy circumstances, and many of them have passed from father to son, as tenant-farmers, for generations.

I do not suppose that in that parish—which we may as well call Independence as by any other name (as it very well describes the people in it)—there ever was or is as much ground unoccupied or left in the nature of waste as could be covered by a carpet, as the

land produces the very best of corn, cherries, potatoes, hops, filberts, and bricks enough to build any number of Towers of Babel, if a contractor ordered them. There was, before the railway days, good access to London by road or by river, and two creeks of the Medway gave ample convenience for sending bricks and heavy articles by barge to London; in fact, it was a very prosperous place. The farmers were Radicals—a dreadful thing to own to in those days; they were of the enlightened half-churchman half-dissenter school, were only half civil to the clergyman, telling him to his face that church rates and tithes were robberies, got the parish illuminated at the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, cut the corn with scythes (which the Tories called ‘flying in the face of Heaven,’ as it decreased labour), disallowed gleaning, raked after the corn sheaf-binders, kept their hedges cut down to mere boundaries, threw field after field into one, and, in fact, they were some of the finest farmers in the world, and treated land, as the late Sir Robert Peel said it ought to be treated—as a thing of commercial value to be developed by industry and capital. They were really fair representatives of the old Puritans, hard, morose, and money-making. There was any amount of salt-water marsh for turning cattle into; but at the outside there were only three or four meadows in the whole parish, as where corn and hops were not, orchards were. To do the farmers justice, they paid uncommonly good wages, and promoted advanced education amongst the poor, which, at that time, was thought a very Radical movement also. I do not think any one hardly was ever idle in that parish. There was no game to speak of, except in one corner of the parish where there was a large wood, but that was farmed for underwood and the timber trade more than for sport; and if a covey of partridges or a hare or two were ever heard of, they were as much public characters as the Queen, or the Prince of Wales, or her Majesty’s co-processionist, Dr. Kenealy, are now.

Boys will be boys, and farmers’ sons will grow into young men; and so it came to pass that when I was a little boy of about eight years old some little attempt at sport was made.

A report was spread that a pack of harriers was to be started, and the information came from the butcher, a well-to-do man, who always came to church in top-boots, as did the overseer, though I never saw either of them on a horse in my life, and they were both so round and so fat that I doubt their ever sitting on a horse; and the butcher said to my father, ‘We are a-going to have a pack of harriers here.’

‘What?’ said the governor. ‘Why there’s nothing to hunt!’

‘Well, I don’t know,’ answered the butcher, ‘I think we shall; for young Mr. Charles Jones and young Mr. James Robinson they have got a few hares on their fathers’ land; and old Jones is very wild, and he said to me, “Sirloin,” he said, “where can I find “a poacher?”’ (We were fortunate enough to be exempt from that class, as there was nothing to poach.) ‘“The hares have got into my fields and come into my garden, and Charles has set wires for

" 'em and can't catch 'em, and fired at 'em and always misses, and
" my neighbour Robinson complains of the same."

" "Well, Mr. Jones," I said to him (I am a rare good customer
" to all the farmers who have anything to sell, for I am doing a
" Smithfield trade now), "the truth is this: my eldest son, who is
" growing up, as your'n be, and who works late and early, asked
" me the other day when he was going to have a little pleasure,
" for he complained that it was all work and no play, and told
" me that your son and Mr. Robinson's son said the same; so
" we went to Mr. Robinson's brother, who, not being married, has
" more leisure, and we have agreed amongst ourselves that one
" shall keep two or three harriers, and another two or three har-
" riers, and we mean to have a day once or twice a week in the
" winter, just as we find leisure."

The brow of the austere Jones the elder was much overcast.

Now for the bachelor Robinson: he belonged to the Puritan party nominally, but he was the wettest and jolliest Puritan ever seen. He was much like poor Alfred Mynn in size and features, but he weighed a good twenty stone in good-humoured fat, and, winter and summer, always wore a straw hat. We will call him 'Fat Billy.'

The first intimation I saw of hunting was in November, when passing Fat Billy's on a thoroughbred donkey which I used to ride, or rather ride and walk with (for I was as often off his back as on it, owing to my father making me ride on a slippery pad with no stirrups), I saw a gaunt-looking hound, with his tail between his legs, rush out of the farmyard pursued by a ploughboy with a pitchfork, who was shouting at the top of his voice, 'Go a-hunting, you beggar!' The ploughboy took a shot at the hound with a stone, and, strange to say, hit his mark, and nailed the hound on the hind-leg; so the gallant quadruped proceeded to the chase on three legs.

On hearing that the meet was at the Rampant Lion, I turned my donkey round, who, thinking he was going home again, covered the ground pretty quick, and I got to the Rampant Lion in good time; though I am bound to say that, although some six or eight horses were outside, the saddles were empty, as the noble huntsmen, under the presidency of Fat Billy, whose straw hat I could see over the blinds, were giving the landlord a turn at a little bit of lunch before starting.

They wanted me to come in and have some luncheon, but I did not dare go into a public-house, especially into the Rampant Lion, the inmates of which, from the landlord down to the young lady in a smart cap, were, according to the creed of a pious aunt of mine, 'booked,' and warranted to 'light on the lid' of a certain Lucifer-box, for keeping their house open on what she called 'the Sabbath,' although all the coaches passing to London and back stopped there on that day.

When the huntsmen came out it was clear that they had had a very good lunch, and it was a job to hoist Fat Billy on to a horse, very like the Trojan horse in the pictures of an old Virgil. How-

ever, they all started, the hounds following their respective masters growling at intervals at one another, owing to its being the first time of meeting, and a fight or two took place, which was rapidly quelled by young Jones, who acted as whip to Fat Billy as huntsman, and who, if he had been born a whip, could not have more artistically dropped the soft end of the lash with a better aim on a tender part of a quarrelsome or straggling hound.

There was no difficulty in finding a hare, as all the hunt knew where every hare was. It was very easy riding across enormous fields with gates everywhere. Three young officers in undress uniform—for in those days mufti was unknown near a garrison town—who were riding by joined the hunt; and as it was the first time I ever saw the noble sport, I forgot all about time, dinner, my lessons, and everything. ‘Pug,’ my donkey, went with the best of them, and, as he always waited for me whenever I fell off, my numerous spills did not interfere with my donkey keeping a good place; but the thing of the day was Fat Billy’s spill. He *would* ride at a low hedge, and his horse, who had too much sense to try and rise at it, waded through a gap, and reared up, and left Fat Billy in the worst part of the quick, and converted him into a pincushion, whereat he swore not a little.

‘Ah, Mr. Robinson!’ remarked old Sirloin, the fat butcher, who was out on foot and happened to be near the scene of Fat Billy’s fall, ‘you make two or three gallons of warm bran-mash when you get home, and give some to your horse, and *sit down* in the rest of it before you go to bed, and draw them thorns out.’

Anyhow they killed their hare close to the vicarage; and I shall not forget my old father’s astonishment at seeing me on Pug. He was angry at first, for they had been alarmed at my absence; but the whole hunt explained that it was their fault. The Jones and Robinson party had never been friendly with the governor, because he was not half a dissenter; but this little bit of hunting brought them to his door, and a most cordial greeting was the result between the young men of the Puritan party and their parson, who in his time had been a good one across country.

From this little beginning a great improvement was made about the hounds, and for two or three years some quiet hunting was got up, and did a great deal of good.

In the summer the hunting party turned their minds to cricket. There was only one field in our part of the parish, which was a rough hard clay, coarse-grassed place: it adjoined our garden hedge; and on match days, which were few and far between, we had a grand stand, consisting of two or three old packing-cases, for my brother and myself. We always had a whole holiday for the match, and we saw it from the putting up of the booth to the finish.

I suppose they were too busy in the parish to think of matches unless incited thereto; and some gentleman would send to the butcher to say he would give a lamb to be played for, i.e., the lamb was common to all the players, and the losing side paid the extras.

I have an idea that some watering-pots were brought out the night before, but no roller was used; but the ground was beaten. White trousers were universal, and most of the players played in their waistcoats, and many tied a silk handkerchief round their left knee; in fact, it was good old rustic cricket. As a proof of this I remember a voluntary judgment given by the umpire, who was the village barber. It was *thusly* (*à la* Artemus Ward):—A man hit a bump-ball, and was caught first bound, of course.

'*Hout!*' volunteered the umpire.

'What do you mean by *hout*? *It was first bound?*'

(Umpire, *loq.*) *First bounce hout, gents, at cricket and trap!*

It is needless to say that a new umpire was put on.

The new ball was handed round and gazed at with respect and admiration, for the sight of a new ball was rare. Fat Billy always played on the single side, and a tremendous hitter he was. I was very useful too, as the ball often came over into our garden, and I marked her down in the shrubbery, and sent her back, without which aid the match would very soon have been over.

There was no waiting for the eleven. Ten o'clock sharp was the time, and the players were all there. There were one or two very fair players, and one bowler, a middle-aged farmer, who was a rare trundler underhand with a good pitch. My berth on the stand was immediately behind the wicket; and, at this distance of time, I can remember how ball after ball came as straight as a line.

There was a nice old retired Purser in the navy who occupied a little house which stood a longish square leg to the upper wicket, who used always to have his chair on the steps on match days and to sit out with a yard of clay. Fat Billy almost killed him. The old gentleman was too old to move much, but his eyesight was good, and so was his voice. You could hear his cry when a good hit was made, 'Make sail there—make sail!' and he was cheering on Fat Billy, who got hold of a leg-long hop, with his cry of 'Make sail!' when his pipe was cut in two by the ball, and his window was smashed, and he was, as he said himself, as near going to the land-crabs as he ever was in his life.

One thing I remember very well about that cricket was, that young fellows who were not in the eleven would come down and stand about in the hope of being chosen in 'as mates' in case of a defaulter. This happened to the butcher's son (who, I believe, now is a millionaire carcass butcher), and my brother and I discussed the question as to whether he would be allowed to play with 'a man's bat,' as the boy was only about sixteen. However, he did play, and, what is more, he made a rare good catch at long-off, close to the vicarage hedge. It puzzled my brother and myself how he could have caught a man's ball and put a man out; and we discussed whether the man would go out, for young Sirloin *used to go to church on Sunday in a jacket!* The cricket-field is now built over, but the Vicarage hedge stands, and a tree behind it; and I never go by the place on the London, Chatham, and Dover railway that I do not look

out for the spot where Charley Sirloin played his first match and made his first catch.

The great time for our matches was after dinner. The oldest inhabitants would assemble then, and chairs of honour were placed for them on the right-hand side of the booth. Farmers used to make fortunes and retire in those days; and there were several yeomen farmers, with well-lined pockets, who lived in the farmhouses with their unmarried daughters, and the sons held the leases, and married and lived elsewhere. Great respect was paid to them; and they would sit in their arm-chairs and smoke their yards of clay, and have their little table for their grog.

Of course they 'minded the time' when one of the player's fathers or grandfathers played with a hedge-stake against 'Jem 'this' or 'Jem that,' and, of course vowed that there never were such times as when Squire Robinson was alive, just as we believe that there were no times like our times.

I was allowed to go into the meadows on a special occasion, when I heard one of these oldfogeys say, 'I hear there is to be a running match after the cricket.'

'Ay,' rejoined the other, 'and a fight, too, I have heard say.'

'Is there going to be a fight, Jem?' asked one of the old fogeys of a venerable rheumatic thatcher as old as himself.

'Yes there be, sir. Young Miles there is one of 'em.'

'What, Harry,' the old gentleman asked of Miles, one of the combatants who was present—'what is it about?'

'Oh! I don't know. Jerry and me fell out at sheep-washing, and he 'said he would fight me at the Independence match for a new hat; and if he don't come, I shall claim the hat.'

Sure enough Jerry turned up towards the close of the evening, and it was whispered that the old fogeys whipped round and made a small purse; at any rate, I heard one of them say, in answer to a man of peace who said it ought to be stopped, 'No, no; let 'em 'fight it out—a black eye wipes out black blood.'

[Note! Mr. Baily, sir, don't you think there is some truth in this remark? And don't you think if, fifty years ago, men used the knife as freely as they do now, they would have stood a good chance of going to Pennenden Heath in a cart with the javelin men and Jack Ketch?]

The fight got wind, and my father sent for the gardener to bring me in, and so he did; but the gardener and I saw the fight from our stand over the hedge. It was a rough-and-tumble fight, which lasted about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and neither would give in; and the old gentlemen who were supposed to have subscribed for the purse made them shake hands.

The running match was a contest between two parishes. The competitors, eight or ten on each side, ran in drawers and stockinged feet. It was the Kentish running, which much resembled prisoners' base or prisoners' 'bars.' It commenced immediately the match was over; and those who wanted to see the running saw it, and

those who liked the fight better waited for that, and formed the ring. The running men ran for a silk handkerchief each, which reminds one of Miss Mitford's cricket match in 'Tales of our Village,' where the farmers promised a ribbon to each of the winning side. I wonder if Kentish running still exists. How different from professional pedestrianism! Moreover, the ringers from the parish where the runners came from came over to have a match with our ringers. So you see, putting all things together, 'What a day we were having!' I often think, in looking back to those days, there is a moral to be derived from them.

A few parishioners made up their minds to make bricks without straw, or, in other words, to do the best they could, without any nonsense or self-glorification, to make a village holiday. Of course there were no railways, and men made their money where they lived; and they found it necessary to rub the rust off, and they did so without pretence as they best could, in spite of the Puritan party, who remained as stiff as ever, spending miserable Sundays, and making money from daylight on Monday morning till dark on Saturday night, and thinking of nothing else. The sons of these men are, almost without exception, well-to-do. I have never met them in after-life; but I know their history, and I see in the Borough the names of two brothers in the hop and brick trades, sons of that Puritan party, whose names any banker in Lombard Street would be pleased to see at the bottom of a bill for twenty or thirty thousand pounds. Another, as I said before, is a millionaire carcass butcher; and, from inquiry, they are all well-to-do. Their old family connection with the old parish remains; and I presume the parish is more prosperous now than ever, as our only meadow is built over. What were quiet lanes are now rows of houses; where two or three barges used to be seen in Medway Creek there is now a fleet; acres and acres of brickfields meet the eye as the passengers rush by in the Dover express; and I very much doubt if a covey of partridges or a hare are not as much extinct as the bustards on the Wiltshire downs are; and I very much doubt also if they could find leisure now in that parish to play a match at all, or a bit of grass to play it on.

Mitcham, March, 1876.

F. G.

CRICKET.

BEFORE commenting on the cricket of the merry month of May—merry indeed for such as love and have been able to enjoy twenty days of uninterrupted east wind—we must say a few words on the Annual Report of the Marylebone Club, which was published in 'Bell's Life,' and may therefore be considered as public property. To every lover of cricket, and to every well-wisher of the Club, in whose hands the highest interests of cricket are placed, this Report will give the utmost satisfaction. It would be ungenerous to say

that it—or something like it—might have been drawn up some years ago, and that it is but the long-delayed commencement of a new policy, and a better order of things. Better late than never; and the first step having been taken in the path of reform, the future advance will be rendered more easy. By the appointment of a financial sub-committee, the pecuniary welfare of the Club, which has been much jeopardised through the necessary inability of the general Committee, sitting only once a week for a few hours, to go thoroughly into money matters as well as cricketing matters, will be promoted; and by the limitation of the admission of members the interests of cricket will be served. There was some excuse a few years ago for the indiscriminate election of many more members than could, by any possibility, be comfortably accommodated. The Club had been compelled to embark in a very heavy outlay; it was burdened with a great debt; and the more members that could be induced to join, the better the prospect of rapidly diminishing the liability. At the present time the indebtedness is contracted within reasonable limits, and there is no reason why the Club should be any longer deluged by an influx of members, the great majority of whom contribute little or nothing to its cricketing strength. Lord's has become more and more of late years a mere fashionable lounge; and while 'the fashion' has come in the cricket has gone out. Crowds would throng the Pavilion to witness two or three favoured matches, with little good play to recommend them; while, week after week, first-class cricket would be played to empty benches. Last year the Committee were obliged to appeal seriously to members, and to inform them that if they would not bestir themselves a little and take some active interest in the game the programme of matches must be largely curtailed. The appeal was so far successful that the list was played through without any of the ridiculous farces of eight professionals, two members, and a substitute, which had been sickeningly common. So far so good; and this year the Committee are emboldened to declare their intention, not only of electing a limited instead of an unlimited number of new members, but also of giving the preference to cricketers likely to be of some service in Club matches. The Committee rightly observe that 'the M.C.C. does 'not depend on the caprice of fashion,' that 'it would not long 'survive the depreciation of its position as the premier club of 'England,' and that it is not 'conducive to the best interests of 'cricket to suffer the welfare of the club to depend upon so uncertain 'a basis as the popularity of certain great matches.' If the effect of this wholesome resolution is to shut the doors of the Marylebone Club against the kid-glove school of cricketers, and to restore to Lord's something of that 'vigour of the game' for which it was formerly celebrated, a most excellent work will have been accomplished; and all genuine lovers of cricket will watch the development of the new policy of the Committee of the M.C.C. with interest. We are not altogether able to understand one paragraph in the Report, which speaks of the usurpation by non-members of privi-

leges framed in behalf of members only, and deplores the inability of the Committee 'to resist the pressure from the outside.' Surely the Committee can enforce their own rules as to carriages and reserved seats, especially as they always have the police to assist them. Of course there are always a certain number of vulgar people who try to intrude into places where they have no business, especially if they can thereby avoid the disagreeable necessity of putting their hands in their pockets; but the means at the command of the M.C.C. should prevent such attempts from being successful. We do not suppose that the 'pressure from outside' at Lord's is so great as at Epsom or Ascot, where an attempt to get in without a ticket would be speedily detected. Of the programme of matches alluded to in the Report, we need only say, that though extending to an unusual length, it presents few features of novelty. The All England and United South of England match is, practically, a second edition of the North and South, though, in point of time, the latter comes last; and if the Committee like to perpetuate the custom—a very bad custom, we think—of benefit matches, T. Hearne is as deserving a recipient of the compliment as any other cricketer of his age and standing. He has been an effective but not a brilliant batsman, and a serviceable but hardly a destructive bowler. In the field it was never his habit to take on himself an unnecessary amount of labour; and since he entered the service of the Marylebone Club he has not been unduly overworked. He is well spoken of for his general conduct and bearing; and as head bowler at Lord's—a position he has filled since the death of Grundy without his bowling powers being severely taxed—he has earned the approbation of his employers. By the death of Biddulph the Club has lost a very willing and steady wicket-keeper, who never flinched from his work, and who did his work well, though not in the showy style that distinguished one or two of his compeers. The engagement of Wild in his place is a good one, for Wild is a dangerous bat as well as a wicket-keeper; but the ground staff of the Club is not on the whole as efficient as it should be. Mycroft, however, another new importation, has already made his mark, and will probably not disappoint the expectations of those who have watched his career up to the present time. Altogether, the prospects of the 'premier Club' are highly gratifying.

Cricket at the Universities must hold the first place in our May notes. May is the month of trial matches, and by the end of May the respective captains are in little doubt as to the ultimate composition of their elevens. At Oxford Mr. Game will have a comparatively easy task, for there the greater part of last year's eleven are competent to play. At Cambridge the vacancies are more numerous; but Mr. Greenfield has an abundance of material from which to choose, and he is so good a judge of the game that he is not likely to be misled in his selections. According to present appearances, Cambridge will be the stronger in batting and Oxford in bowling, especially if, as is expected, Mr. Foord-Kelcey plays and happens to be in form; but possibly Mr. Greenfield's assiduous efforts to discover a fast bowler

will meet with some success before the day of the Inter-University contest arrives. It may be convenient, however, to run rapidly over what has been done by either University up to the time of writing. In the Freshmen's match at Cambridge the sides were respectively captained by Mr. Greenfield and Mr. Patterson. On account of a family bereavement Mr. Alfred Lyttelton did not play, but Mr. Steel of Uppingham fame, Mr. Allsopp of Cheltenham, and Mr. Denison of Eton were among the *débutants* on the University ground. In the first innings of either side the scores were small, although the ground was in admirable condition, and the bowling anything but destructive. Mr. Steel gave early evidence of his batting prowess, and Mr. Denison also showed form; while in Mr. Pigg was discovered a previously unknown man, good alike with bat and ball. On Mr. Greenfield's side Mr. Fowler (Cheltenham) and Mr. Allsopp (Cheltenham) distinguished themselves, while Mr. Schultz did considerable execution with the ball. On the whole, however, the first match of the season hardly came up to expectations. In the second match of the season the Cambridge captain was called upon to get together a team against an eleven of All England not strong in professional talent—there were indeed only Reynolds and M'Intyre to take their share of the bowling—but including the two Graces, a host in themselves against young players. Mr. Greenfield had only four of last year's eleven at his side—himself, Mr. E. Lyttelton, Mr. Lucan, and Mr. Patterson—and he was probably anxious to try as many new candidates as he could, among the seven being Mr. Steel, Mr. A. Lyttelton, Mr. Allsopp, Mr. Stocks—who was very nearly in the eleven last year—and Mr. Schultz. The All England eleven took into their ranks Messrs. Pigg and Blacker, so that every opportunity was given to Cambridge talent to exhibit itself. As far as the batting went Cambridge did well enough. Mr. Lucas, who is in first-class play this season, made 105 and 53; Mr. Alfred Lyttelton obtained a brilliant 78, and secured at the first attempt his place in the eleven; his brother also made two good contributions; and Mr. Steel kept up the good character he had earned by his first performance. He also is a certainty for the eleven. The bowling part of the business was by no means so satisfactory. That Mr. Thornton, who hits all kinds of bowling, and who never hits better than on the Cambridge ground, should get his 'half century' with his usual rapidity, might have been expected; but that Mr. Gilbert should stay in for the best part of two days, and ultimately carry out his bat for 205, does not say much for the eight bowlers who were opposed to him. From subsequent matches we can see that Mr. Gilbert is playing this year in much improved form; but still we doubt his ability to get 200 runs against any bowling much above mediocrity. Mr. Allsopp, who used to be successful at Cheltenham, did not come off; and Mr. Steel's slow deliveries, like those of Mr. Patterson, are not to be relied upon to win a great match, though they are likely to do good service as a change. Hardly was this contest over when the first eleven, including five old and six new hands, set to work

against the next eighteen, and a very evenly-contested match followed, in which again the batting was superior to the bowling. Mr. Lyttelton and his brother and Mr. Lucas again did the lion's share of the work for the eleven; and Mr. Fowler, Mr. Leaf, and others for the eighteen: Mr. Denison and Mr. Soames did most execution with the ball against the eleven; while in their attack on the eighteen the eleven were compelled to rely almost entirely on Messrs. Steel, Patterson, and Greenfield. In their next and most important match, against the M.C.C. and G., Mr. Greenfield appears to have been so impressed with the insufficiency of the bowling at his command that he enlisted the services of Mr. P. K. Shaw, who was tried for his bowling on more than one occasion last year. Mr. Allsopp, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Fowler, and, of course, Mr. A. Lyttelton and Mr. Steel, were the new hands in the Cambridge eleven, against which a very weak batting M.C.C. team was opposed, the bowling abilities of A. Shaw, Mycroft, and Morley being, we suppose, considered sufficient to make up for any deficiencies in other departments of the game. Mr. Steel (28 and 65) proved himself able to play with ease the best professional bowling of the day; and though he certainly takes unwarrantable liberties now and then with the bowling, his correct eye and strong arm enable him to escape the penalty. The Cambridge bowling depended mainly on Mr. Patterson, who, ably seconded by Mr. A. Lyttelton behind the wickets, secured ten wickets—five in each innings—as well as disposing of three more in the slips. In the end the University, which, strong as it is in batting, has an unmistakable tail, scored its first victory this season by 66 runs. Surrey was the next opponent of Cambridge, and Mr. Greenfield substituted for Messrs. Fowler, Shaw, and Chapman, Messrs. Stocks, Newton, and Luddington. The University won the toss, and the captain and Mr. Lucas made a good beginning, which was well followed up by the brothers Lyttelton, who got in together and fairly did what they pleased with the Surrey bowling, Mr. E. Lyttelton being at last disposed of by Clifford for a brilliantly hit 68. Rain, however, sadly interfered with the progress of this match, which was ultimately left drawn, only the first innings of the Cambridge having been completed, and the great strength of the light blues in batting having again been conclusively demonstrated.

Things at Oxford have not gone on altogether so favourably. Mr. H. R. Webbe, of whom great things were expected, has shown so little form that it is even doubtful whether he will gain a place in the eleven it was hoped he would so materially assist. Mr. Stubbs, the fast bowler from Clifton, and the terror of long-stops, has been comparatively innocuous; and if Mr. Foord-Kelcey should decide to play he also will not be wanted till another year. The two freshmen who have made the greatest reputations so far are Mr. Pearson (Rugby) and Mr. Heath (Clifton), both of whom have done well both in batting and bowling, and one of whom at least is tolerably certain to occupy a vacant place in the eleven. The Freshmen's

match gave evidence of the powers of these gentlemen, and Mr. Leach (Clifton) in batting, and Mr. Mackenzie (Westminster) in bowling, distinguished themselves. When this was over two elevens of Seniors, headed respectively by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Game, met in contest; but beyond the good batting of Mr. Dury, who has been very near the eleven once or twice, and ought to be in it this year, and the bowling of Mr. Lewis, there was little worthy of notice. The third match of the season was between the University Eleven and Sixteen Freshmen, and here again the bowling was more noteworthy than the batting. There was a most dreary array of single-figure innings; Mr. Dury and Mr. Briggs for the eleven, and Mr. Heath and Mr. Haskett-Smith (Eton) for the Freshmen, being the most conspicuous exceptions. The bowling showed Mr. Lewis in great force for the eleven, while Mr. Pearson and Mr. Merriman did best for the sixteen. Certainly the dark blues have got plenty of bowling of one sort and another, and if they could exchange some of it for some of the Cambridge batting, their prospects would be much improved. After this the eleven joined issue with the next sixteen, and there was some very big scoring on both sides. Mr. H. R. Webbe got sight of the ball at last and played a good innings, as did his brother for the eleven; while Mr. Dury again played brilliantly, and Mr. Haskett-Smith, for the sixteen, did good service. In this match the batting fairly beat the bowling, and it is noticeable that as many as eight of the eleven tried their hands with the ball against the sixteen. In the match against the M.C.C. and G., the same professionals—Wild, Shaw, Morley and Mycroft—played, as in the corresponding match at Cambridge; but the amateur part of the eleven was considerably stronger, Mr. Hornby, Mr. Ridley, and Mr. Tylecote all taking part in the contest. The absence of Mr. A. J. Webbe, who was playing for Middlesex against Yorkshire, was a sad loss to the University, but the good bowling of the dark blues enabled them to put their opponents in a minority in the first innings. Mr. Dury and Mr. Pearson batted well, and the latter gentleman, with Mr. Lewis and Mr. Buckland, kept up the reputation of the Oxford bowling. In the second innings of the M.C.C., run-getting was more the order of the day, and Mr. T. S. Pearson and Mr. Ridley made the match safe for the Club. Still the analysis of Mr. Lewis—36 overs, 21 maidens, 35 runs, 7 wickets—reads well; and it must be remarked that he was not put on till late in the innings. The ground was now getting worse for cricket every minute, and Shaw and Mycroft, on a sticky and slippery wicket, had it all their own way, the whole Oxford eleven going down for a total of 56, and the University losing the match by as many runs. It would not be fair to accept this trial as a fair test of the merits of the Oxford batting, but there can be little doubt that the dark blues are much inferior to their rivals in that department of the game, and have the superiority in bowling. Much, therefore, will depend on the weather at the end of June, and whether it is a batsman's or a bowler's wicket on the day of the

University match. Much, also, will depend on Mr. A. J. Webbe, who is the mainstay of the Oxford batting, and whose downfall without a considerable contribution would have a paralysing effect on this side. If the weather is fine, and the ground in run-getting order, there ought to be heavy scoring on both sides, but Cambridge will, we suspect, have somewhat the best of it.

At Lord's the matches hitherto—we are writing before the M.C.C. and Yorkshire contest, which ought to be of the greatest possible interest unless, as last year, the Yorkshiremen are so taken up with thinking about the Derby as to be unable to play cricket—have been of very ordinary interest. The twelve young players of Notts and Yorkshire made ridiculously short work of a corresponding number of players from the rest of England. The limit of age was twenty-five years, and this enabled Mr. Shrewsbury, who has played in his county eleven, to take part in the match. The bowling and fielding of the Young Englanders was very indifferent, and their batting was not much better. On the other hand, every one of the six Nottingham and five Yorkshire colts scored, and nine out of the eleven got into double figures, Shrewsbury (88) heading the score. The principal interest of the match lay in the evidence it afforded that the two great nurseries of professional cricket were as prolific as ever in their supply of promising material; and we understand that from Nottinghamshire alone there were over eighty applications to the Committee of the M.C.C. for a place in the match. In the second contest of the season, against fifteen members of metropolitan clubs, the Committee of the M.C.C. probably underrated the strength of their opponents, or a stronger eleven would have been elected to meet them. There are many players of great reputation in the metropolitan clubs, and in this match an excellent representative fifteen were got together. The M.C.C. and G. Eleven had no pretensions whatever to give odds, and would most probably have been defeated, despite the assistance of two professional bowlers, if they had played on even terms. Though the fifteen were not quite at home, in their first innings, to the comparatively familiar bowling of Flanagan and Farrants, they recovered themselves in their second essay, and knocked off the required number of runs for the loss of four wickets. For the M.C.C. Mr. Vernon played a good innings, and Pearce, one of the ground men, acquitted himself creditably; but the eleven were clearly overmatched from start to finish. The All England and United South of England match attracted a large number of spectators, who were sadly disappointed at its one-sided issue. The United South got together as good an eleven as they could, with the single exception of Mr. G. F. Grace, who was prevented from playing by indisposition; but their bowling is not good enough for the All England players; and, in addition, the great Nottingham and Yorkshire bowlers are in wonderful form this season. The hopes of the United South depended almost entirely on Mr. W. G. Grace, and when he was got rid of in both innings for insignificant scores, their chance was gone. Mr. R. P. Smith

(87), who hails, we believe, from Derbyshire, played very finely for All England, and A. Shaw and Mr. Hornby (whom Mr. Green missed from the very first ball bowled in the match) backed him up well. Lillywhite's bowling was quite inefficacious, and Southerton and Fillery were expensive. On the other hand, Shaw and Mycroft were very destructive, and, towards the latter part of the game, Hill also bowled with great effect. When Mr. Grace's wicket fell, all interest in the match was over, and an easy one-innings defeat of the United South was the result. The South will be hard put to it this season to beat the North unless Mr. Grace gets into his old habit of making hundreds. We must not omit to mention that that very rising batsman, Elliott, acquitted himself well in both innings. He will be of great service to Surrey this year. At Prince's Mr. W. G. Grace did come off, and consequently won the match for the Gentlemen of the South against the Players of the North. He was well backed up also by Mr. Gilbert, who played the bowling of Hill and Emmett in vastly improved style to any he showed last year. The first innings on either side was remarkable for the smallness of the scores—91 to the Players, 59 to the Gentlemen—and also for the success of Mr. Absolom and Mr. Ridley in bowling, the former taking seven, and the latter three wickets. It is not often that a pair of amateur bowlers go on unchanged through an innings, and dispose of one of the most powerful professional elevens in England. In the second innings of the Players, the fine batting of Lockwood caused more than one change in the bowling of the Amateurs, and Mr. Grace was this time the most effective performer. In the end the Gentlemen had more than 170 to get to win—no easy task against the bowling they had to meet; but, thanks to Mr. Grace—in whose 72 was a prodigious hit to square-leg out of the ground—Mr. Gilbert (48), and Mr. Butler (30, not out), the Gentlemen secured a very praiseworthy victory. The match between Yorkshire and Middlesex was another which suffered much an account of the unfavourable weather.

The amateur eleven of Middlesex made a most plucky struggle for victory, and, thanks to the unplayable nature of the wicket towards the end of the match, actually succeeded in getting seven Yorkshire wickets before the insignificant total of 34 runs—all that were wanted for winning purposes—was secured. Mr. Webbe, Mr. R. D. Walker, and Mr. Hadow batted well for Middlesex, the two last-named gentlemen making the only stand in the second innings, and averting a single innings defeat. Hill and Emmett were unchanged in the first innings of Middlesex; but in the second, when Mr. R. D. Walker and Mr. Hadow were in together, the services of Clayton, Uilyett, and Lockwood were called into requisition. For Middlesex Mr. Hadow and Mr. Francis bowled well, and the wicket suited the former to a nicety. The Yorkshiremen, we fancy, hardly expected to be so close pressed at the finish; but the Middlesex eleven played up like one man, and did not allow a chance to escape them.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—The May Meetings.

WE trust our readers will not be alarmed at the bill of lading. We are not going to invade the sanctuary of Exeter Hall, nor tread the boards, except, perchance, at the Caledonian, of Willis's Rooms. Our meetings are of the earth, earthy, pervaded with the errors and weaknesses of humanity, some of them, indeed, very much so, but, nevertheless, pleasant and agreeable, perhaps on that account. Some leave a sting behind them, from others we come away bearing the palm branch and singing with the *abandon* of Mr. Leighton's Theban young women in the 'Daphnephoria.' A very busy month, in which our meetings are as various as our moods, and London lives, on the surface, at least, a very begone-dull-care existence.

'For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.'

But Nature, we suppose from circumstances over which she had no control, did not do much for us in the way of flower painting in the early part of the month, but was steadily engaged in the manufacturing of a particularly sharp and unpleasant east wind. That did not, however, prevent a pleasant meeting on May Day—not in the merrie greenwood, or with Amaryllis in the shade, but on the wood pavement of Piccadilly and before that old Cellar which has seen so much coaching in old days and still keeps up its traditions. In addition to the Tunbridge and the Guildford (already on their respective roads), the Dorking and the Windsor commenced their journey that day. The meeting was numerously attended, but yet we missed many old familiar faces, some of which, alas! we shall see no more. Poor Peter Withington was not there, and the box of the Dorking will know him no more; and the cheery countenance of Captain Rolls beamed not on us from the steps of Hatchett's. Others were absent from various causes. The Duke of Beaufort was at Bath, suffering, we were very sorry to hear, from gout; Mr. W. H. Cooper was not to the fore, though we hope to see him on the bench before the season is over; neither was Colonel Armytage there to criticise and admire; but Captain Wombwell drove up before the start and cast an approving eye over the 'tackle'—particularly over the Guildford leaders. We looked about for the Master of the Bramham Moor taking counsel with Mr. Oakeley, Mr. Anstruther Thomson, or some brother Master, but did not see him; neither did Mr. Hale give us pleasant greeting; but there was 'the Doctor,' looking, we are glad to say, in his old form, though prudently standing down this season; and there also were Mr. Arthur Sumner, Mr. A. G. Scott, Mr. Praed: but where, and oh where was Captain Byng? Surely he has not forsaken his old love and gone to the dogs. He must have been there, and we saw him not. There is Charley Ward coaching a young hand; and wonderful is it, by-the-way, the number of young drivers about, who, let us hope, will become coachmen in time. There, too, is Mr. Eaton, who is going down on the Dorking with his friend Mr. Brand—and a very good team has that gentleman got together—and he and his partner Mr. Praed evidently know that from the Dorking road much is expected, and mean to do the thing well. The Windsor has Mr. E. Hobson on the box, and a very useful-looking lot before him, and, moreover, a good load on the roof, which some of the others, thanks to the east wind, have not. All are surpassed in this respect, however,

by the Wycombe coach, which not only comes by from Oxford Street loaded inside and out, but is followed by a double, started in honour of the day and similarly crowded; so there is plenty to see at our 'meeting,' which breaks up after transacting a little business in sherry, and we go our ways, each to his farm and his merchandise, rather to the relief of the police, for that part of Piccadilly has been for a good hour in a state of blockade.

And our next meeting is on the Rowley Mile. One of the most charming and graphic of writers, whose scholarly lore is only equalled by his horse knowledge, made a happy allusion on the morning of the Two Thousand in the columns of the 'Telegraph' to what he termed 'The First Spring Meeting' on record, and of which the walls of the Royal Academy give now such an interesting picture. Atalanta's race with Milanion, which Mr. Poynter has so vigorously depicted (and, by-the-way, what disputations there will be over Atalanta's stooping figure) was not, we fear, quite a square affair. We have our private doubts if the swift-footed filly was 'trying' that day, and believe the apples were only a blind. Perhaps the good-looking athlete who is bounding along on Mr. Poynter's canvas, through the mighty power of a love before contemned so vigorously, had 'squared' her, and she suffered willing defeat, with the golden apples as a sop to her honour. Similar events have happened, we believe, at our own meetings, spring or otherwise, and the golden bait has lost many a race. Our jockeys, it is true, don't stop to pick up golden apples—they only stop behind. But golden apples are manufactured somewhere, and we fear Mercury has more to do with the manufactory than Venus. However, we are digressing. Let us leave the First Spring on the Academy walls—the First Spring of poetry and fable—and come down to the duller prose of the Rowley Mile.

Assuredly a very extraordinary and utterly incomprehensible Two Thousand. That a man should have the best horse in England in his stable, or, rather, that two men should have him—for we cannot separate owner and trainer in the handicap—and not know that he was good enough to win a big race for which he was going, is amazing. And yet it has happened before. 'That's the pity on't, Horatio;' and we would lay long odds it happens again. Racing is a game full of delusions; the *ignes fatui* of trials more or less true dance before our eyes and obscure our judgment; and the cleverest trainer in the world is apparently unable to gauge the merits of his horses or to appreciate the improvement a fortnight may effect in those committed to his charge. At least racing history tells us all this, and, unless history is a liar, we must believe her. Of course there are people in the world—we believe, indeed, they form the majority—who, like Ingoldsby's little vulgar boy, put their finger to their nose, &c., when this is mentioned. They wink, and whisper, and tell you also that they know something—meaning, of course, something nefarious, because if it was not so they would not wink and whisper. The joke is very old and stale about the Irishman who is always to be found ready to turn the spit on which his brother Irishman is roasting, but we verily believe the racing man beats him. The latter turns the moral spit, if we may use the expression—in plain English, a racing man is ready to believe anything of his brother racing man. It is curious, but a long study of racing ways and a long looking on at the game only strengthens this belief. Some few men there are who stand so apart from the mob by reason not so much of their position as their abstinence from the betting ring, that they are spared; but Lord Tom Noddy looks upon his friend Sir Carnaby Jenks as capable of anything, and Jones believes that Brown would rob a church—we mean in a racing sense. They are always on the look-out for each other. If Sir

Carnaby backs his horse Lord Tom scents mischief in the wind ; if Jones leaves his alone Brown is seized with the most frightful suspicions. We do not say that all this is not sometimes without cause and reason. The Turf's paths are not very cleanly ones, but we really believe that men think them dirtier than they are. The bookmakers assist this train of thought by playing battledore and shuttlecock with horses under the least suspicion of being amiss, safe or otherwise ; and astonished owners stand by and see the latter kicked about in the market ; while Brown says to Jones that ' he always told him so ;' and Lord T. N. sets down Sir C. J. as a sharp of the deepest dye. How this is far from being the case racing records, if we write our annals true, will tell. That bookmakers, clever as they are, and omniscient as they ought to be, are often deceived, their books, if we could see them, would show. But the racing man is never wrong. He *knows* that the Great Diddlesex was a robbery, is ready to swear that Lord Kilgobbin got thousands out of his horse for that event, and, apart from the grief of losing his money, is rather inclined to admire his lordship for bringing off such a clever *coup*.

We have been led into these remarks because it is no secret that the running of Petrarch in the Two Thousand, and his position in the market before that race, called forth unfavourable criticisms on the conduct of his owner. They were criticisms begotten of that strange belief we have just alluded to, that an owner of horses, while he is the most honourable of men off the turf, will do anything on it. We know nothing of Lord Dupplin, nor do we profess to be acquainted with the mystery, which, to a certain extent, under the present conditions of racing, must shroud every stable, but we feel sure that these criticisms were most unjust. That Lord Dupplin thought he could, and was anxious to, win the Guineas with Kaleidoscope, we have no doubt. Why should he not win with him and keep Petrarch for the Derby, if he chose ? How Petrarch was stopped in his work, how he was knocked about in the market, and made a plaything of by some of those clever people, the bookmakers, who think they know everything, when they know too much, what boots it now to tell ? The strange thing about the race for the Guineas is John Dawson suffering Petrarch to run without having a sixpence on him ; and yet in the interval between the Craven and the First Spring the horse had been galloping every day under his trainer's care, and it is only fair to suppose that he must have seen his improvement. It looks like a wilful shutting of the eyes to the fact, and that Kaleidoscope was the wish that was father to the thought. They wanted the latter to win, therefore he *would* win ; and a curious circumstance it is that John Dawson told Lord Dupplin he had better back Petrarch, and Lord Dupplin did, taking 20 to 1 twice in hundreds, we believe ; and yet, as we have said above, the trainer would not have his pony. Then some great mistake must have been made with Kaleidoscope, for he did not run well in the Guineas, and has since, in his match with Controversy, run worse, like a bad horse in fact. When he and Petrarch were seen together in the paddock before the Two Thousand, no one, unless they wilfully closed their eyes to the fact, could doubt that Petrarch looked like carrying his stable companion. In the last 'Van' for May, speaking of Petrarch's celebrated trial in the Craven week, in which he was beaten by Kaleidoscope, we said that we did not see the trial, but saw Petrarch walking up the High street after it, and a much more beautiful horse we never set our eyes on, and we added ' that we did not care whether he was beaten to blazes or not, for we felt sure that whatever beat him would win the Derby.' So as we stood in the paddock the Two Thousand day and looked at him again, and saw what a

grand horse he was, and perhaps all the better for being a little above himself, it was irresistibly borne in upon our mind that here was the winner of the Guineas as well. We believe he convinced some other backsliders as well, but the majority remained heathens and laughed him to scorn. We were indeed pitied for our infatuation by several eminent hands, who were pleased to say, of course in parliamentary language, that we were adjective fools. What they thought when he was seen in the centre of the course, pulling little Luke (who, by the way, awoke the next morning to find himself famous) out of the saddle, we don't know, but we should hope if such feelings could enter racing men's hearts, that self-humiliation and a hearty repentance were their occupants. It was a win such as we had not seen since Macgregor cantered in six years previously, and of course every one immediately said, 'Why, it was the Middle Park over again, you see,' &c., &c., as men *will* say after a race. It was undoubtedly true, and the Middle Park was repeated. Why did they not think of that before, that as he won then only half fit, he might do so now. We verily believe that the majority of the 'clever' people thought he would not be allowed to win. They listened to the market, and the market chanted 'Down among the dead men.'

So the Two Thousand of this year will be long remembered. That it was, to a certain extent, a mystery, there can be no doubt. As we have before said, how or why it is that men have the best horse in England in their stable and do not back him, we do not pretend to explain. Such folly and stupidity carries its own punishment with it. Doubtless Lord Dupplin and John Dawson had good and sufficient reasons, or what they considered so, for what they did, but the outer world can only shrug their shoulders and wonder what it all means. It was a great win, and writing before the Derby, the result of which will not be known when the 'Van' goes to press, we can only hope that no hard ground will interfere with the good horse's prospects over the Epsom Downs.

From Newmarket to the Roodee is but a step in point of time, and the old place looks familiar, for it is one we are always glad to see. We find the good citizens not altogether at peace with each other, and cleric and lay are drawn up in serried ranks fighting the battle of Chester Races, and this time, too, with apparently a little extra acrimony. Not on the clerical side we hope, though the very reverend the Dean did preach a strong sermon the Sunday previously, in which he was hard, to say the least of it, on the national sport, spoke of the 'enrichment of villains by its means,' and accused the citizens of wishing in their hearts for the abolition of the races, but at the same time being such poor meek creatures, that no one dared 'to bell the cat.' This is a serious charge against Chester pluck, which the citizens ought to meet either by giving an additional five hundred to the race fund, or petitioning the corporation, the licensed victuallers being the first to sign the petition, to plough up the Roodee. By the way, there was some talk of a new course, in the event of the corporation and the stand proprietors not coming to terms when the present lease, under which the latter are able to have races there, expires in '78. Some ground about a mile from the city can be obtained, and a very good course laid out, all of which may or may not be the case. Of one thing we feel sure, that taking away the races from the Roodee will be the death-blow to the meeting. We abuse the old 'cockpit' sometimes, call it all sorts of names, wonder how men can run good horses there, &c., &c., but we love it still the same. It is a place unique, one that boasts glorious racing memories, and that has the boon of antiquity on its green sward. They raced on the Roodee when Ascot was a waste, Epsom only famous for its salts, and the happy thought of the combination of profit and pleasure that

has given us 'glorious Goodwood,' was not engendered. Abolish the Roodee! why the Dean's object would be obtained, and Chester races would be a very mild affair then. Small would be the fighting over the fourth day, and happy would it be if the meeting could carry two. We trust the idea will be abandoned, and that the 'difficulties' looked forward to between the corporation and the stand proprietors may prove more imaginary than real. Mutual concession will perhaps cause them to entirely vanish away, and we and our descendants will, we trust, walk round the old walls, and linger under the shadow of King Charles's sad tower, eat Dee salmon and early gooseberry tarts, and back Cup winners in the years to come.

There was a better class of horses in the Cup this year than has been the case for some time, and there were no dead 'uns, at least we believe not. John Day was declared to be a Derby horse, or something very like it, and therefore good enough to win, while Mr. Vyner was very fond of Organist, and John Porter declared Pageant was never better. The handicap when first made had a flattering look for both these two, and they were supported for as much money as anything in the race. Freeman would have carried the confidence of a good many if his stable had backed him, for there is no doubt he was not fit in the Metropolitan, and on the Roodee he took his morning gallop like a bird. Robert Peck, however, had convinced himself by trial that Conceil was the better of the two, and though this seemed a hard pill to swallow, we were compelled to believe it. Conceil, however, is what he has been often suspected of being, a rogue, and we should think his stable won't be in a hurry to trust him again. The Snail got a host of friends among the watchers of the gallop, and every one said he was the most improved horse of the lot. Beyond his Irish friends few people fancied Ingomar, the general opinion being that he would find himself outclassed, and Tam o' Shanter was, we think, strictly a northern favourite, for though he was at such a short price, and was at one time second favourite, we could discover few beyond his stable who had backed him, while the prophets, almost to a man, would not hear of his chance. The weight of money behind Organist made him nearly as good a favourite at the start for money as John Day, and he certainly looked as well and fit as anything there; and next to him we thought Grey Palmer and Snail most like racehorses. It was thought the grey wouldn't get round the turns, but he had Newhouse to keep him straight, and rather astonished some of his detractors at the finish. It was a splendid race, and when, at the bend past the Grosvenor turn, Pageant and Organist were seen in front, it almost looked odds on their being first and second. A moment after and they were beaten, and below the distance (Conceil having been long before disposed of) Freeman, to the astonishment if not dismay of the Russleyites, who had not a sixpence on him, took up the running. For some seconds it seemed as if Mr. Heneage's horse would put another Chester Cup to his owner's credit, but Thompson, on Tam o' Shanter, who had ridden a waiting race, as with a doubtful stayer he was bound to do, and had been gradually creeping to the front, brought him up next the rails, and after a very fine race and fine riding, beat Freeman by a neck. Pageant had enough left in him to struggle with Grey Palmer for a place, which the grey got, and there were three or four close up. If Freeman had won it would have been another addition to the many mistakes into which trials lead owners.

We won't say much about the Chester two-year-olds, who we suspect, in common with most we have yet seen, to be a moderate lot. The Mostyn Stakes was won by Merry Thought, a neat-looking daughter of Pero Gomez, after a great race with Lady Ronald, a short head only separating them.

The winner came from Russley, which stable was much in the ascendant during the week, Bonny Blue Flag winning the Members' Welter on the Cup day, and Robert Peck following it up by carrying off the Beaufort Biennial with Delicacy. The off day, Thursday, generally such a dull one, was rendered highly interesting by the meeting of Thunder and Lowlander, and great were the disputations prior to the race as to which was to win. There was to have been a match between the two at Newmarket, but it came to nothing; now they were matched in the Stewards' Cup over the Roodee course, a mile and a quarter, the weight 9 st. 6 lbs. each. F. Archer was on Thunder, and Custance on Lowlander, the former was, deservedly, we suppose, the favourite, as Hesper, who had beaten Lowlander so unexpectedly at Newmarket, was himself beaten easily enough by Thunder at Epsom. Still, as Archer's instructions were to come along with Thunder, many good judges took the odds, as they doubted if Mr. Vyner's horse would care about making his own running. He evidently did not, for the pace was nothing particular, and it was only when Custance began to draw up at the Grosvenor turn that they raced. Fairly in the straight, Lowlander was on terms with his opponent, and then began the tug of war. It was a trial of speed, and a very grand trial too. They covered the ground in a way which—as Thunders and Lowlanders are not bred every day—was a wonder to see. But the issue was not long in doubt, and as they neared the Stand, Lowlander drew ahead, and won a most exciting race by half a length, easily, in our opinion. People said after the race, that if it had been over the Rowley Mile the result would have been different, but how they got at this conclusion is best known to themselves. The other racing was so-so, and we did not stop for the last day, when Thunder settled his field in the Cheshire Stakes so easily, giving a fair horse like The Mandarin 37 lbs.

Newmarket Second Spring is never very much of a meeting, and is principally resorted to for the purpose of finding out something about the Derby, and doing all the touting that is to be done on the Warren Hill and the Limekilns. Speculating on the Derby would be idle here. These sheets will be in the press while the race is being run, and by the time they are in our readers' hands all will be over, even the shouting and our prophecy, did we feel inclined to indulge in one, which we do not, perhaps not worth the ink with which it is written. We can only hope that Petrarch will win, because we believe he ought to win, being about one of the best horses we have seen in these late years. As we write he is steady in the market, with a rising tendency, and although all sorts of lies were told about him at Newmarket by the touts as to his being lame, &c., we believe they were without foundation.

And, talking of touts, there has been much stir in the racing world anent 'training reports' and other matters connected with the special calling of these gentry. A petition has been presented to the Jockey Club, praying that body to take steps to abate the nuisance of touting, and there has been a good deal of writing—some of a very 'tall' description, on the part of the defenders of the system—in the newspapers. We are not much interested in training reports ourselves, and would as lief they were absent from the sporting papers that give them as not; but we believe they are a great comfort and consolation to many; and, doubtless, if they were not appreciated, the newspapers in question would not spend money on their production. Talking during the last Newmarket week with two leading trainers, the one a Newmarket man, the other from the South country, they both said they had no objection to training reports so called; the touts were welcome to come and look at their horses galloping as much and as long as they pleased, but what they objected

to was their tampering with the stable-boys. Now of course this is a serious accusation, and we presume it is one not lightly made. No one supposes that the journals who publish these touting reports would in the slightest degree give their countenance to anything so utterly nefarious as the bribing of stable lads and jockey boys, but the question naturally arises, Can they rely on the tools they employ? This seems to us the blot on these training reports and the touting system in general. It is not a very savoury occupation, that of a tout, and the man who pursues it is more than probable to have bad antecedents. He earns a living at the game, doubtless, but he sees before him the chances of a much better one, and that game is 'information.' Bound only to furnish to his employers a daily bulletin of what led what in the gallops, and what was restricted to walking exercise, he has, necessarily, a deal of leisure on his hands—leisure which the tap-room, the street corner, or, it may be, the privacy of his own apartment help to fill up. There he gets 'information' to be retailed to various customers, and the journal that employs him unjustly gets the credit of these underhand proceedings. It is of this the trainers complain, and certainly with reason; and the select committee of the Jockey Club to which the petition in question has been referred will have to consider these complaints, and see if they can find a remedy. Training reports will not do any one much harm, nor, it may be, much good; but this corruption of stable lads is a very serious affair, and we wish we could believe that the trainers have overrated the evil.

We need scarcely say how deeply we shared in the regret caused on both sides St. George's Channel at the untimely death of Captain J. F. Montgomery. Born in 1832, and succeeding, on the death of his brother Hugh in the famous Balaclava charge, to his father's extensive property in the north of Ireland, Captain Montgomery identified himself with the pursuits and calling of a country gentleman and sportsman. In this character he soon became as well known in England as he was in his own country, and to know poor 'Rufus' was but to like him. He was very fond of steeplechasing, and owned some very good horses, Rufus, Curragh Ranger, Stella, &c., among them. With the first-named he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Punchestown in 1870, and in '72 Curragh Ranger carried off the Grand Stand Plate at Cork. Though Captain Montgomery owned a flat racer or two, we do not believe he cared much for that branch of the sport, but, like the majority of his countrymen, preferred the more exciting business of cross-country, and it was in a steeplechase that he met his fate. He was riding his horse The Raker for the Hillsborough Cup on the 8th of April last, and the animal falling heavily at the first fence, Captain Montgomery received the injuries which ended in his death. During the Punchestown Meeting many were the anxious inquiries of his English friends for news of his condition from the Union Club, Belfast, where he was lying. There was, however, no hope from the first, and death released him on the morning of the 29th. A letter is before us, written by his sister at his dictation when lying on his death-bed and unable to move a limb, to an intimate friend, which speaks volumes for his kind, thoughtful heart and disposition. He was afraid (it was the week before the Ward Hunt Meeting) that some of his 'pals' might be forgotten in the distribution of tickets for luncheon, &c., and the letter was to beg his friend to see to it—mentioning the names of those he wished invited, and begging his friend to do it 'as I would do myself.' At such a time to think of others was characteristic of the man. Poor 'Rufus' Montgomery! His name will be often mentioned among the scenes he loved so well, and always with kindly thoughts of his memory.

'On the 16th, suddenly, at Dunse Castle, Berwickshire, William Hay, Esq., 'in his eighty-eighth year.' Probably many of our readers are not aware that a better sportsman or a more popular man than 'Willy' Hay never lived. A thorough well-wisher to hunting, a capital coachman, he played the game all round; only, if anything, he played it a little too fast. In 1824 he lived at Wallebourne, near Warwick, and was Master of the Warwickshire Hounds for three seasons, hunting them himself, and having Jack Wood as his first whip, and Will Boxall. He had at that time a magnificent grey horse, which is still remembered in the county. Mr. John Wightwich Knightley, of Offchurch, Bury, then kept a pack of very nice harriers, which one day found a fox in a gorse and ran him as hard as they could go for forty-five minutes. Mr. Knightley was in a great funk lest they should run into him, but he just managed to save his life, saying to his friend, Mr. Frederick Heysham, 'We must tell Hay of this.' The next day the Warwickshire met at Snitterfield Bushes and they told him of the run, when he most kindly said, 'Never mind, it will do him good, and keep him in wind for me.' Some Masters, we know, would have received the intelligence with anything but pleasure, and sworn at the adjective harriers for a fortnight. Mr. Hay also hunted the North Staffordshire, and, on his return to Scotland, the Linlithgow and Stirling country.

In the last 'Van' we said that Mr. John B. Gore, of Lubenham would receive subscriptions for the testimonial to Mr. Topham. We were not then even aware that he had been unwell, but are sorry to say, that on the very day we wrote it he died, to the very great regret of all his numerous friends. A kinder creature than 'Johnny' Gore never lived. Although there was but little difference between them, he was uncle of the late Mr. B. J. Angel, and had consequently only recently inherited his large fortune and estates, and settled at Lubenham. He was well known with the Pytchley and Mr. Tailby's hounds, and very popular with all classes, as there was not a particle of pride or humbug about him. Shortly before he died he sent for a lawyer, and left a very large sum in legacies to many of his numerous friends. He will be succeeded at Lubenham by his brother-in-law, Mr. T. Watson, who for many years hunted from that place.

And Mr. Henry Poole, the eminent tailor of South Row, has departed, his death having caused much regret and a certain amount of consternation. He was formerly well known in the hunting field, and lived for some time at the Bell at Winslow, with Jem Mason, where he had a first-rate stud of horses. He was very natty as to his carriages, and gave high prices for harness horses. A good man, and just in his dealings, we believe.

Not a few of our hunting friends, but a good many anxious parents also, will be uncommonly glad to learn that there is a new landlord at the George Hotel at Rugby, and there is a prospect of everything now being done as it ought to be. The new proprietor, Mr. Harde, has been for very many years house steward to Lord Spencer at Althorp, and managed everything for him during his Viceroyalty in Ireland. This is a guarantee that he is no novice in housekeeping, and ere the next season is half over we have little doubt but he will thoroughly satisfy those in search of 'Country Quarters,' and perhaps wean back some who had deserted the George in despair and gone into lodgings.

Lord Ferrers, of Staunton Harold, is going to hunt the old Donnington country, which has been lent him by Mr. Coupland, two days a week. His kennels will be at his own place, and George Gilson, late first whip to the Quorn, will be his huntsman. This arrangement will be mutually advantageous to his Lordship and Mr. Coupland, who will now get more than ever on the grass in his best country. The only thing wanted to insure sport in the

Donnington country is for his Lordship to get a lot of good strong Scotch foxes, and ask his friends and neighbours to assist in preserving them.

We never like to pass unnoticed any just cause of appeal to public generosity, and we must add our brief testimony to the worth and character of Old John Press, as one is apt to call him, in contradistinction to the accomplished Young John of North Warwickshire fame. Old John has always been an ornament to his profession—upright, respectful, well-mannered, scorning to take a liberty, yet quietly holding his own, a good husband (seven and a half brace the result), a kind father, and devoted servant. Illness knocks him out of the saddle and from a glorious berth as huntsman to the B.V.H., within three years of threescore, when, apparently, as full of go as ever. His father was, on his retirement, set up in Sussex with a little income, a nice house and garden. Men of Hants, Sussex, Cambridgeshire, and Dorset, are asked to think of past days, when a kindly voice welcomed them as lads, riding almost into John's pocket, so eager for the first Christmas holiday brush. Scores of them may, in their turn, now not ride away from a man of many sorrows. This expression is not overdone. Any Dorsetshire bank, say Sherborne for choice, will gladly receive and acknowledge what may be placed on deposit to the credit of the Press Fund and of the donor; and the interest will be large—a full and grateful heart. We are happy to add that the Prince of Wales has contributed ten guineas.

We have heard of strange doings of a certain clerical gentleman in the sporting county of Buckingham, not a hundred miles from Stoke Hammond. This gentleman and his son amused themselves, the other day, by burning out a vixen and litter of cubs laid up in an earth in that vicinity. The vixen bolted first, and was immediately shot by the parson's son; then out came a cub, whose head they chopped off with a spade; another cub was taken home to the vicarage, and the rest were left to starve in the earth.

From the Old Surrey prophets we learn that they foretold the truth, inasmuch as the evergreen Mr. Mortimer (one construction only to the adjective) goes in for another of his numerous seasons, and will be succeeded by a trusted workman in Mr. Edmund Byron, of Coulston Court, who will thus blend landlords' and tenants' rights at the kennels, Garston Hall.

The Messrs. Tuck, of 204, Regent Street, have now ready for delivery their splendid picture, 'Masters of Foxhounds, 1875,' and the more we see it the more we admire it. We use the term 'splendid' advisedly, and have no fear but that our readers will indorse it when they see the picture. The grouping has been wonderfully well managed, the hunting sketches at each corner are agreeable reliefs to the dark colour of the autotype, and in a plain oak frame with gilt mounting it is worthy of a place in any sportsman's home. A few years hence and its value will be doubled. These gentlemen have also just completed their companion picture of 'Masters of Harriers.'

The liberal amount of money given away in prizes, coupled with good accommodation provided for the horses exhibited, and ample space in the open air for showing them, brought to Manchester, in the early days of May, a large number of horses, and horse-owners, and lovers of the animal. Leaving to others the difficult task of doing justice to the high-stepping harness-horses, the ladies' palfreys, the trotters, the cobs, and the ponies, we will confine our remarks to the classes for hunters, and a goodly lot they were. Of these the least good class was that for hunters equal to 15 stone, in which the first prize was awarded to the Duke of Hamilton's black horse Winder, eight years old, bought by His Grace last year at Tattersall's. Now this is a horse that many persons might pass over without noticing; but he possesses points which would attract the attention of a judge—powerful back and loins, wide hips, very mus-

cular arms and thighs, and on short, flat legs. For a weight-carrying hunter his bone is fair, but his hocks are decidedly small. His colour, too, is against him, being suggestive of a Black Mama. Not that we agree with the remark that 'we have plenty of horses in our cabs in Manchester better than him,' and yet not that we altogether like him. Mr. Richard Barker, of Malton, took the second prize with his bay horse Liverpool, whose performance in the hunting-field, we hear, does not come up to the estimate we formed of him when we first saw him in a show-yard. The old horse Banker, who has seen his best day, and is now dropping in the back, was given the third honours; and his brother, Cashier, a fine horse, but too long on the leg, was placed next to him. In the class of hunters, without condition as to weight, The Jester, now seven years old, added one more to his many triumphs by beating a nice, useful horse and good mover in King Charming, the wiry Valdarno, the compact Sunbeam, the light-actioned Foreman, and a dozen others. The sensation horse of last year, Talisman, was in this class, but, having been lamed on his journey in the railway, he was withdrawn. We little expected such a treat as was in store for us when the four-year-olds were exhibited in the ring, a class which was worth travelling any distance to look at. Two more beautiful colts were rarely brought together than Major Barlow's Vandyck and Sir George Wombwell's Pollux, between whom it was soon evident that the contest for superiority laid—the former by Van Galen, dam by Barnton; the latter, bred by the late Sir George Cholmley, being by Theobald, dam by Hubert, thus having a double strain of Stockwell blood in his veins. Neither of these colts are upon a very large scale, fifteen three or thereabouts, but it would be a difficult matter for the most fastidious person to pick holes in the shape and make of either of them. Perhaps Major Barlow's colt might be a trifle thicker through the heart; and in this respect Sir George's colt has decidedly the pull, for his girth is enormous. In a rare degree does the Yorkshire horse combine substance with quality. In the ring Vandyck showed to the greatest advantage, being perfect in all his paces; for although Pollux walked and galloped well, his accomplished rider could not get him to go properly in his trot. If these opponents meet at Alexandra Park to fight their battle over again, we should not be the least surprised if, with the additional month's schooling, Yorkshire turned the tables upon Suffolk. Harbinger, a strong, well-made colt, but wanting the extreme quality of his opponents, was third. It was mentioned in the yard, we know not with what truth, that he had been bought out of an Irish drove. Dick Barker showed a great, skelping chestnut colt that he had picked up somewhere in the Scarborough district. It was very poor, but he declared that 'it was worth the three placed 'before it, all put together,' adding that 'if the judges had to make their living 'by horse-dealing they would soon be in the workhouse.' There is no doubt that, with time, the chestnut will make a good horse, and so thought a good many would-be purchasers, but Dick opened his mouth too wide for business. There were fourteen more four-years-old, many of them of sufficient merit to have been credited as prize-winners in a class of average excellence, but in such exceptionally good company they could not obtain the success they deserved. Captain, a son of Laughing Stock, won the three-year-old prize, having won the two-year-old prize at the Manchester meeting last year.

The horse show at Lillie Bridge, on the 24th of May, was a complete contrast to that at Manchester. There were but few spectators, and fewer horses. Major Barlow did his best to support his countryman, Mr. Groom, by sending King Charming and Vandyck, who, of course, won the first prizes in their respective classes, for there was nothing to beat. A fair number

hacks and ponies were shown, to which it would be as well in future to confine the exhibition.

Once it was said of the Horse Shows at Islington that they only furnished a very plausible excuse for men to get away from their quiet country homes and plunge for a brief space into the wild whirl and dissipation of London life during Derby week. If this were ever true it is all changed now. Year by year the crowds of visitors increase, and year after year the Committee of Management have their wits sorely tried to provide for their entertainment. Thanks to the exertions of the cheery secretary, whose activity never flags, nobody ever comes away from the Hall with a complaint that he has not had his fill of amusement and profitable enjoyment. The Horse Show this season promises to be more popular than ever, and, to provide for the increase in the number of exhibitors and sightseers, the Hall has undergone considerable alteration. New and handsome stalls, intended to remain permanently for the great Horse Mart, which opens this month, have been erected; space has been everywhere economised to the utmost, and the comfort of visitors, human and equine, has been studied in all possible ways. The perfect system of ventilation now places the temperature of the Hall completely under control; the most valuable horses will be as securely and safely housed as in their stables at home, and the proximity of the 'madding crowd' will not be allowed to interfere with their placid enjoyment of life as it formerly did. These Islington gatherings have been roundly abused, but they grow in favour with sportsmen and spectators alike. Royalty likes them and never fails to come; and the most fervent foxhunters are to be found among Mr. Sidney's zealous supporters. The ex-master of the York and Ainsty will be in the place he loves so well, as one of the judges, and we believe Lords Shannon and Coventry have consented to share the labours of office with him.

The Cobham Stud Company have succeeded in hiring Blue Gown on wonderfully easy terms. The price paid for him will be 1000*l.* a year, and the owners will retain the right to send five mares to him gratis. There can be no doubt that this horse was one of the best of good Derby winners, and he fully established his fame in the Ascot cup. Then, too, he showed himself possessed of unrivalled speed by beating *Vespasian*, and retired perfectly sound from the turf as one of the best all round and truest made horses we have ever seen. Of course we know that on the strength of private trials, *Rosicrucian* and *Green Sleeves* were supposed to be superior to *Blue Gown*, but without entering into that, it is more satisfactory to judge from the public performances, and we all know what *Blue Gown* did with his stable companions in the Derby. The public performers are always the most trustworthy, and will be preferred by breeders. It has been proved on countless occasions that private trials are not to be relied on.

There was an article in a recent number of the 'Fortnightly Review' in which the author, Professor James, upheld vivisection at the expense of fox-hunting. The learned Professor is of course quite welcome to his opinions; but as he ought to know something of what he is writing about, we will let our readers judge for themselves if this is the case by an extract from the article in question. 'It is thought a fine thing to turn out a stag and chase it for hours in mental agony, afterwards caging it up for another run. Some years ago I saw a revolting account in the papers of the way in which some Yorkshire squires had similarly conducted a *beaver* hunt, if I recollect aright.' The italics are our own, and we venture to think that nothing more astounding has ever been written by a gentleman who puts Professor before his name. Of course our readers will at once see how this learned man had been led into such a mental quagmire. Someone had told him, probably, that the *Belvoir*

hounds had had a good run, and he immediately supposed they had been chasing the animal from whose skin hats were once made. But the state of mind which could take in as a fact that beavers were hunted in England must be amazing. We think after this we may hold very cheaply the arguments of 'Professor' Jevons.

We understand that Baron Rothschild's stag-hounds leave Mentmore at the end of this year; but we are very glad to hear that this good pack does not travel far from the old kennels, as the whole establishment is to migrate to Ascott, a small farm near Wing Park. We do not enquire into the reason of the change, but feel confident that from their new quarters the hounds will have the same good sport as they have enjoyed from Mentmore for the last thirty years.

We have been only able to pay one hurried visit to Burlington House, and the *labor et ingenium* displayed on its walls has, therefore, not had all the attention from us it deserves. The impression we brought away with us was that there were a lot of pictures of average merit, with here and there one or two very striking ones. And certainly the 'Audience at Agrippa's,' of Alma Tadema, is the gem of the exhibition. Such painting—that of the marble especially—our eyes have seldom looked upon; a most powerful and altogether excellent picture. Next to it we place, in our own estimation, 'Atalanta's Race,' by Mr. Poynter, classical, yet not too severe, a charming picture, essentially a picture of the season, to be talked about at dinner tables and teas. Sporting subjects, properly so called, are but sparingly represented this year, though one of the first pictures that caught our eye, 'A Noble Victim,' by Mr. Carter, a dead stag guarded by a magnificent colley—which, if painted from life, should take a prize at every show in the kingdom—is striking, much more so than one close to it called 'Where he Fell,' bloodhounds on the scent. In this gallery, however, Millais' 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' arrests the attention to the exclusion of nearly everything else. It is, we are inclined to think, the best picture of this sort that the artist has yet given. Such a foreground of bog has never been put on canvas before. Another picture by Carter we were almost forgetting to mention—'Morning with the Wild Deer,' a study of stag, hind, and calf, very rich in colouring; while in the same room is a capital picture by Noble, 'Remembered,' an old grey in a market-cart meeting hounds crossing the road in full cry. He is just breaking into a gallop, which the old woman driving him vainly essays to check. Altogether very spirited and smart. 'Her Majesty's Buck-hounds,' by Mr. Hopkins, with portraits of Lord Hardwicke, Frank Goodall, and the Whips, is a well-grouped picture, and as Lord Hardwicke is a subject that any painter might hit off, the likeness is fair, but certainly not flattered, while the boots and breeches do not show much knowledge of the articles of hunting toilet. The figures by the way are painted by Mr. Harell. Hook's 'Crabbers' near it, is one of the artist's happiest efforts. The tumbling, cross sea, the faces of the men, and what looks like a very savage old crab, all admirable. There is a picture by Mr. Pearce, in his usual well-known style, to which, in the eyes of hunting men, a melancholy interest will attach, for it is the portrait of a good man who will probably never take horn in hand again. 'Press, the Huntsman, and his Hounds,' is a very truthful picture, the hounds life-like, and the chestnut on which poor Press sits a hunter all over. Mr. Pearce may fairly be congratulated on this work. There is a picture of a donkey and foal in the snow, by Cooper, that we thought charming, and another by Macquoid, 'Not for you yet,' a bloodhound, a colley, and a spaniel, eagerly watching a lady carrying a china bowl; very good indeed. There is a good

deal of life and animation in 'Mares and Foals,' by Davis, the white mare in the centre, a magnificent animal, while there is much that is suggestive in the movement of the foals around them. The landscape, too, is fresh and sparkling.

Space warns us that our notice of the coaching meets of the season must be brief, but we are reconciled to this, and we are sure our readers will be too, by knowing that the glowing accounts that have appeared in the columns of the daily and weekly press have exhausted the subject. Time was, and not so very long ago either, when the 'Van' was the only place in which the doings of the Four-in-Hand and the Coaching Club were recorded. Beyond the bare fact that the Club met on certain days, the press ignored the coaching revival, until the interest the public took in it compelled it to do so. Now 'specials' are told off to do duty at the Magazine, and one sees them, notebook in hand, noting the colours of the horses, and making, occasionally, desperate shots at the coachmen. The next morning the other half of London that was not in the Park read about it at their breakfast tables, and 'the white-legged chestnuts,' the 'magnificent greys,' and the 'splendid browns,' are brought before its mental vision. If here and there havoc is made with the coachmen's names, and sometimes with the colours of the teams, it scarcely provokes a smile, for the articles are thoroughly readable, and bring the scene before us as it was in reality. So it has come to pass that the 'Van' driver's task is now a very light one. He has only to say that the meet of the C.C. on the 20th of last month was a great meet in every way, both in the number of coaches (30) and in the quality of the teams. The day, too, was a delightful one; so was the drive; so was the luncheon. In early days we used to go to Richmond or Greenwich to dinner, and recollections of the first of these affairs on a certain day in June, five years ago at the Trafalgar, crowd upon us as we sit upon the terrace at Alexandra waiting for our coachman. The recollections are somewhat melancholy ones, for in the ranks of the good fellows who then sat round the Trafalgar board there are gaps, and their places know them no more. On that day Lord Downshire was sitting next to Lord Carington, 'Rufus' Montgomery dined with John Kirke, and poor Lord Rossmore was one of the merriest of the party. And all those are gone! Perhaps the good luncheon has helped to infuse a gentle melancholy into our mind, but these recollections will creep up, and we cannot say them nay. Let us hope that, next year, we shall not miss any of the cheery faces that are grouping on the terrace preparatory to departure. Long may they continue to

' Sit triumphant o'er the flying wheel ;'

and may the day be far distant when any of them shall 'take off their bars.'

P.S.—All the prophets stand or fall by Petrarch, but we must leave the ranks of our brethren and boldly proclaim the Hungarian colt by Buccaneer as the absolute winner.

The Coaching Club meet in Hyde Park on Wednesday, June 7th, at 5 o'clock.



